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THE CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

ESTABLISHED BY C. B. GOULD, MARCH, 1866. "Liberty and Union, One and Inseparable."—WEBSTER. TERMS: $2.00—$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 41. EMPORIUM, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1907. NO. 43.

Big Gathering of Odd Fellows.

Big gathering of Odd Fellows at this place on Saturday evening, Dec. 7, when the Renovo Degree Staff, confered the first and second degrees on a couple of novices who were in waiting. The work of the degree staff was fine and carried on in an able manner by the brothers of Renovo Lodge, No. 575, and the work as exemplified by them will long be remembered by the members present. Lodge was opened by N. G. Herman O. Berfield who asked D. D. G. M. S. P. Kreider, of Cameron District, to take the chair after the routine of business was transacted. Lodge closed in the third degree and re-opened in the first degree and the floor was turned over to the degree staff. After confering degrees, lodge closed to partake of a banquet served by the brothers of No. 1138 in lodge room. after the wants of the hungry were satisfied D. D. G. M. S. P. Kreider, of Driftwood Lodge, No. 994, was unanimously elected toast master, who, after a few well chosen words called on the following brothers: G. W. Nicholas, C. F. VanGorden, Secy. of No. 595, G. W. Morton, D. D. G. M., of Clinton District, P. G. Philip Stout and others who gave some very interesting talks on the good of the order, its principals and workings, urging the brothers to become better Odd Feilows so to be better citizens, and to work for the orphanage and home for the orphan children of deceased brothers and the aged who may need a haven of rest in their old days. The journey to Jerico was traveled with the general results. Fide was in evidence and performed his duty nobly.

After spending a very pleasant evening the Renovo Brothers took Buffalo Express for home. There were 86 plates at the table, and the committees and brothers of 1138 feel well pleased with the visit of so many brothers of the Three Links. A large delegation of Odd Fellows were present from Renovo, Driftwood, Emporium, Bennezette and DuBois.

Sinnamohoning Lodge, No. 1138, I. O. O. F., is young but is composed of a body of young and active members and in the prosperous little town of Sinnamahoning, will in a short time be one of the foremost lodges in the district.

J. R. B.

Sinnamahoning, Pa., Dec. 7, 1907.

The Sinnamahoning Liars Club.

Liars Club is doing a rushing business of late. Since Batchelder and PapBlodget have been reinstated, every member present agreed to tell the truth for 30 days, so all the whoppers were barred out. The present game law was discussed and the weak points argued. Frank Dice said there was no man living who could tell a buck from a doe 300 yards away when the animal is on the dead run in the woods, but would fire at sight. Should the deer fall the hunter would examine his meat should it have horns all O. K.; should it be a doe it is left where shot to be no good to any one. This is a law to protect the deer and now what this club wants is a law passed to protect the hunters. There has been more men killed during this hunting season than was ever before. Jim. Mead was elected by the club to go to the Legislature this winter and use our influence to have this law made over to suit the majority of hunters. No further business the club adjourned for breakfast.

FIDE.

New Advertisements.

First National Bank—Cardinal Principles.
C. B. Howard & Co.—Whole Page—Good Cheer.
Tompkins & Norris—Holiday Announcement.
H. A. Zarps & Co.—Fair Store Christmas Adv.
Henry Jeager—Harness Shop.
Ludlams—Millinery and Ladies' Goods.
Stephens & Saunders—Lamps, Hardware, Etc.
Jos. Kinsler—Christmas Groceries.
R. Seger & Co.—Clothing and Furnishings.
Jasper Harris—Clothing and Xmas attractions.
Richard Kuehne—Department Store Page.
F. V. Heilman & Co.—Useful Xmas Gifts.
J. B. Meisel—Fruits, Confectionery, Etc.
Schmidts't City Bakery—Locals.
H S. Lloyd's—Fancy and Useful Holiday Goods. Page Announcement.
M A. Rockwell—Special Attractions.
J. H. Day—Xmas Speciolties.
Balcom & Lloyd—General Merchandise and Holiday Specialties.
Thos. W. Welsh—Groceries, Etc.
E. S. Coppersmith's—Christmas Topics
Geo. J. LaBar—Furniture and Household Novelties.

Watch the Lights.

When you see the opera house colored lights turned on you will know that the Theatorium is running.

NOTES OF INTEREST.

See our Xmas adv. in this issue.
J. B. MEISEL.

Leave orders early at Schmidt's City Bakery for ice creams and ices. 43-2

A large line of dolls; closing out at cost at L. Taggart's.

For a hot lunch drop in at J. B. MEISEL'S.

A large assortment of Emporium views, two for five cents, at Dodson's.

"The taste tells," Utopian Chocolates. J. B. MEISEL.

Lowest prices on New Year post cards at Dodson's. 43-3t.

Schmidt's City Bakery will supply you with everything in fancy baking for the Xmas season. 43-2t.

To please your wife, sister or sweetheart, buy a nice box of Utopian Chocolates, at J. B. MEISEL'S.

If you wish to find a complete assortment of Xmas and New Year cards, go to Dodson's. 43-2t.

Itch cured in 30 minutes by Woodford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. Sold by L. Taggart, druggist. 32-1yr.

Call and see our line of post cards. Quality high and prices low. Dodson's drug store. 43-2t.

Now is the time to have pictures made for Christmas. Call at Bair's studio and see what he has in new photo mounts. 45-2t.

The only place in town where you can buy Utopian Chocolotes, at J. B. MEISEL.

Remember that W. G. Bair has the swellest line of cards and folder photo mounts made this year. Call and see them. 42-2t.

As beautiful a line of china as will be found in town; every piece of which will be SOLD AT COST. Come early and often and get the best bargains you ever made, at L. Taggart's.

Don't wait until Christmas week to have your photos made. Come now and give me lots of time to make you good work.
42-2t. W. G. BAIR.

A dozen photographs will make twelve Christmas presents. Now is time to have them made. W. G. Bair has somthing fine this year. 42-2t.

Taggart's full line of Holiday goods will be sold at cost. Come and examine and you will be convinced. At cost, at cost, at Old Reliable Drug Store, L. Taggart, Prop.

The New Castle News ventures this opinion: "An authority says in making mincemeat strong black coffee can be used instead of cider. Yes, but there is no substitute for the other stuff that makes good mincemeat."

Boarders Wanted.

Two large front rooms, with board, and use of bath. Gas in rooms.
MRS. JOS. NEWEON,
West Allegheny Ave. 42-2t.

Encampment Odd Fellows.

Emporium Encampment, No. 288, will hold a special meeting, Saturday evening, Dec. 14th, at the lodge rooms. The Renovo Degree Staff will be present and confer the degrees. Let every member, as well as all Encampment, members of other lodges, be in attendonce. A banquet will be served after the work has been completed.

E. J. SMITH, C. P.
C. E. CRANDELL, Scribe.

Pension Increases.

The following pension increases were granted recently in Cameron county:
Eugene L. Rendt, Emporium, $12.
Hugh E. Coleman, Driftwood, $12.
Joseph Kissel, Sterling Run, $11.
George R. Fitzgerald, Emporium, $12.

Cantata.

The First Baptist Sunday School have commenced rehearsals for a Cantata to be given in the church Christmas night. The tittle of the cantata is "Mother Goose's Visit to Santa Claus."

Beautiful Windows.

Stephens & Saunders' beautiful show windows present an attractive appearance. Their of display lamps are very fine.

A Dangerous Deadlock.

That sometimes terminates fatally, is the stoppage of liver and bowel functions. To quickly end this condition without disagreeable sensations, Dr. King's New Life Pills should always be your remedy. Gurranteed absolutely satisfactory in every case or money back, at all drug stores. 25c.

Letters from the People.

All communications under this head must be accompanied by the writer's name. We will not be held responsible for any expression in this department.]—EDITOR.

Editor Press:—

Appropos to the raising of the price of gas by the Gas Company and the ever increasing stringent exactions and overreaching efforts of the Water Company, it might be well for the public to call to mind the fact that neither of these companies pay any tax to the Borough. That the Borough pays a good price for the gas consumed, and a high, exorbitant price for the little water that it uses.

Both of these companies receive large revenues from their respective plants. They do not bring one single dollar of money into the Borough from outside. It all comes out of the hard earnings of her several citizens. The men who compose these companies are in the business for what money they can make out of it, just as every other business man or manufacturer is engaged in his work to make money, and no one begrudges them a reasonable profit, but that is no reason why they should be allowed to go free from tax, when ever other business man, manufacturer and citizen is taxed almost to the limit. Is not this matter worth looking after by the proper authorities? The Borough is at no little expense looking after and repairing the streets that are being constantly torn up throughout the town to make new connections to these plants and contribute to increase revenues for the companies, yet not one penny is contributed by them for this or any other use. Let all the people talk about these things and so help to, bye and bye, arrive at some sort of a just arrangement. Z.

DEATH'S DOINGS

BURKE.

Michael Burke, aged 73 years, died Saturday morning quite suddenly, at his residence, next door to opera house. Mr. Burke had complained for a few days, with what appeared to be quinsy. Late Friday night Dr. H. S. Falk was called and pronounced his illness pneumonia of a dangerous and fatal type. He died within two hours after the doctor's visit. Mr. Burke came to this county in 1863 and assisted in the construction of the P. & E. R. R., locating at Howard Siding until a few years ago, when he moved to Emporium and erected a neat home on West Fourth street. His funeral took place Tuesday morning from St. Mark's Catholic church. He was a greatly respected citizen and leaves a wife and one son (P.J. Burke) to mourn his death. The old land marks are rapidly passing away.

KILLEEN.

Patrick Killeen, aged 73, who has for many years resided on a farm between Sterling Run and Cameron, highly respected by all who knew him, passed away last Monday afternoon, after a long illness. He leaves four daughters and one son to mourn his death. His funeral took place from St. Mark's Church, Wednesday morning and was very largely attended, many of his neighbors coming from Lumber township. He was an upright, honest man and his death is deeply deplored.

Lost or Stolen.

Last Thursday Pietro Cerminara and Giovanni Gennacaro went to Rochester, N. Y., to visit the former's brother, Francesco Cerminara, and incidentally to take in the places of interest in the city. During their travels they got separated and it is feared that something has happened to Gennacaro, as the other parties have not heard from them. He was a total stranger to the city, and had only been in this country but a few months. Pietro Cerminara would consider it an especial favor if anyone knowing the whereabouts of Germacaro, if they would communicate with him at Emporium, Pa.

Notice.

Quarterly meeting services of the Free Methodist Society of Emporium, will be conducted by Rev. A. J. Hill, of Bradford, Pa., in the Free Methodist church, Dec. 13, 14, 15. Evening services at 7 p. m., on said dates, and Sabbath morning as follows: Love Feast, 9:30 a. m.; preaching, 11 a. m., followed at 12 m., by the administration of the Lord's Supper. A cordial invitation to all to attend these services. Come.

F. B. SCHRINER, Pastor.

New England Heroines.

A great cast of players will present "Mise Petticoats" at the Opera House on Tuesday evening, Jan. 21, for one night only.

The Archdeacon of Erie.

There was a good attendance at the Friday evening service at Emmanuel Church last week, the occasion being the first visit to Emporium of the Rev. David B. Matthews, the newly appointed Archdeacon of Erie. His timely sermon, eloquently delivered, must have been prepared originally for "Stir Up" Sunday. The Archdeaconry of Erie, within the bounds of which Archdeacon Matthews labors, is the new name of the old Northern Convocation of the Diocese of Pittsburgh, and includes the counties of Erie, Warren, McKean, Cameron, Elk, Clearfield, Jefferson, Clarion, Forest, Venango, Crawford, Mercer and Lawrence. This is the first time in its history that this part of the diocese has enjoyed the exclusive time of an archdeacon. The archdeacon, in conjunction with the executive committee of the archdeaconry, has special oversight, under the Bishop, of the missions in these thirteen counties. It is hoped that this new movement will prepare the way for the division of the diocese. Archdeacon Matthews expects to make his home in Warren.

Ordination of the Rev. Mr. Hunter.

The ordination to the priesthood of the Rev. J. M. Hunter of St, Agnes' Church, St. Marys, will take place at 10 a. m., Wednesday, December 18, in Trinity Church, Warren. Bishop Whitehead will officiate. The Rev. J. M. Robertson will be the presenter.

Emmanual Church.

Advent sermons: Third Sunday in Advent, December 15, morning, The Call of the Ministry; evening, The Christian View of the Nature of Redemption. Fourth Sunday in Advent, December 22, the Rev. Reginald S. Radcliffs of Ridgway, will officiate.

Early celebration next Sunday, December 15, at 8 o'clock. The offerings next Sunday will be for Diocesan Missions.

How to Kill Your Town.

Kick.
Keep kicking.
And don't quit kicking.
One pull one way and one t'other.

Go to other towns and buy your goods.

Denounce your merchants because they make a profit on their goods.

Knife every man that disagrees with you on the method of increasing business.

Make your own town out a very bad place, and stab it every chance you get.

Refuse to unite in any scheme for the betterment of the material interests of the people.

Tell your merchant that you can buy your goods a great deal cheaper in another town and charge him with extortion.

Keep every cent you get, and don't do anything of a public nature unless you can make something out of it directly.

When you say anything of your town say it in such a way that it will leave the impression that you have no faith in it.

Patronize outside newspapers to the exclusion of you own, and then denounce them for not being as large as the city papers.—Ex.

Masonic Banquet.

Emporium Lodge, No. 328, F. & A. M., gave an elaborate banquet last evening, a very large number in attendance.

Dance.

There will be a dance at the opera house, Friday evening, Dec. 13. Dance from 10 to 1 o'clock. Admission, 50 cents per couple, extra ladies 10 cents

Married.

Carl McGee, of Emporium. formerly of New Castle, Pa., and Miss Rosabell Pye, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Pye, of Sixth street, were married at Emmanuel Church, Tuesday evening, Dec. 10th, The Rev. J. M. Robertson officiating. The bride is one of Emporium's respected and pleasant young ladies. The young man, while a stranger to most of our people, is a hard working, industrious gentleman. We wish them prosperity.

Much of the so called friendship of the day is but pretense. It exists only in name and as soon as it ceases to be advantageous it is dropped. The friendship that continues the same in prosperity and adversity is to be prized, but all other kinds are worthless. It matters not now hard a man may struggle to do right and make a success of life there is always some loathsome reptile, some worthless wretch who is ready to drag him down, to blight its hopes and blast fondest ambitions. The loss of money and property is not the greatest loss a man can sustain in the business world; far better to lose your money than to lose hops and ambition.

Plenty of Money.

NEW YORK, December 9.—The events of the past week in the financial world have been such as usually mark the gradual return of confidence and the restoration of normal conditions in the banks. The decision of the Secretary of the Treasury to issue only about $40,000,000 of the $100,000,000 in new securities which he expressed a willingness to issue if conditions required the disclosure of unusually strong reserves by country banks reporting to the Controller of the Currency, the decline in the currency premium and the improvement in the New York bank statement, have all been features of the week which have tended towards stability and reassurance.

The action of the Secretary of the Treasury in limiting the issues of securities was a part of the original plan recommended to him to meet the situation by a resolute and adequate measure, but to carry the execution of the measure, no further than circumstances required. The result of limiting the issue of the Panama two per cent. bonds to $25,000,000 and the one year treasury certificates to about $15,000,000 will be to considerably simplify the problem of treasury management and money market conditions during the spring. It is anticipated by farsighted bankers here that there will be a plethora of money soon instead of a dearth, and that it will be necessary to reduce in some way the large volume of currency which was brought into use during the crisis. The increase in money in circulation outside the treasury, as shown by the monthly statement of the Treasury department for November was $131,872,887.

School Notes.

By order of the Board of Directors our public Schools will be closed for the Holiday vacation from the Friday before Christmas to the Monday following New Year's Day.

Children who reach the age of six years before June 1st, will be admitted to the primary schools during the first week of school following the vacation. The law requires that all children shall be vaccinated before entering school. Parents are therefore requested to have any children, whom they expect to send to school for the first time after the Holidays, vaccinated in advance of that time so as to cause no delay in their attendance. The law does not require children to attend school before reaching the age of eight years but children six years of age may be admitted as stated above. Those who do not enter during the week of January 6th will not be admitted until the beginning of the next school year.

Birthday Surprise.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel H. Haggerty, of West Creek, were given a very agreeable suprise last Saturday evening, when a party of jolly relatives and friends took charge of their home in the good old-fashioned way. The object of the surprise was to assist Mr. Haggerty in celebrating his sixtieth anniversary. After the usual exchange of compliments and well wishes the gentlemen callers joined in singing all of those familiar tunes so well known to E. W. Gaskill and W. L. Thomas. The "Poet of West Creek," Willis Gaskill, recited "When the Frost is too heavy to walk the P. & E." At the close of the literary treat, all partook of an elegant dinner. The party was composed of Sheriff Swope and wife, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Lyon, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Hobson, Mr. E. W. Gaskill, Miss Perna Gaskill, Mr. Willis Gaskill, Mrs. Converse, Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Leggitt, Mrs. Pearl Hopple and daughter Ina, Harry Leggitt, Mr. M. H. Terwilliger, Mrs. Skinner, Mrs. A. Dickerson, Mrs. Close, Mrs. Susan Haggerty, Mrs. Lizzie Cummins and son Hugh, Mr. and Mrs. Peters. At the close of the festive occasion, Mr. Haggerty was presented with a handsome willow chair and Mrs. Haggerty with a set of beautiful dishes. The party will long be remembered by all who attended.

Eye Specialist.

Prof. W. H. Budine, the well known Eye Specialist, of Binghamton, N. Y., will be at R. H. Hirsch's jewelry store, Emporium, Pa., Dec. 21st. If you can't see well or have headache don't fail to call and see Prof. Budine, as he guarantees to cure all such cases. Lenses ground and fitted in old frames. Eyes tested and examined free. All work guaranteed.

English Spavin Liniment removed Hard, Soft or Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses; also Blood Spavins, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Ring Bone, Stifles, Sprains, Swollen Throats, Coughs. etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. A wonderful Blemish Cure. Sold by L. Taggart, druggist. 32-1yr

THE WEATHER.
FRIDAY, Snow.
SATURDAY, Fair.
SUNDAY, Fair.

ASSETS
First National Bank,
EMPORIUM, PA.
At the close of business Dec. 11, 1907.
$759,555.82
YOUNG MAN.
Do you expect to become a man of standing in this community?
If so accumulate some property.
One thing you can do is to save some to-day and add to it each day, and in course of a few years you will be able to go into business for yourself.
INTEREST PAID ON CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT.

28 PAGES.
AT OPERA HOUSE.

FRIDAY EVENING, DEC. 20
DAVID BELASCO'S

THE GREAT BELFRY SCENE IN THE HEART OF MARYLAND.

Romantic and Realistic Drama

The Heart of Maryland

THE REALISTIC BELFRY SCENE
STRONG SITUATIONS
EXCITING CLIMAXES—A MARVEL IN STAGECRAFT

Presented by
DAVID BELASCO'S COMPANY

First two Rows $1.50; next five rows $1.00; next eight rows 75; boys in gallery 25c; general admission 50c.
Seats on sale at Lloyd's Book Store.

SHAKE IT OFF.

Rid Yourself of Unnecessary Burdens.
Don't bear unnecessary burdens.
Burdens of a bad back are unnecessary.
Get rid of them.
Doan's Kidney Pills cure bad backs;
Cure lame, weak and aching backs;
Cure every form of kidney ills.
Forrest Hooper, Broad street, Port Allegany, Pa., says: "My estimation of Doan's Kidney Pills is of the highest, for they gave me great relief from backache. I suffered constantly with this trouble for some time and it was accompanied by a lameness across the loins which made me unable to stoop without receiving sharp thrusts of pain. The kidney action also gave me much trouble, especially during the night and was accompanied by pain during passage. Since using Doan's Kidney Pills, the backache has entirely disappeared and the trouble with the kidney secretions has been corrected. For the results received, I have great confidence in Doan's Kidney Pills and do not hesitate to recommend them to anyone suffering in the same manner."
For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Just a little Cascasweet is all that is necessary to give your baby when it is cross and pevish. Cascasweet contains no opiates nor harmful drugs and is highly recommended by mothers everywhere. Conforms to the National Pure Food Law. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

Caterers.

Mrs. Brady and Mrs. Dorsey, first-class reference furnished, parties furnished and served in their own home. Prices reasonable. Fancy dishes; table linen and silver. 41-tf.

CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

H. H. MULLIN, Editor.

Published Every Thursday.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Per year.....$2 00
If paid in advance..... 1 50

ADVERTISING RATES:

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Rates by the year, or for six or three months, are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application.

Legal and Official Advertising per square three times or less, $2; each subsequent insertion 50 cents per square.

Local notices 10 cents per line for one insertion; 5 cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, 10 cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

Business cards, five lines or less, $5 per year; over five lines, at the regular rates of advertising.

No local inserted for less than 75 cents per issue.

JOB PRINTING.

The Job department of the PRESS is complete and affords facilities for doing the best class of work. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO LAW PRINTING.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

The Mustache.

There is more than humor in the rise and fall of the mustache, although the country was amused several years ago by a humorous lecturer, who discoursed on the subject. It is contrary to the British army regulations for an officer to shave his upper lip. From time to time the war department has issued general orders expressing its disapproval of the growing disregard of the regulations, and now it is reported in London that King Edward is contemplating some action which will compel the officers to return to the old custom. The mustache has long been regarded as a military badge. Only one regiment in the Austro-Hungarian cavalry may go smooth-faced, and this is because during the Seven Years' war recruits were so scarce that this regiment once had to go into battle when there were nothing but beardless boys in its ranks. It behaved with such gallantry that its members remain beardless to this day. The decline of the mustache in military England is said to be due to the preference of American girls for smooth faces and the liking of English army officers for American girls, a combination which produces new fashions and outlaws old customs.

If China is awakening, are the western nations awakening to China? Dr. Arthur H. Smith, the well-known American missionary, shows in an interesting book that this country has not followed its missionaries and its ministers of famine relief with any deep intellectual or even commercial understanding of China. It is strange that this nation, at once mercantile and generous, should have made so little effort to understand the Chinese on their own soil, and should have failed to heed the plain statement of Li Hung-Chang that "if Americans want the trade of China they must come after it." Our attitude toward China has been like our attitude toward South America. American consuls have been preaching to us for years to learn the countries to which we ship our goods. Yet no traders are so little at home as are Americans in countries across the seas.

The Rev. George Clark Houghton, the rector of the Little Church Around the Corner, in New York, has given new fame to that place of worship by announcing that no marriages will be performed there hereafter unless the names of the contracting parties are announced beforehand. Therefore couples who want to be matrimonially united on the sly will have to go elsewhere. This is a good way to prevent young people from making fools of themselves, says Boston Budget, and is in accordance with a time-honored custom in the Anglican and Roman Catholic churches.

In January next a statue of Emile Zola will be placed in Paris near the Palace of Justice. The occasion will be the tenth anniversary of the publication of the famous letter of accusation with which Zola bombarded the war department in behalf, not so much of Alfred Dreyfus, as of the honor of France.

When an intelligent man cannot answer an honest question in a court of law without "incriminating" himself, his confession to that effect may keep him out of jail for contempt, but it ought not to keep him out longer than is necessary to properly convict him of the criminal conduct he pleads in his own behalf.

A church fair is to be held by society women on Long Island which is to be strictly honest, change to be given in all cases and 100 cents' worth of goods is to cost the purchaser no more than a dollar. This is almost enough in its financial radicalism to bring on another panic.

The industry of making rubber from the guayule weed having made a bouncing start at Marathon, some hitherto unproductive regions of southwest Texas may be said to have started on the road to wealth with a springy stride.

PANIC SHORT LIVED

VAST DIFFERENCE IN TWO FINANCIAL SHOCKS.

Country Suffered for Years from Effects of Wilson Law—Under Protection Confidence Is Restored in Few Days.

Many have been the explanations of the stock market crash and the runs on banks. President Roosevelt and a majority of the American people are agreed that the financial shock was due to a culmination of abuses by men who have played fast and loose with honest and honorable business principles. There have been those, however, who have blamed not the evils which were threatening our most sacred institutions, but the president for turning the light on the evils. Some have accused newspaper headlines for announcing that the clearing house committee was throwing high financiers out of the presidency of banks and trust companies, and for telling that there were runs on depositories when there were runs. Others have charged the disturbances to the defects of our currency system. Still others have offered different reasons—some weird, yet not insane; some picturesque, yet partly true.

But it has remained for the sapient tariff editor of the Evening Post to discover that the thing to blame for the whole business is the Dingley law, or, since the panic befell us under the Dingley act that no one ever again shall be able to say that the Wilson law was responsible for the bankruptcy, poverty and misery which overwhelmed us at the beginning of President Cleveland's second administration and continued to rage like a plague until the voters of the United States went to the polls in 1896 and cast their ballots for the restoration of the American tariff system now in operation.

There are some facts of sensational difference, of course, in the two events. The Wilson law panic did not expire in 48 hours; it endured for several years. Then, season after season, farmers burned their crops in their stoves for fuel and in the fields to clear them, because it did not pay to send them to market. Now there are hundreds of millions of profits in the crops, and at this moment the farmers, with mortgages paid off and bank accounts fat, are sending to market some six or seven billions of products bid for by our people and by the world at prosperity prices. As they receive their checks for their new wealth now pouring upon them the farmers, going to their banks to deposit the proceeds, ride in automobiles. Then the factories and mills and forges closed; they remained closed through the gloomy weeks and months and years. Now there is an unbroken hum of industry over the land. Then wage-earners had their pay cut, lost it altogether, ate up their savings in the banks and joined the bread lines. For a full presidential term the most conspicuous thing in the world was the empty dinner pail of America, the most active industry in this country the charity souphouse. Now this is a nation of workers on full time, with a surplus of wages and profits, the week after the panic as the week before, to swell the savings banks accounts by millions, to buy homes and to give the best living anywhere on earth. Then the United States government, along with the public, "went broke." It had not enough income to equal its expenditures; it could scarcely borrow enough money to pay its bills from day to day. Now the treasury piles up such a daily surplus that it can toss a few hundred millions into the banks to supply currency and stop a prosperity panic.

In the Wilson law period there was a panic of long duration, not because there was insufficient currency with which to do the business of the people, but because there was no business to provide American bread and butter. Farms were wastes, mills and factories were abandoned. Industry was prostrate. And this misery—the misery of a poverty panic—was long continued.

Yet the jocose free trade oracle tells us, though the facts of the two panics—the prosperity panic and the poverty panic—are different, the principles involved are the same. Wherefore is protection now banished from us as a superstition; wherefore shall this be the end of the American tariff system. Perhaps—when the people of the United States are able to subsist on green cheese imported from the moon. —New York Press.

Two Great Questions.

President Roosevelt acted with his accustomed decision and promptitude in attacking the financial stringency. He directed the secretary of the treasury to issue $50,000,000 worth of Panama canal bonds, bearing two per cent. interest, and $100,000,000 of three per cent. government notes, with the expectation that persons who are now hoarding their money will invest in these unimpeachable securities and the money that comes from their disposal may be sent to the south and west to facilitate the movement of crops.

At the same time the president issued a call for a conference of governors of all the states and territories to meet him at Washington early in May of next year to discuss means to conserve the natural resources of the country, which, he says, "are becoming depleted, and, in not a few cases, entirely exhausted." These resources, in the president's language, are "mineral resources, the resources of the land and the resources of the waters in every part of our territory."

BRYAN AND THE TARIFF.

Democratic Leader Playing Politics in His Speeches.

Mr. Bryan would have the tariff revised right away. At least he talks that way. Maybe he would talk differently if his party were in power. He would then be obliged to look at the matter in what in politics is called a practical light. As the matter stands, he is looking at it purely in the light of party advantage. Not relief for the people from heavy schedules, but embarrassment for the Republicans in the national campaign is his object.

We should see some all-around politics played with the tariff if the Republicans could be badgered into taking it up next month. The Democratic programme would be as plain as a pikestaff, and be followed strictly. Mr. Bryan might be tempted to appear and direct operations from the cloakrooms of the house. Delay would be the word from the outset. A long session—reaching into September if possible—would be the aim of the minority. No bill until fall, so as to leave as little time as possible for the majority to explain the performance in full from the stump. Such tactics were employed in 1890 against the McKinley bill, and had much to do with the Republican defeat that year. The voters repudiated the bill in a few weeks after its enactment into law, and yet six years later elected its author president, with instructions to assist in the writing of a new law upon the same lines. This was done, and that law is now ten years old.

Mr. Bryan's demand is all the politics that now remains in the tariff issue for his party. Tariff revision is assured at last. The most stubborn of the stand-patters must now concede that new schedules are on the cards. In their national platform the Republicans next year will declare themselves, and the work then promised will probably be performed at an extra session of the Sixty-first congress, called for that express purpose.

During the campaign we shall hear something about protection and free trade. Mr. Bryan and his friends will argue from the assertion that protection is the mother of trusts, and that the surest means of dealing with trusts is to destroy protection. The Republicans should welcome that debate—should welcome even the most veiled attack on a system which stands so thoroughly justified by experience. If protection cannot be defended, nothing can be. It was never more deserving of the title "the American policy" than it is to-day, with America, under its application, in the front rank of producing and flourishing nations.—Washington Star.

Increased Export of Manufactures.

An interesting and important phase of the statistics of our foreign trade is the largely increasing share which manufactured articles bear to our exports. For the first nine months of this year manufactures were just short of 44 per cent. of our total exports, having never before been 40 per cent., and having been from 15 to 20 per cent. a quarter of a century ago. The figures show the growth in amount from $10,000,000 per month in 1880 to $63,000,000 per month in the first three quarters of this year. Iron and steel manufactures form the largest item, being $146,000,000 for the nine months, while prior to 1897 the year's total was not $50,000,000.

The increasing ratio of manufactures in our exports is a good sign, since the higher the process is carried and the more finished the article the more employment is given to labor and the larger proportion of the value represents wages. Coincident with this feature is the increase of tropical and sub-tropical products imported into the United States. These products represent not only food, as we are apt to think, though coffee, cocoa, sugar, fruits and nuts form a large part of them. There are also crude materials for manufacturing, such as india rubber, fibers, gums, barks, raw silk and tobacco. The importation in increasing amounts of these materials denotes industrial growth, but is not so clear an outcome of it as the more impressive enlargement of the manufactured exports.

Very Much Alive.

"Whatever other effects the panic may have, it has at least dealt a deathblow to the tariff superstition." Thus the New York Evening Post, meaning the belief of protectionists that when production and consumption are at high-water mark; when labor is fully employed at high wages; when the things that labor makes find a ready market; when the wages that labor earns find their way quickly into trade channels—that in these conditions prolonged and disastrous panics are impossible. Yes; protectionists believe all this. They believe it more than ever since they have seen the worst money panic the country has known for 14 years disappear inside of five days. The tariff had nothing whatever to do with bringing on this financial flurry, but it had a tremendous lot to do with quieting it.

Exports of Gold.

A million and a half dollars of gold went in one shipment to Germany last week. This is described by the shipper as "a special transaction, having no bearing on the foreign exchange situation." Nevertheless it directs attention to the coincidence of increased imports from Germany, decreased exports to Germany, and a heavy shipment of gold to Germany. Shipments of gold in the four months ending with September have aggregated nearly $32,000,000. In three of these months the German treaty has been in operation.

NEARLY 400 MEN ENTOMBED

AN APPALLING CATASTROPHE AT MONONGAH, W. VA.

Explosions Wrecked Two Mines and of 380 Men Employed Therein, Only a Few Escaped with Their Lives.

Monongah, W. Va.—Twenty charred and blackened bodies lying in the improvised morgue prepared near the entrance to the mine, five men hovering between life and death from the awful bruises sustained and the deadly gases inhaled, in a temporary hospital into which one of the company buildings has been transformed, and 300 men imprisoned by tons of coal, rock and mine debris in the depth of the hills surrounding this mining town, with the chances all against a single one of them being alive is the most accurate summary obtainable of the results of a mine explosion Friday which in all probability was attended by greater loss of life than any former disaster in the history of the bituminous coal mining industry of America.

Six dead bodies had been taken from mine No. 6 at midnight and 65 others were piled up in the entry, awaiting the completion of facilities for bringing them to the surface. From mine No. 8, at the same hour, 14 bodies had been removed and a number of others are ready to be brought out as soon as arrangements can be completed.

The explosion occurred shortly after 10 a. m. after 380 men had gone to work in the two mines affected. These mines are Nos. 6 and 8 of the Consolidated Coal Co., located on opposite sides of the West Fork river, at this place, but merged in their underground workings by a heading and on the surface by a great steel tipple and bridge.

The mines are owned and operated by the Consolidation Coal Co., of Baltimore. General offices are located in Baltimore and the operating offices in Fairmont, W. Va.

BOND ISSUES ARE REDUCED.

Only $25,000,000 Panama Bonds and $15,000,000 of 3 Per Cent Certificates to be Sold.

Washington, D C.—The secretary of the treasury has accepted bids for the Panama canal bonds to the amount of $25,000,000. The average price of all the bids accepted is 103. Under the terms of the law and the secretary's acceptance of these bids, the allotments of bonds to individuals and institutions will be confined to the small subscriptions from $10,000 to $20.

The allotment of the 3 per cent. certificates will not exceed $15,000,000. Those have been confined to national banks throughout the country which were in position to at once take out additional circulation, this being a measure designed to afford immediate relief, inasmuch as a considerable time would necessarily elapse before the Panama canal bonds could be put on the market.

SOLDIERS GO TO GOLDFIELD.

Troops are Sent from Frisco to a Nevada Mining Camp.

San Francisco, Cal. — Soldiers of the Twenty-second infantry from Angel Island and the Presidio, about 250 in number, left Friday for Goldfield.

Gen. Funston was at army headquarters attending to the details of the transportation of the men under command of Col. Reynolds. The general will remain here unless the situation at Goldfield becomes so serious that more troops have to be sent. In that event he will take command of the men.

Goldfield, Nev.—Despite the suppressed excitement among the miners over the ordering of troops here, they are keeping the peace in every way.

NATIONAL LAWMAKERS.

Proceedings of the Senate and House of Representatives.

Washington.—Both houses of congress devoted their sessions on the 3d to hearing the reading of the president's message. No business of importance was transacted.

Washington.—In the senate on the 4th nearly 1,000 bills were introduced in a few hours. No other business of importance was transacted. The house was not in session.

Washington.—The senate on the 5th elected Senator Frye, of Maine, president pro tem. Many bills were introduced and adjournment until the 9th was taken. The house was in session ten minutes and adjourned until the 9th.

REVIEW OF TRADE.

Volume of Retail Business Is Fairly Large, but Many Factories are Idle.

New York City.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says:

Further improvement in the financial situation is facilitating the return of normal conditions, but there is still a great deal of idle machinery at mills and factories. In the leading industries a disposition is shown to defer production until there is no probability of cancellations and consumers show an inclination to place orders for forward deliveries. Retail trade is fairly well maintained, demand for holiday goods assuming seasonable proportions and collections are more prompt.

Steele's Victim Dies.

Boston, Mass.—Edward Cohen, of Lynn, president of the Massachusetts state branch of the American Federation of Labor, who was one of three labor leaders assailed by an insane man in the state house Thursday, died Friday. John A. Steele, of Everett, who did the shooting, is in jail in default of $100,000 bail.

Fort Pitt National Bank Fails.

Pittsburg, Pa.—The Fort Pitt national bank, one of the oldest financial institutions of the city, failed to open for business Friday. The bank was closed by the comptroller of currency.

Ever Hear It?

Julius Tannen, the cleverest monologist on the vaudeville stage (we get space rates for this), sprung this one on us the other day:

"Two uncles of mine from Chicago came to New York the other day, and I showed them the town. I had a date on the top floor of the Flatiron building, and they stayed below while I went up. When I finished my business I looked out of the window to see if they were waiting for me. Finally I spied them—but you know how small people look from such a height? Why, my uncles looked like ants—"

Groans interrupted the speaker at this point, so we never learned what the story was about. — Cleveland Leader.

A Terrible Shock.

Great Editor's Wife—I regret to say, sir, that my husband is sick, and cannot see anyone.

Caller (sympathetically) — What seems to be the matter?

"I don't know; he has not uttered a word since he came in; he has received some terrible shock."

"Ah, I see. He probably ran across some man who never heard of his paper."—N. Y. Weekly.

What Stung Him.

Mrs. Wayback—I notice these here submarine torpedor boats are named after stingin' things mostly.

Mr. Wayback—Ye don't say? Wonder if any uv them are yet named "Soap Agent," "Portrait Solicitor," "Rheumatiz Specialist," or "Patent Churn Peddler."—Puck.

THE FOOTBALL SCRIMMAGE.

Gladys—I thought you said Horace was very popular.

Evelyn—So he is—one of the most popular men in college.

Gladys—That's funny. Everybody seems to be down on him now.

Great Turn.

He turned up his trousers, he turned up his hat,
Ere he started away to propose;
But the sensible maiden snubbed him flat—
When she icily turned up her nose.
—Chicago Daily News.

Good Catch.

Eva—If a young man should come down the road?

Katharine (with camera)—I should snap him.

Eva—Suppose a real handsome young man should come down the road?

Katharine—Oh, then I should snap him up.—Chicago Daily News.

Just a Hint.

Reggy Sapp—Yeas, weally, while I was in New York I spent much of my time in the subway and the river tunnels. Big bores always interest me, you know.

Miss Tabasco (glancing at clock)—Well, er—big bores don't interest me! —Chicago Daily News.

Sampled Things.

Patience—Did you ever attend a cooking school?

Patrice—Oh, yes; I've had that kind of dyspepsia, too!—Yonkers Statesman.

Somewhat Sarcastic.

Miss Upson—My ancestors came over in the Mayflower. Did yours?

Miss Cutting—No; I have the advantage of you there.—Chicago Daily News.

Always Strong.

Church—They say the human voice is stronger in the morning than it is at night.

Gotham—I can't see any difference in baby's!—Yonkers Statesman.

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Safe, speedy regulator; 25 cents. Druggists or mail. Booklet free. DR. LAFRANCO, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Sometimes needs a reliable monthly regulating medicine.
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PENNYROYAL PILLS
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TRADE MARK
CURES
RHEUMATISM
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"5-DROPS" taken internally, rids the blood of the poisonous matter and acids which are the direct causes of these diseases. Applied externally it affords almost instant relief from pain, while a permanent cure is being effected by purifying the blood, dissolving the poisonous substance and removing it from the system.
DR. S. D. BLAND
Of Brewton, Ga., writes:
"I had been a sufferer for a number of years with Lumbago and Rheumatism in my arms and legs, and tried all the remedies that I could gather from medical works, and also consulted with a number of the best physicians, but found nothing that gave the relief obtained from "5-DROPS." I shall prescribe it in my practice for rheumatism and kindred diseases."
FREE
If you are suffering with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble or any kindred disease, write to us for a trial bottle of "5-DROPS," and test it yourself.
"5-DROPS" can be used any length of time without acquiring a "drug habit," as it is entirely free of opium, cocaine, alcohol, laudanum, and other similar ingredients.
Large Size Bottle, "5-DROPS" (300 Doses) $1.00. For Sale by Druggists.
SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE COMPANY,
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Letter Heads,
Fine Commercial
Job Work of All
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HEADQUARTERS FOR
Popular Bakery,
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ICE CREAM,
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All orders given prompt and skillful attention.

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STRONG AGAIN! Sex-ine Pills
They have stood the test of years and have cured thousands of cases of Nervous Diseases, such as Debility, Dizziness, Sleeplessness and Varicocele, Atrophy, &c. They clear the brain, strengthen the circulation, make digestion perfect, and impart a healthy vigor to the whole being. All drains and losses are checked permanently. Unless patients are properly cured, their condition often worries them into insanity, Consumption or Death. Mailed sealed. Price $1 per box; 6 boxes, with legal guarantee to cure or refund the money, $5.00. Send for free book. Address, PEAL MEDICINE CO., Cleveland, O.
For sale by R. C. Dodson, Druggist, Emporium, Pa.

TRICK THE FOOLISH

SCHEMES OF PREMIUM MAIL ORDER HOUSES.

STUFF IS OF LITTLE VALUE.

Cheapest Kind of Goods Handled by These Concerns, and They Are Sold at the Highest Market Prices.

There are dozens of premium-giving mail order houses operating in different cities of the country. These houses reach out for trade in all parts of the country, and do not overlook the largest cities. They gain for their aides and their agents men, women and children, wives of lawyers, merchants, church workers and any class that they can. Some of them make a business catering to the Epworth leagues, the Sunday schools, the churches, and have plans by which the people are humbugged and loaded down with inferior goods, and the league, the Sunday school or the church gets a little cheap furniture, some dinky-dinky thing almost worthless for all the trouble gone to.

These premium concerns that put out baking powder, cheap coffees, groceries of every kind and description, generally put out the cheapest kinds of stuff. Recently samples of the goods that have been received from them have been sent to the chemists of the pure food departments in a number of cites, and universally the goods were found to be of the rankest kind. The coffee the cheapest Santos, and doctored up with roasted cereals and chickory; the baking powders were an abomination of cheap acids and other materials; the extracts were wholly synthetic, produced from coal-tar products, and so adulteration was carried to the extreme. These goods were sold at the highest prices and were of such class that no respectable grocer in any city or hamlet would have them in his stock. These are the classes that the good women, perhaps well-meaning, but not up to snuff, palm off upon their neighbors when they become the secretary of "the club," and the kind of dope they innocently give to their husbands and children, and when the little ones become sickened by partaking of the stuff, the dear little woman gladly pays some doctor four times the amount the abominable goods cost.

There will be something dropping pretty quick among a certain class of these big "companies." Their business is of the fraudulent kind and there is a likelihood that at no distant period the government officers will secure such evidence as will put many of the concerns out of business.

Catalogue Houses Busy.

Thousands of dollars are being spent with the big catalogue houses of the east by the residents of the small towns in southern Utah, according to reports brought to Salt Lake by Orson Hewlett, president of the Manufacturers' and Merchants' association, and Lorenzo Jenkins, secretary and manager of the Retail Merchants' association of the state.

Messrs. Hewlett and Jenkins spent nearly a week in Sanpete county and vicinity, calling merchants and farmers together to urge greater patronage of home industries. Ephraim, Moroni, Fairview, Spring City, Mount Pleasant, Fountain Green, Manti and Chester were visited and in each place the greatest enthusiasm was manifested by merchants over the campaign recently inaugurated by commercial bodies of the state for a more extensive patronage of home industries.

Meetings were called and ways and means discussed by which the practice of patronizing the mail order houses can be done away with. This practice has reached alarming proportions in the southern part of the state, according to Messrs. Hewlett and Jenkins. One small town alone last month received goods to the value of $1,200 from a big eastern mail order concern.—Salt Lake (Utah) Herald.

Calls for Energetic Action.

There is but one way for the country merchant to combat mail order evil and that is to organize and systematically fight and the battle must be carried on energetically if it is to win. This has been done in some sections of the country and can be done in others. Where a few years since the larger portion of the people have spent the major portion of their earnings with the mail order houses, today they do their purchasing at home, but this has only been accomplished by hard work by a thoroughly organized body.—New Iberia Enterprise-Leader.

Broke Statue In Spite.

Mr. Kitamura Naojira, sculptor of the marble statue of a female, priced at 13,000 yen, which is exhibited in the Fine Arts building of the Tokio exposition, proceeded to the exposition on June 11, at 7 a. m., and deliberately knocked down the statue and destroyed the head and arms with an iron hammer, which he had originally used in carving the figure. The reason for this violent proceeding was that he considered that the prize commissioners of the Tokio exposition had shown bias in their awards, and were prone to confine high testimonials to artists of their own clique.—Japan Advertiser.

Has Too Good a Thing Here.

One of Chicago's mail order houses announces that for the present at least it will not invade England. It prefers to keep busy building up its little $60,000,000-a-year business to man's size.

MUST BUILD UP BUSINESS.

Country Merchant Can Use the Local Press to Advantage.

The sentiment exhibited in the numerous articles now printed in country newspapers for the purpose of inducing people to trade at home instead of sending their money to mail order houses is good and noble, but we doubt if it appeals to the multitude who patronize these mail order houses.

The best way in which the merchants in the towns and smaller cities can fight the mail order houses is to advertise. They know most of their patrons personally, can show them the goods before they buy them, have many other advantages over the mail order houses and in almost every instance can sell just as cheap, if not cheaper.

If the home merchant lacks foresight and is too penurious to properly advertise his goods, why should the publisher exert himself to keep the trade at home for him? If solicitations on the part of the publisher fail to educate the merchant to the fact that he must advertise if he wants to keep up with the procession, then nothing is left to the merchant but to learn in the school of experience, and if the teachings of that renowned school are of no effect on him, then there is no place for him and eventually his place in the commercial world will be taken up by some more enterprising competitor.—Buckeye Informer.

Catch-Penny Schemes.

Those who make a habit of answering advertisements in the cheap mail order papers are sure to bite at the "bait" held out to them sooner or later. One of the common grafts is advertising for men to "distribute circulars" and offering from three dollars to five dollars a day for the services. These concerns generally charge a fee of from two dollars to five dollars for "registering," and in return send a number of printed blanks and names of companies who want advertising matter circulated. After some dollars' worth of postage stamps is wasted in writing to the names supplied, the person anxious for a job concludes that he is out of pocket.

A common form of fraud is the advertising for men to become detectives. There are few of these rank humbugs doing business, and in a way so shrewdly devised that the authorities cannot deny them the use of the mails. In a few cases fraud orders have been issued against them, but a change was quickly made to another city, and the same old graft put in operation. In these cases a fee is charged for commission and badge and instructions. The bit of nickeled brass sent out as a badge is familiar in nearly every police court as a source of trouble for green young men who think that its possession gives them official authority.

Business men should be on the lookout for a new game which has been played in a number of parts of the country of late. A stranger enters a store, buys a small bill of goods, not exceeding ten or fifteen dollars, says that he will call for them later, and gives a check for $50 or more on a bank, receiving no change in return. He remains away for a few days, then calls for the goods. He is told that the check is no good. After roundly "cussing" the bank he pays for the goods, takes the check and goes. In a few days more the check comes to the merchant, paid at the bank, because it had the merchant's endorsement on it. This was the end to be obtained. Be on the lookout for this game.

Fake Spices Sold to Public.

It has been found that more than 80 per cent. of the groceries sold by traveling agents who sell direct to consumers are of the adulterated classes. Examinations made of coffees sold by such concerns proved that there was 50 per cent. adulteration. The cheapest kind of Santos is used for a base, and with this ground cocoanut shells, burnt corn and chicory are combined. Such concoctions are dangerous, and a rank imposition upon the people. The spices that are sold by many of the alleged pure food concerns that have agents working among the people in small towns are dangerous to health. Many classes consist of ground bark, nut shells and other materials and flavored with artificial flavors that are coal tar products. It is unsafe to buy from the concerns that gain their business through canvassers, or who do an exclusive mail order business.

Lava Put to Good Use.

Residents of the district round Vesuvius have put to practical use the lava which has flowed from the volcano in the past and recent eruptions. Naples and its vicinity appear to be a world of lava. The streets are paved with it. There are lava staircases and statues, drinking troughs, bric-a-brac and even jewelry. The guides make a profit out of it by pressing coins or other objects on partially cooled fragments and selling these to visitors. On the ashy sides of the mountain there is enough lava to build a large city. In appearance it resembles a shorcless frozen sea of dull black that shimmers strangely purple in some lights.

Cheyenne (Wyo.) merchants are organizing to fight the mail order houses. It is claimed that fully one-half of the clothing and dress goods purchased by the people of Cheyenne come from outside towns, and the local merchants are deprived of this business, to say nothing of the hardware, notions, novelties, etc., that are secured through the mail order houses.

CRAZY MAN SHOT LABOR LEADERS

SENSATIONAL OCCURRENCE IN BAY STATE'S CAPITOL.

ONE VICTIM FATALLY HURT.

Man Who Did the Shooting was Released on Parole Last Month from the Asylum at Danvers, Mass.

Boston, Mass. — An insane man walked into the ante-room of the executive chamber of the state house Thursday afternoon and, finding Gov. Guild's door closed, turned on three prominent labor leaders and fired three shots at them, probably fatally wounding Edward Cohen, of Lynn, president of the state branch of the American Federation of Labor; seriously wounding Dennis D. Driscoll, of Boston, secretary of the same board, and injuring with the muzzle of his revolver Arthur M. Ruddell, of Boston, former president of the Central Labor union of this city. The insane man, who was John A. Steele, of Everett, and who was released on parole last month from the Danvers insane asylum, was overpowered by Private Secretary Charles S. Groves and Gen. J. H. Whitney, chief of the state police.

Gov. Guild was in his office only a few feet away and, rushing out, assisted in subduing Steele, then knelt by Cohen's side and subsequently directed the removal of the wounded men to the hospital.

Cohen was shot twice through the head and was in a critical condition at the Massachusetts General hospital last night. The third bullet struck Driscoll a glancing blow on the side of the forehead and, making a long wound over the head, rendered him unconscious for half an hour. Huddell's wound will probably cause him little inconvenience.

CLARA BLOODGOOD SUICIDED.

Well Known Actress Ended Her Career with a Bullet.

Baltimore, Md.—Mrs. Clara Bloodgood, the actress, committed suicide by shooting at the Hotel Stafford here last evening.

Mrs. Bloodgood's body was found lying on the bed in her room with a bullet hole through the roof of her mouth. Nearby lay a book entitled "How to Shoot Straight," and a 38-calibre revolver with three chambers empty. She attended a matinee performance at Albaugh's theatre Thursday afternoon and returned to her hotel about 4 o'clock, seemingly in the best of spirits.

When it was time for the curtain to rise for her own show at the Academy of Music, where she was appearing in "The Truth," she had not put in an appearance. Word was sent to the Stafford and a bell boy was sent up to her room. Just as he approached the door he heard a pistol shot. Hurrying back to the office he notified the clerks and an investigation was made.

New York, Dec. 6.—The news of the suicide of Clara Bloodgood created a sensation in theatrical circles here. Expressions of sorrow were universal. She was of a cheerful disposition and all are at a loss to assign a cause.

As Mrs. John Bloodgood she held a high position in New York society and general esteem continued to be hers after she made her debut as an actress in 1898.

This season Mrs. Bloodgood has been starring under the management of Charles Frohman in "The Truth," a play by Clyde Fitch. In it she has been eminently successful.

STEADY RUN LED TO FAILURE.

The National Bank of Commerce, of Kansas City, Suspends Payment.

Kansas City, Mo. — The National Bank of Commerce, the second financial institution in importance in Kansas City, announced its suspension instead of opening Thursday after a steady run of six weeks, during which the bank had paid off $19,000,000 of its deposits, reduced its loans $3,500,000, cut down its cash resources $11,750,000 and sold $2,000,000 of high grade bonds in an effort to meet the demands upon it.

The comptroller of the currency appointed James T. Bradley, national bank examiner, as temporary receiver of the bank and he at once took charge. The directors of the bank made a statement to the public saying that the bank could not stand "slanderous statements made against it" and saying they do not believe it possible for a depositor to lose a dollar.

Of approximately $17,000,000 in deposits tied up in the suspension about $12,000,000 belongs to out of town banks and $5,000,000 to Kansas City people. The failure of the National Bank of Commerce was followed by the closing of three small affiliated banks, one in Argentine, Kan., and two in this city.

Congress.

Washington.—The senate on the 5th elected Senator Frye, of Maine, president pro tem. Many bills were introduced and adjournment until the 9th was taken. The house was in session ten minutes and adjourned until the 9th.

$250,000 Fire Loss.

Boston, Mass. — The East Cambridge machine shops and roundhouse of the Boston & Maine railroad were burned last night. The loss is estimated at $250,000. During the fire the horses of engine No. 31, of Boston, ran away and killed a spectator.

Troops Will Go to Goldfield.

Washington, D. C.—President Roosevelt Thursday night instructed Gen. Funston to send a sufficient force of regulars to Goldfield, Nev., to control the situation there. This action was taken upon receipt of a request from the governor of Nevada.

HEAD OF SUGAR TRUST DIES.

HENRY O. HAVEMEYER, MULTI-MILLIONAIRE, PASSES AWAY.

He was 60 Years of Age and Acquired Notoriety Some Years Ago by Refusing to Testify Before a Congressional Committee.

New York City.—Henry O. Havemeyer, president of the American Sugar Refining Co., died Wednesday at his country home at Commack, Long Island, of heart failure following an attack of acute indigestion on Thanksgiving day. Resort to the use of oxygen to prolong life was had a few hours before the end.

The president of the so-called sugar trust went to Commack on November 27 with his wife to spend Thanksgiving gunning on his private preserve. He arose early Thursday and spent nearly the entire day tramping about the country after game. Late in the day he returned to his home and ate a hearty dinner. Shortly after he was seized with violent pains and Dr. W. H. Ross, who was summoned, said that he was suffering from acute indigestion. Several physicians from this city were called the next day and remained constantly at the patient's bedside.

Mr. Havemeyer was the son of the late Frederick C. Havemeyer, who, with his father, was the pioneer in sugar refining. He was born October 18, 1847, in this city, where his father and grandfather amassed a fortune in the sugar refining business. After an education in the public schools he entered the business of Havemeyer & Co. and later with Havemeyer & Elder. His genius for organization showed itself in the formation of the American Sugar Refining Co. in 1887. His brother, Theodore A. Havemeyer, was elected president of the company and held the office until his death four years ago.

H. O. Havemeyer succeeded his brother in the presidency. In 1897 he attracted wide attention by refusing to answer certain questions put to him by the United States senate committee which was investigating the sugar industry. He was indicted and tried for contempt. After a long legal fight he was freed. He engaged in a hard fight with the Arbuckles for the control of the sugar business and when it was over the position of his company was strengthened.

His estate is said to amount to many millions of dollars and he was considered one of the wealthiest men in New York. Mr. Havemeyer, in 1883, married Louise W. Elder, who was the daughter of his partner in the sugar business. His wife and four children survive him.

RIVERS AND HARBORS CONGRESS

A Notable Conclave of Prominent Men Assembles in Washington.

Washington, D. C.—Prominent officials of the national government, governors of states, representatives of foreign powers, members of the senate and house of representatives and leaders in all walks of civil life in America participated Wednesday in the opening of the national rivers and harbors congress. Nearly 2,000 delegates, representing every state in the Union, were present.

It is not expected that any definite action in promotion of the projects advocated by the congress will be taken, but it is hoped that the work of the convention will so impress the national congress, now in session, as to induce it to make adequate appropriations for the improvement of the rivers and harbors of the country. It is the desire of the delegates to secure such action by the congress of the United States as will promote the commerce of America. It is not a special project that the convention has in view, but the adoption of a policy by the government looking to the extension of the transportation facilities of the United States.

On behalf of the national administration Elihu Root, secretary of state, extended to the congress hearty sympathy in the work which it had undertaken.

The congress will be in session three days and the body will be addressed by some of the most prominent publicists and economists of the United States.

MANY FURNACES ARE IDLE.

A Great Reduction in Output During November Is Reported.

Cleveland, O. — Owing to the present conditions in the financial and industrial world, unusual importance attaches to the reports of blast furnace production. The monthly statistics of the Iron Trade Review show a production for November of 1,815,224 tons, against the record of October, when 2,359,690 tons were made. The decrease of 544,466 tons does not fully represent the curtailment in progress, as the number of furnaces in blast December 1 was 227, against 314 in blast November 1. Some of the latter were active a part of November.

The statistics for December will undoubtedly indicate a very much larger decrease than those for November, but this rapid blowing out of furnaces will, it is believed, hasten the time when production will be less than demand.

Congressional.

Washington.—In the senate on the 4th nearly 1,000 bills were introduced in a few hours. No other business of importance was transacted. The house was not in session.

Five Killed, 30 Injured.

Baltimore, Md.—Five persons were killed and about 30 injured in a rear-end collision between local passenger trains on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad at Hanover, Md., Wednesday. Some of the injured may die. Four of those killed outright were negro track hands.

A Double Murder.

Des Moines, Iowa. — A young married couple named Damwinkle were murdered Wednesday in their home at Fairport. Their skulls were crushed and their bodies mutilated. The motive is unknown.

Balcom & Lloyd.

WE have the best stocked general store in the county and if you are looking for reliable goods at reasonable prices, we are ready to serve you with the best to be found. Our reputation for trustworthy goods and fair dealing is too well known to sell any but high grade goods.

Our stock of Queensware and Chinaware is selected with great care and we have some of the most handsome dishes ever shown in this section, both in imported and domestic makes. We invite you to visit us and look our goods over.

Balcom & Lloyd.

LOOK ELSEWHERE BUT DON'T FORGET THESE PRICES AND FACTS AT

LaBAR'S

We carry in stock the largest line of Carpets, Linoleums and Mattings of all kinds ever brought to this town. Also a big line of samples.

A very large line of Lace Curtains that cannot be matched anywhere for the price.

Art Squares and Rugs of all sizes and kind, from the cheapest to the best.

Dining Chairs, Rockers and High Chairs.

A large and elegant line of Tufted and Drop-head Couches. Beauties and at bargain prices.

FOR THE COMFORTABLE LODGING

of fine books in a choice library select the Ideal pattern of Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcase. Furnished with bevel French plate or leaded glass doors.

FOR SALE BY

GEO. J. LaBAR,

Sole Agent for Cameron County.

$30 Bedroom Suits, solid oak at.....	$25	$40 Sideboard, quartered oak.....	$30
$28 Bedroom Suits, solid oak at.....	$21	$32 Sideboard, quartered oak.....	$25
$25 Bed room Suits, solid oak at.....	$20	$22 Sideboard, quartered oak,.....	$16
A large line of Dressers from $8 up.		Chiffoniers of all kinds and all prices.	

The finest line of Sewing Machines on the market, the "DOMESTIC" and "ELDRIDGE." All drop-heads and warranted.

A fine line of Dishes, common grade and China, in sets and by the piece.

As I keep a full line of everything that goes to make up a good Furniture store, it is useless to enumerate them all.

Please call and see for yourself that I am telling you the truth, and if you don't buy, there is no harm done, as it is no trouble to show goods.

GEO. J .LaBAR.

UNDERTAKING.

Cameron County Press

ESTABLISHED BY O. B. GOULD.

HENRY H. MULLIN,

Editor and Manager.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Per year.....$2 00
If paid in advance.....$1 50

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Rates by the year or for six or three months are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application.

Legal and Official Advertising per square, three times or less, $2 00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents per square.

Local notices ten cents per line for one insertion, five cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, ten cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

Business Cards, five lines or less, $5.00 per year over five lines, at the regular rates of advertising.

No local inserted for less than 75 cts. per issue.

JOB PRINTING.

The Job department of the PRESS is complete, and affords facilities for doing the best class of work. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO Law Printing.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

☞No advertisements will be accepted at less than the price for fifteen words.

☞Religious notices free.

Not His Place to Laugh.

Milly is a sweet young lady, usually very sedate and self possessed. But today she was suffering under the stress of suppressed emotion.

"Calm yourself, my dear," urged a sympathetic friend, "and tell me all about it."

"Well, you see," began Milly, wiping her eyes, "papa caught a wicked cold, and mother persuaded him to coddle himself to get rid of it. So he sat, dressed in pajamas, on his folding bed in front of a blazing fire in his bedroom. He had a steaming bowl of gruel on his knee, and his feet were in a pail of mustard and water.

"Presently we heard a terrific noise overhead, and we all rushed upstairs to see what had happened to poor papa. We found that the folding bed had collapsed in the middle, and there he was stuck in the angle, scalding gruel in his lap and pouring all over him, while ma was sitting in a pool of mustard and water on the floor, laughing herself into hysterics. And, oh, the things he said because she didn't go and pull him out! That's why I'm overcome, my dear!"—London Answers.

A Bundle of Blunders.

Don't say that "cleanliness is next to godliness," a statement which would be untrue if it were not unmeaning. If you must gauge the value of this excellent quality quote the original correctly and say that cleanliness is next to goodliness, meaning thereby that, where this is lacking, a clean and well kept person has an attraction and a comeliness only second to actual beauty.

Never talk of "the worst coming to the worst," an impossible occurrence, since it is already there. The worse may come to the worst, as, alas, it often does, but when the worst has come there is no more to be said.

Please do not speak of your "mutual friend." If A is a friend of B and C, A is not a mutual but a common friend.

But, above all, if you would be blameless never talk of "common sense," as though it were or could be an exceptional or rare possession of a favored few. Common sense is the sense common to all, which long may we all enjoy.

Shakespeare Versus Burns.

At the close of a lecture to the members of a certain literary society the following dialogue between a Scotchman and the lecturer was overheard:

"Ye think a fine lot o' Shakespeare, doctor?"

"I do, sir," was the emphatic reply.

"An' ye think he was mair clever than Robbie Burns?"

"Why, there's no comparison between them!"

"Maybe no, but ye tell us the nicht it was Shakespeare who wrote 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.' Now, Robbie would never have written sic nonsense as that."

"Nonsense, sir!" thundered the indignant doctor.

"Aye, just nonsense. Robbie would hae kent fine that a king, or a queen either, disna gang to bed wi the crown on his head. They hang it ower the back o' a chair." The doctor's face dropped, for he realized that his lecture had been given in vain.—Scottish Nights.

Gold Is Everywhere.

Gold can most profitably be extracted from certain mines where the ore is rich and not too difficult to work, but should these deposits ever peter out there is no fear that the world would suffer for lack of a gold supply, for there are many other sources which are as yet untouched, but for working which profitable methods would be devised if need were. Granite, for example, contains an appreciable quantity of gold, and if it were not under present conditions too expensive a matter to extract it we should find Scotland and Cornwall rivaling the Transvaal and the Klondike. The sea also contains gold in solution, and the man who invents a cheap method of getting it out will make himself richer than all the millionaires that ever lived. Gold is also constantly falling all over the surface of the world, blown to us in minute quantities along with cosmic dust, which comes from interstellar space.—Black and White.

STERLING RUN.

B. L. Sterling and wife, of Byrnedale, were visiting relatives and friends in town the past week.

Mrs. Dorsey Spangler returned home from Olean Monday, where she has been caring for a sister who has been ill.

The four Miss Lechners of Emporium visited J. A. Dice and family between trains Sunday.

Mr. Patrick Killeen died Monday at 1 o'clock and was buried at Emporium on Wednesday.

Mrs. Welshaunts and Miss Chatman returned to their uncle's, J. A. Dice, on Sunday. They had been visiting relatives and friends at Keating Summit.

Miss Evangeline Brooks of Sinnamahoning and Esther Stuart of Cameron were visitors in town Sunday.

G. H. Howlett visited his family on Monday.

M. M. Larrabee of Emporium was a business caller in town Tuesday.

Trace Dinninny of Dunlevie, W. Va., is visiting relatives here.

Quite a number of our people attended the funeral of Patrick Killeen on Wednesday.

BLUE BELL.

BRYON HILL.

It is good for sore eyes to see Wade Spence away up on the mountain, hustling the bark and logs to the landing.

Mrs. Aut Skinner has moved on her own farm and is building an addition to her house. If you want to hear some good music and have a jolly good time go and see her.

Mrs. Reed's little girl was quite sick, but is better now.

Rev. Allen preached an excellent sermon on More Hill, Sunday.

There was a surprise on Mr. Haggerty and wife, last Saturday on West Ceeek. We had a good time and plenty to eat.

Aut Skinner is hustling in the ties, mud or no mud. He is the boy that can do it.

Nettie Lockwood and her hired girl are making the dust fly, working for their big crew of men.

FARAWAY MOSES.

RICH VALLEY.

Mrs. Geo. Nickerson called on city friends the first of the week.

The funeral of Mrs. Elizabeth Britton was held at Cooks Run church Saturday, Rev. C. A. Dow having charge of the services.

Robert Ingersoll spent Sunday with his —— Lockwood Station friends.

Mrs. Geo. Carter visited her son and wife at Austin this week.

Misses Rena and Gertrude Swesey of Maple Shade, accompanied by Miss Garnie Housler, attended the social on West creek Saturday evening.

Wm. Brown was on the sick list the first of the week.

Truant officer, D. W. Swesey, had business on West Creek Tuesday.

Chas. Shives and Geo. Barker, of the city, attended church at Cooks Run Sunday evening. The boys have an attraction in this neighborhood.

A valuable Angora cat was lost from Maple Shade Sunday evening. A suitable reward will be paid for the return of said cat to the above named place. P. S. This is no joke.

A donation for the benefit of Rev. A. C. Dow will be held at the house of Frank E. Swesey, Saturday evening, Dec. 14, 1907. Oysters will be served. The E. & R. V. R. R. will run a special train; round trip ticket 8 cents. For accommodation of those who wish to come from town, train will leave Co. store at 8 p. m. sharp. Passengers for the donation will disembark at Granger station. Porters will be at station to meet all trains.

C. M. S.

HUNTLEY.

Alice Jordan spent Friday visiting friends in Driftwood.

J. S. Jordan secured a fine red fox Monday, too late for the score but the hide is just as good.

G. S. Hill and family attended the funeral of Mrs. James Russell on Mason Hill, Friday.

Zenus Biam, of Bradford, is visiting his sister, Mrs. J. S. Jordan.

C. Wesley Barr is erecting an ice and meat house combined and is making extensive repairs on his buildings. Mr. Barr expects to farm on a much larger scale next year than he has heretofore.

The residence of Wm. Krebs caught fire Thursday morning at 5:30 by reason of an overheated stovepipe. A large hole was burned through the roof. The fire was discovered by Anson Mason, who hastened to the scene and assisted in putting it out. No serious damage was done.

A meeting of the hunters of Sinnamahoning, Four Mile and Huntley, was held on the Court House square, River street, Huntley, Pa., Saturday afternoon. Judge J. M. English was present to hear the scores of each of the hunters which were as follows: J. R. Bachelder, Sinnamahoning, four bears, three wildcats, ten pheasants, nine black squirrels, two gray squirrels, four oppossums, twenty-two skunks; Allen Russell, Four Mile, three bears, six cubs and two minks; John S. Jordan, six bears, ten coons, nine wildcats, three minks, thirty muskrats, ten foxes and one owl; Wesley Barr, six coons and 300 pounds of honey; Geo. Darrin, Sinnamahoning, one spike buck deer. Judge English awarded the prize which consisted of one hundred shares in mining stock, from the Golden Eagle mines of Colorado, to J. S. Jordan. The decision was approved by all. These hunting contests are becoming popular and it is expected that more hunters will enter for the next season's hunt. Major English delivered a very instructive talk on our wild animals and received much applause. An invitation was sent to Seth Nelson and Cal Huling to attend the meeting but they could not attend on account of having to be in Washington when Congress opened. As all of the contestants are men of unimpeachable integrity we are glad to congratulate them on their success.

An amusing incident happened last Monday which is worth repeating. Geo. Darrin brought a piece of his venison up from home to present to his friends in town, and having to go into Wm. Logue's store, he laid the meat outside, and on coming out found that it had vanished. Someone told him Sullivan's dog had taken it, and tehre was fun in the air, and everybody that owned a dog in town was under suspicion. Happily, the guilty party was a cat, which was found back of the store just getting ready for a feast of venison. The meat was not injured and the clouds rolled away.

D. W. Eastman is spending a few days with his family in Coudersport.

Willard Boyd, of Coudereport, has returned home to accept a position in the Atlantic and Pacific Tea Store in that city.

L. F. Boyd was called to Coudersport on Tuesday on account of the severe illness of his wife.

Herman Jones spent Sunday with his parents at Tunnel Hill.

Chas. Taylor, of Tunnel Hill, spent Sunday with friends in town.

Mrs. W. R. Smith, of Willow Dale, visited relatives on the East side, Sunday.

We had quite a fall of snow in the past few days but not enough to interfere with the street car lide.

E. D. Parks, of Coudersport, who was head sawyer for Wilson Bros. for a number of years at their mill here, is once more with us, being in charge of the saw of the Coudersport Mangle Roller Mfg. Co's mill in Big Run. Mr. Parks was tendered a pleasant surprise at his boarding house Monday evening by a party of his old time friends, who presented him with a gold-headed cane with his initials engraved thereon. D. W. Eastman made an appropriate presentation speech. Owing to the recent loss of his left thumb Mr. Parks was unable to play the violin but composed and sang the following song which he kindly permitted us to publish:

"THE BOYS WHO SAW THE PINE."

We are a jolly party,
Of toil we have no fear;
Our dispositions are the same
Each day throughout the year;
But never is a happier time,
In all our times so fine,
As when the mill is running,
And the saw goes through the pine.

D. W. is the Captain,
'Tis he that pays the freight,
The money 's ready every night,
He does not make us wait.
His pleasant manners never change.
He says he would not mind,
If every log upon the job
Was good old solid pine.

Erwin holds the lever,
And Lee, he files the saws,
'Til they cut through the timber,
Without a hitch or flaw.
Herman keeps the logs at hand,
And rolls them into line,
As merrily the saw cuts through
The hemlock and the pine.

Ed. Faucet makes the engine steam,
And oils the balance wheel;
He sets the valves and corks the flews,
And polishes the steel.
"Old Huldy" pops with boiler full,
She surely makes good time,
While putting power behind the saw
That cuts the oak and pine.

Harvey runs the trimmer,
And Bill, the old tail-saw,
While Charlie Tailor cuts the slabs;
His word on this is law.
His rheumatism bothers some,
But this he does not mind,
As cheerfully he cuts the slabs
Of the hemlock and the pine.

Nelson Brothers pile the boards,
And build the lumber docks,
They work like heroes all the time,
And never watch the clock.
They never stop for rain or snow,
Their work is right in line.
Their hands get full of slivers,
Both of hemlock and of pine.

So thus we work from day to day,
Each with a willing hand,
And always have a little time,
To heed the Lord's command.
We hope when our life's work is done,
That He will not decline,
To give a bright place in His home,
To the boys who saw the pine.

—J. F. S.

SINNAMAHONING.

John Buck and Harry Taylor took a buck fawn home with them last week.

E. H. Snyder and party captured a spike buck the last week of hunting.

But few deer have been brought in here this fall.

Parties who have been looking for bear since the snow report finding a good many dead does and fawns in the woods that were killed and left to feed the wildcats and foxes.

Robert Kirkland has gone to Mount Morris to work.

Jas. Knight went to St. Marys Tuesday.

Clarence Shaffer, editor of Renovo Record, was in town Saturday.

G. B. Barclay is at Atlantic city this week.

Geo. Batchelder and family visited Huntly over Sunday.

John Berfield was down to the banquet Saturday evening.

Prothonotary W. J. Leavitt was in town Saturday evening and attended the banquet.

Rachael Logue, daughter of Adam Logue, was brought home for burial Tuesday. She had been an inmate of the Warren State Hospital for about seven years.

J. H. and C. E. Logue and Joseph Donley started after a big bear last Wednesday and are still camping on the track of bruin.

Work on the stone crusher has shut down owing to the panic.

The powder plant has closed down for an indefinite period.

Barclay Bros. have commenced to dismantle their saw mill.

Mrs. George Foultz was called to Butler, Pa., Tuesday, owing to the serious illness of her sister.

George P. Shaffer attended argument court at Emporium Monday.

Sinnamahoning Lodge, No. 1138, I.O. O. F. held an initiation and banquet Saturday evening. The Renovo Degree Staff came up and conferred the degree. Eighty-six sat down to the banquet and did ample justice to the chicken, turkey, baked beans and oysters.

J. R. Bachelder and wife went to Hix Run last week to make arrangements for organizing a Camp of Patriotic Americans.

Barclay Bros. sawed the last logs on their mill at this place last week which will close up the lumber business here as soon as they ship what they have in their yard.

J. R. Batchelder captured another large wildcat Monday. This one had its pelt on.

The L. C. met and held two secret sessions last week. There were several reinstatements and a few initiations.

Miss Anna Anderson spent Sunday in Emporium, guest of Miss Myrtle Shaffer

Quite a number of the Lady Maccabees of Sterling Run, attended a quilting at the home of Mrs. Cal Swartz, one day last week.

Charles Krebs and wife have returned from their visit to their son J. Herman, at Springville, N. Y.

Mrs. Julius Knaub, who has been quite ill, is slowly improving under the care of Dr. Beal.

A number of the young people were entertained at the home of Al Cole on Wednesday night, and at Thomas Piper's on Saturday night.

Heber Wykoff spent Sunday with his parents.

A party of hunters reported seeing an Elk's tracks one day last week, and although it was out of season, about thirty went after it and when found turned out to be a mooly cow.

DEBSE.

Early Choice, Means Best Values

Drugs, Toilet and Fancy Articles, Perfumery and Stationery.
Our Line of Postal Cards is Complete. Call and see Them.

M. A. ROCKWELL.

Tompkins & Norris

Shop at the Merry Christmas Store

Special Prices Until Christmas

Scotch Table Damask per yard	40C	to	$1.50
Choice Damask Napkins, doz.	$1.50	to	$3.50
Bleached Roller, Dish or hand Towels, yd	7C	to	18C

Fine Huck Towels, Damask Towels.
Fine White Goods, Batiste, Dotted Swiss.
Fine Lace Curtains, Window Shades.

CANDIES, NUTS,
ORANGES, LEMONS,
PINE APPLES,
GRAPE FRUIT,
CRANBERRIES.

Extra Special Prices

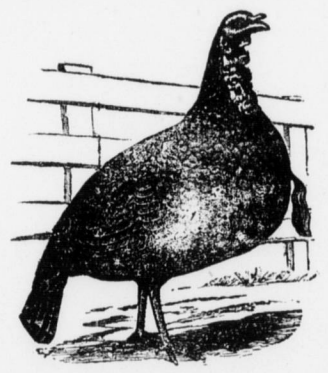
Black Heatherbloom, Embroidered Flounce, Petticoats.
Black Taffeta Embroidered Flounce Petticoats.
White and pearl gray Wool Knit Petticoats.
Christmas Umbrellas, all prices.
Holiday Box Paper 10c to $1.00 per box.

Toys for Boys and Girls

Dolls, Magic Lanterns, Dishes,
Sleds, Engines, Drums,
Wagons, Tables, Chairs.

Our Grocery Department is Complete

Turkeys for Christmas



Don't forget our China. The prices will make you laugh for joy.

TOMPKINS & NORRIS.

EMPORIUM

MILLING COMPANY.

PRICE LIST.

Emporium, Pa., Nov. 11, 1907.

NEMOPHILA, per sack	$1 45
Felt's Fancy, "	1 65
Pet Grove, "	1 65
Graham, "	75
Rye "	80
Buckwheat, "	85
Patent Meal, "	50
Coarse Meal per 100,	1 50
Chop Feed, "	1 50
Middlings,	
Middlings, Fancy "	
Bran,	1 50
Chicken Wheat	1 65
Corn per bushel,	84
White Oats, per bushel,	65
Oyster Shells, per 100	75
Choice Clover Seed, Choice Timothy Seed, Choice Millet Seed,	At Market Prices

R. C. DODSON,

—THE—

Druggist,

EMPORIUM, PA.

IS LOCATED IN THE CORNER STORE

At Fourth and Chestnut Sts..

R. C. DODSON.

Telephone, 19-2.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Contributions invited. That which you would like to see in this department, let us know by postal card or letter, personally.

Miss Sadie Edwards visited at Renovo and Williamsport.

John Harbot and John Kackenmeister were PRESS callers on Monday,

Miss Mattie E. Begell, of Harrison Valley, Pa., is visiting M. M. Larrabee and family.

Miss Minnie Morse, visited Mr. and Mrs. Lawson and family, over Sunday at Beechwood.

Rev. Mr. Cleaver, pastor of Emporium M. E. Church, was a brief PRESS caller yesterday.

W. T. Turner, of Emporium Lumber Compauy, transacted business in town on Tuesday.

Miss Estella Kellar has returned from vistting at Middleport, Medina and Buffalo.

Miss Carrie Miller left on Friday noon for Philadelphia, where she will follow her profession of trained nurse.

Mrs. George H. Dyke and child, of Kittaning, Pa., are visiting, "the old folks at home"—Hon. L. Taggart and family.

Michael Murphy, who is conducting a hotel at Bolivar, N. Y., transacted business in Emporium Tuesday and Wednesday.

Fred R. Heilman, who has been visiting at home for two weeks, a "little under the weather" returns to his Buffalo school to-day.

The insurance adjustor, representing the companies carrying risks on New Warner, has adjusted the late fire loss with Mr. Schutte and Mr. Gilbert.

Miss Mame Davison, of Johnsonburg, visited her old Emporium friends on Tuesday. She has just returned from filling an engagement at an eastern Musical Conservatory.

Miss Maud Stephens, of Coudersport, was the guest of the Auchu family, West Fourth street, several days last weak. Miss Stephens is a professional nurse.

Our former townsman, Mr. E. C Davison, now Pennsy Station Agent at Ridgway, came down on Wednesday to attend Masonic Banquet. Ed. is always welcome.

Conductor Wm. Buck and Flagman Harry Taylor returned home Saturday from a hunting trip to Sinnamahoning. They killed two bucks and one black bear.—Renovo Record.

Master Maxwell Morrison, of West Creek, brought his father to town on Saturday to see the nice things for Christmas and before leaving town took a look through the PRESS establishment.

Samuel H. Haggerty, of West Creek, was a PRESS visitor last Saturday. Mr. H., after many years residence here moved to New Jersey, but returned again to this county about three years ago. When one gets their feet wet in Camaron county they can't stay away.

Geo. W. VanWert, of New Castle, Pa., visited his many Emporium friends this week, expecting to remain here until after the Driftwood Masonic Banquet, Friday night. He will weigh a ton when he starts for New Castle. Our old friend is Supt. of Barton Powder plant located near New Castle and reports all well with his Company.

Miss Mattie M. Collins, County Supt. of schools, was a PRESS caller on Tuesday.

E. F. Comley, of Cameron, dropped in to see us yesterday and cracked a few yarns.

Miss Margaret Farley, of Drfftwood, was a business caller at this office last Saturday.

Matthew Phoenix, of Lumber, visited the PRESS office on Saturday and carried away a receipt for another year.

Referring to a trick that is practiced frequently by young men under age, the Pottsville Evening Chronicle says: "Lehigh county youth has just learned that it is a bad thing to lie to a bartender in order to secure a drink. This youth declared he was 21 years old and secured intoxicants. Later he was arrested for misrepresenting his age and when called before court, plead guilty and was sentenced to one year's imprisonment. This should serve as a warning to others who are in the habit of deceiving the bartenders and hotel keepers as to their age in order to secure booze.

Where the Dog Is Valued.

In northern France and in Belgium especially the dog is indeed the friend of man. He is made to work. He gets little play except that small amount deemed sufficient to prevent canine dullness, yet he is so loved and so well cared for by his owner that he becomes a most important member of the family. The farmer, the tradesman, the householder, the guardsman of the frontier worships his dog—one of the first things he thinks of when founding his little home. He takes delight in rousing the dog's intelligence and loses no chance of pitting that intelligence against others. Local farmers vie with each other to improve a breed. Dog clubs take up the work, holding exhibitions in villages and towns. Cities challenge neighboring municipalities to contests on the grandest scale.—Wide World Magazine.

Easily Stated.

A committee having in charge a local entertainment went to a noted editor to request him to take part in it.

"What do you want me to do, gentlemen?" he asked.

"We would like to have you give us a talk on spelling reform," they replied.

"Well," he rejoined, "I can give you my idea of spelling reform in one sentence. Just leave 'me' off the 'programme.'"

A Working Majority.

"You can fool all of the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time. But"—

"Why go further?" interrupted Senator Sniffkins. "The two classes you have named constitute a safe working majority."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Deeps Are Dumb.

The greatest golfers seldom talk about their golf any more than the greatest cricketers talk about their cricket. It is the enthusiastic duffer who enjoys conversing about "his game."—London Truth.

Scholarship.

Genial Clergyman (visiting the village school)—Well, my little man, what do you do in school all day? The Most Promising Pupil—I wait till it's time to get out, sir.—London Opinion.

It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill.—Tennyson.

It will be unnecessary for you to go through a painful, expensive operation for Piles if you use ManZan. Put up in collapsible tube with nozzle, ready to apply to the soreness and inflammation. For any form of Piles, price 50c, guaranteed at R. C. Dodson's drug store. 3m

He Heard of It.

Admiral Walker was a fine old sailor, and he was recognized as thorough. No personal friendship softened his manners to a delinquent. One day when he was sailing out from Hampton Roads with the international fleet that helped us to celebrate the centennial of Washington's first inauguration his orders about weighing anchor were disobeyed by his dearest friend in the service, who was in command of one of the ships, and as the old Chicago, the flagship, passed the trembling culprit the navies of the world heard "his whiskers" thundering out from the bridge objurgations and expressing wonder at his own moderation in not putting his old comrade under arrest. At another time when the white squadron was sailing out of a Mediterranean bay another old friend worked his ship so awkwardly that the admiral—then nearly a "trade dollar admiral"—suspended him by signal in the face of the whole fleet. The punished captain, coming aboard to protest against his public reprimand, puffed out indignantly, "Why, sir, I never heard of such a thing." "Well," said John, pulling at his big side whiskers, "you've heard of it now."—Harper's.

Guests Who Won't Order.

The business man returned to his office in a bad temper after the luncheon hour. "I wish people who haven't minds of their own would come to a realizing sense of the bother that they are to their friends and would develop a little initiative on their own account," he said. "Maybe it's only a mistaken idea of politeness, but anyhow it's a nuisance to be entertaining a person at the club and have him utterly without ideas as to what he wants to eat and drink. You ask him and he says he'll leave it to you, which is exactly what you don't want him to do. How can you divine his tastes, I'd like to know? What appeals to you very likely won't to him, and you know and he knows it. But your selections from the menu are always met with the comment 'That's very nice,' or 'You couldn't suit me better.' And so you go through the meal in a hit and miss fashion that certainly gets on the nerves of the host. The next time I run up against that kind of man I'm just going to sit back and let him do the entire ordering."—New York Press.

In Wooden Shoe Land.

Patience—Did you have any shoes made in Holland? Patrice—Well, I tried to have a pair made, but when I went to get them they told me they hadn't cut the tree down yet.—Yonkers Statesman.

ELECTION NOTICE.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
Emporium, Pa., Dec. 11th, 1907.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders for the election of a Board of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may be laid before them, will be held at the Bank on Tuesday, Jannary 14th, 1908, between the hours of one and three in the afternoon.

T. B. LLOYD, Cashier.

In the District Court of the United States Court, Middle District of Penn'a.

In the matter of S. E. Murry and Frances Stoddard surviving partners of Murry and Coppersmith Company Bankrupts. } No. 885, In Bankruptcy.

WHEREAS, Application has been made for a composition offered by the above named Bankrupt Company; and it appears that such composition has been accepted in writing by a majority in number of all of its creditors whose claims have been allowed, which majority represents a majority in amount of such claims, and that the consideration of such composition required by Sec. 12-b of the Bankruptcy Law of 1898 has been duly deposited: Now on motion of A. N. Crandall, Esq., Attorney for such Bankrupt Company, it is ordered, That all creditors of S. E. Murry and Frances Stoddard, surviving partners of the Murry-Coppersmith Company, Bankrupt, as well as all other parties interested, show cause at a hearing to be had on such application, before A. R. Moore, a Referee in Bankruptcy for the District Court of The United States, for The Middle District of Pennsylvania, at the office of M. M. Larrabee, in Emporium, Cameron county, Pennsylvania, on the 27th day of December, 1907, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, why such application should not be granted.

A. R. MOORE,
Referee in Bankruptcy.
Coudersport, Pa., December 7th, 1907.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS ON THE RAILS.

At no other period of the year does home-hunger grip the human heart with such an eager yearning as at Christmas time. The lasting memories of the old homestead, the tender welcome of the older and the merry greetings of the younger dear ones, the happy reunion about the festal board, the pungent odor of the cedar, the witchery of the holly, the lurking sentiment of the mistletoe, all combine to make a lure well nigh irresistible.

It is the season of reunion and foregatherings, of meeting and parting.

The zest of travel is rife, for apart from the homegoings and social exchanges it is a holiday time for many and there are pleasant excursions to be made, where sightseeing has an added relish from the prevalent gaiety and good cheer.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is always popular at holiday times. Its system is so far reaching, and at the same time so closely interwoven with the needs of the traveler, its trains are so numerons and so well equipped for the accommodation of every class of travel, and its ticketing arrangements so satisfying that it might be termed the Santa Claus route.

Its Limited trains carrying the highest grade of travelers, completely appointed in every detail, offer exceptional advantages to the children going home from school for the Christmas vacation. The boys naturally gravitate to such trains; the girls will find every comfort and safeguard, as well as a maid at their command.

No matter whither bound it is wise to cousult a Pennsylvania Railroad Ticket Agent as to trains and rates. He can start you right; the rest will be easy.

1318-43-2t.

1907 1908

HOLIDAY GREETING

Notable Kitchen Specialties Small Cost

DAY'S

The Satisfactory Store

Christmas China Rightly Priced.

A new year is almost here, and may it be the best and happiest one of your life, and may health, comfort and prosperity be your companions during the 365 days.

The battle cry of this store for 1908 is "more sales" and more sales will surely follow--if persistent effort to better the stores service counts.

In the meantime we don't mind swelling the sales of old 1907, which we will also surely do if abundance of good goods at right prices count.

Christmas Dinner Suppplies

The great day, less than two weeks off— wise people will begin to place their order for good things for the big feast. Those who wait till the last day, have all kinds of trouble in the big rush —and foregetting half the goods they need most, have to go without. WE HAVE MADE GREAT PREPARATION FOR YOU.

New Raisins, Nuts, Figs, Dates, Citron, Preserves, Oranges and every other kind of choice delicacies are in stock and arriving daily. Order now and get the pick.

For Xmas Gifts China, Enemel Ware House Furnishing Goods.

For Friday and Saturday

Bargains that help. You naturally want to make your money go as far as possible, especially at this time of the year. Our Friday and Saturday Bargains help you to do this. The question of saving money on Christmrs Gifts is also easily solved here.

Here are things that you need, at prices you can afford to pay:

25 Lb. Bag Sugar, Best Granulated	$1.40	Princess Paper Shell Amonds, a Lb.	25c
Barrington Hall, The Steel Cut Coffee, a Lb.	30c	40c Florida Oranges, a dozeu	30c
Choicest Sugar Cured Hams, Convenient sizes, a Lb.	14c	35c Florida Oranges, a dozen	25c
Pure Lard, In bulb, a Lb,	12c	Choice Malaga Grapes, a Lb	16c
Canned Tomatoes, Corn, Peas, 15c values, 2 cans for	25c	California Lemons, Best in the World, a dozen,	25c
		Cape Cod Cranberries, a quart	11c

Fresh Baltimore Shucked Oysters

You Get Better Values Here. Prompt Delivery to all Parts of Town.

J. H. DAY,

Phone 6, EMPORIUM. PA.

OUR SERIAL

The Princess Elopes

By HAROLD McGRATH

Author of

"The Man on the Box," "Hearts and Masks," Etc.

(Copyright, 1905, Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

SYNOPSIS.

Arthur Warrington, American consul to Barscheit, tells how reigning Grand Duke attempts to force his neice, Princess Hildegarde, to marry Prince Dopplekinn, an old widower. Warrington does not know the princess even by sight. While riding horseback in the country night overtakes him and he seeks accommodations in a dilapidated castle. Here he finds two women and an old man servant. One woman is Princess Hildegarde and the other a friend, Hon. Betty Moore, of England. They detain him to witness a mock marriage between the princess and a disgraced army officer, Steinbock, done for the purpose of foiling the grand duke. Steinbock attempts to kiss the princess and she is rescued by Warrington. Steinbock disappears for good. Max Scharfenstein, an old American friend of Warrington's reaches Barscheit. Warrington tells him of the princess. Scharfenstein shows Warrington a locket with a picture of a woman inside. It was on his neck when he, as a boy, was picked up and adopted by his foster father, whose name he was given. He believes it to be a picture of his mother. The grand duke announces to the princess that she is to marry Dopplekinn the following week. During a morning's ride she plans to escape. She meets Scharfenstein. He finds a purse she has dropped but does not discover her identity. Warrington entertains at a public restaurant for a number of American medical students. Max arrives late and relates an interesting bit of gossip to the effect that the princess has run away from Barscheit. He unwittingly offends a native officer and subjects himself to certain arrest. Max is persuaded to take one of the American student's passports and escape. The grand duke discovers the escape of the princess. She leaves a note saying she has eloped.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

The valet hurried to the dresser and returned with the duke's state eyeglasses. These the duke perched deliberately upon the end of his noble nose. He opened the letter and read its contents. The valet, watching him slyly, saw him grow pale, then red, and finally purple,—wrath has its rainbow. His hands shook, the glasses slipped from his palpitating nose. And I grieve to relate that his serene highness swore something marvelous to hear.

"Damnation!" he said, or some such word. "The little fool!" Then, suddenly remembering his dignity and the phrase that no man is a hero to his valet, he pointed to his glasses, at the same time returning the letter to its envelope, this letter which had caused this momentary perturbation. "Call the minister of police. You will find him in the smoking-room off the conservatory. Make all haste!"

The valet flew out of the door, while the duke began pacing up and down the room, muttering and growling, and balling his fists, and jingling his shining medals. He kicked over an inoffensive hassock and his favorite hound, and I don't know how many long-winded German oaths he let go. (It's a mighty hard language to swear in, especially when a man's under high pressure.)

"The silly little fool! And on a night like this! Curse it! This is what comes of mixing Spanish blood with German, of letting her aunt's wishes overrule mine in the matter of education. But she shall be brought back, even if I have to ask the assistance of every sovereign in Europe. This is the end. And I had planned such a pleasant evening at cards!" The duke was not wholly unselfish.

In less than ten minutes' time the valet returned with the minister of police. The duke immediately dismissed the valet.

"Your serene highness sent for me?" asked the minister, shaking in his boots. There had been four ministers of police in three years.

"Yes. Read this."

The minister took the letter. He read it with bulging eyes. "Good heavens, it must be one of her highness' jokes!"

"It will be a sorry joke for you if she crosses any of the frontiers."

"But—"

"But!" roared the duke. "Don't you dare bring up that word scandal! Seek her. Turn everybody out,—the army, the police, everybody. When you locate her, telegraph, and have a special engine awaiting me at the station. And if you play a poor game of cards to-night I'll take away your portfolio. Remember, if she passes the frontier, off goes your official head!"

"And the fellow, who is he?"

"The good Lord only knows! That girl! . . . Witness these gray hairs. Put the rascal in irons; I'll attend to his case when I arrive. . . . Where is Steinbock?"

"He was arrested this morning in Berlin; I have already applied for his extradition."

"Good! Now, be off with you! Leave no stone unturned. The expense is nothing; I will gladly pay it out of my private purse."

"I'll find her," said the minister grimly. His portfolio hung in the balance.

All at once the duke struck his hands together jubilantly.

"What is it?" asked the minister. "A clew?"

"Nothing, nothing! Be gone; you are wasting time."

The minister of police dashed out of the room as if pursued by a thousand devils. He knew the duke's mood; it was not one to cross or irritate. No sooner was he gone than the duke left his apartments and sought those of his niece. It might be a joke; it would do no harm to find out positively. But the beautiful suite was empty; even her highness' maid was gone. He then knocked on the door which led into Betty's boudoir, not very gently either.

"Open!" he bellowed.

"Who is it?" demanded a maid's frightened voice.

"The duke! Open instantly!"

"It is quite impossible," said another voice from within. It was calm and firm. "I am dressing."

"I must see you this instant. Open or I shall force the door!"

"Is your serene highness mad?"

"Will you open this door?"

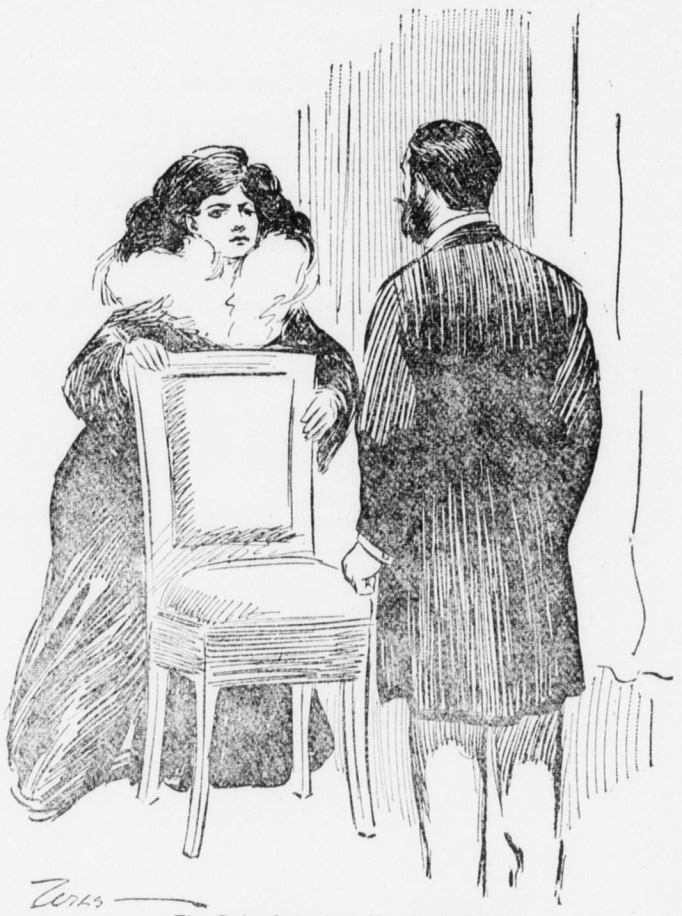
"You command it?"

"A hundred times, yes!"

"Since you command it." The voice was no longer calm; it was sharp and angry.

The wait seemed an hour to his serene highness, serene no longer. At length the bolt slipped, and the irate duke shouldered his way in. The tableau which met his gaze embarrassed him for a space. He was even ashamed! The Honorable Betty stood behind a tall-backed chair, an opera cloak thrown hastily over her bare shoulders. Her hair was partly down. A beautiful woman in a rage is a fascinating sight. The duke stared at her irresolutely.

"Will your highness explain this extraordinary intrusion?" she demanded. "You have literally forced your way into my room while I am dressing. It is utterly outside my understanding."



The Duke Stared at Her Irresolutely.

"I am old enough to be your father."

"That is the weakest excuse you could give me. At your age one's blood ought to be cooled to a certain discretion. My father, if he had had anything important to say, would have remained on the other side of the door. I am not deaf. Your explanation is in order."

The duke had never been talked to so plainly in all his life. For a while he was without voice, but had plenty of color. "It is easily explained," he finally bawled out to her. "Her highness has eloped!"

The girl stared at him with wide eyes. "Eloped?" she breathed faintly.

"Yes, eloped."

Betty wondered if she heard aright, or if the duke were out of his mind; and then she recollected her conversation with the princess. Her mouth opened as if to speak, but instead she closed her lips tightly. That wilful girl; whatever would become of her!

"Give this letter to your mistress," said the duke to the maid. "I will station myself in the window while she reads it."

He strode over to the window and drew the curtains about him. Below, the night crowds were wandering about the streets; the band was playing in the Volksgarten; carriages were rolling to and from the opera; the fountain in the center of the square sparkled merrily in the glare of the arc lights. But the duke saw none of these things. Rather he saw the telegraphic dispatches flying to the four ends of the globe, telling the peoples that he, the Grand Duke of Barscheit, had been outwitted by a girl; that the Princess Hildegarde had eloped with a man who was not the chosen one. In other words, he saw himself laughed at from one end of the continent to the other. (There is something very funny in domestic troubles when they occur in another man's family!) No, the duke saw not the beauty of the night; instead of stars he saw asterisks, that abominable astronomy of the lampoonists. He had never doubted the girl's courage; but to elope! . . . And who the devil had eloped with her? He knew the girl's natural pride; whoever the fellow might be, he could be no less than a gentleman. But who, who?

"Your highness?" called a quiet (I might say deceptive) voice.

The duke came forth.

"Your highness will do me the honor to make out my passports to-night. I desire to leave the palace immediately. The affront you have put upon me, even under the circumstances, is wholly unpardonable. You imply that I have had something to do with her highness' act. You will excuse me to her serene highness, whom I love and respect. My dignity demands that I leave at once."

A flicker—but only a flicker—of admiration lighted the duke's eyes. She was a plucky little baggage.

"I will issue your passports upon one condition," he said.

"And that condition?"—proudly.

"Tell me everything: Where has she gone, and with whom?"

"I know absolutely nothing."

Silence. The duke gnawed his mustache, while his eyes strove in vain to beat down hers.

"Thank you, I believe you." Then, giving way to his wrath: "You English people, you are all the same! You never understand. I have brought up this girl and surrounded her with every luxury; against my will and reason I have let her become educated in foreign lands; I have given her the utmost freedom; this is how I am repaid."

"You forgot one important thing, your highness."

"What?"—haughtily.

"Affection. You have never given her that."

The duke felt himself beaten into silence, and this did not add to his amiability.

"Your passports shall be made out immediately; but I beg of you to reconsider your determination, and to remain here as long as you please. For the sake of appearances, I desire your presence at the dinner table."

"I shall leave as soon as the dinner is over." This girl's mind seemed immovable.

The duke shrugged. There was no use in beating against this wall. "I wish you knew whither she has gone."

"Frankly, if I knew I should not tell your highness. My father taught me never to betray a confidence."

"As you will. I beg your pardon for the abruptness of my entrance," he said, choking down his wrath. He could not allow himself to be outdone in the matter of coolness by this chit of an English girl.

"I grant it you."

The duke then retired, or, I should say, retreated. He wandered aimlessly about the palace, waiting for news and making wretched all those with whom he came in contact. The duchess was not feeling well; a wrangle with her was out of question; besides, he would make himself hoarse. So he waited and waited, and re-read the princess' letter. At dinner he ate nothing; his replies were curt and surly. The Honorable Betty also ate nothing. She sat, wondering if her maid could pack five trunks in two hours.

I had quite a time of it myself that night. As I predicted, I received a visit from the police in regard to Mr. Scharfenstein. I explained the matter the best I knew how, and confessed that he had hurriedly left the city for parts unknown. I did not consider it absolutely essential that I should declare that I had seen him enter a railway carriage for Dresden. Besides this, I had to stand sponsor for the other boys and explain at length that they were in no wise concerned with Mr. Scharfenstein's great offense. The police were courteous and deferential, admitting that Max was the culprit. He had drawn a revolver in a public restaurant; he had broken a grave law. The inspector wrote a dozen telegrams and dispatched them from the consulate. I had, at his request, offered him the blanks.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

There's a Difference.

Patch by patch is good housewifery, but patch upon patch is plain beggary.

PROOF FOR TWO CENTS.

If You Suffer with Your Kidneys and Back Write to This Man.

G. W. Winney, Medina, N. Y., invites kidney sufferers to write to him.

To all who enclose postage he will reply telling how Doan's Kidney Pills cured him after he had doctored and had been in two different hospitals for eighteen months, suffering intense pain in the back, lameness, twinges when stooping or lifting, languor, dizzy spells and rheumatism. "Before I used Doan's Kidney Pills," says Mr. Winney, "I weighed 143. After taking 10 or 12 boxes I weighed 162 and was completely cured."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

MEAN FLINGS AT EDITORS.

Tributes by Lafcadio Hearn to Class of Workers He Disliked.

"Lafcadio Hearn, that wonderful writer, worked on newspapers in his youth," said a publisher, "and the ruthless way his studies were changed, cut and butchered was a great woe to his heart.

"In after years Hearn took a malicious joy in collecting stories about editors—editors and their superior and omniscient way with manuscript.

"One of his stories was of an editor to whom a subscriber said:

"'I enjoyed that poem on the three ages of man in to-day's paper, Mr. Sheers; I enjoyed it immensely. Do you know, though, I thought it was originally written the seven ages of man?'

"'So it was, sir; so it was,' said Editor Sheers, pompously. 'Yes, the extract was originally written the seven ages of man, but I had to cut it down for the lack of space.'

"Another story concerned a weather report. A reporter, discussing the weather, wrote that winter still lingered in the lap of spring.

"The editor, as he read over the article, called the reporter to his desk and told him that he would cut out that sentence about winter lingering in spring's lap. He said the idea was good enough, and all that sort of thing, but it would not do to publish because the high moral tone of the paper had to be maintained in a town full of school girls."

HIS TURN TO CRITICISE.

Youngster Felt Called on to Manifest Disapproval of Prayer.

Little John, who, at the mature age of four, has learned the Lord's Prayer, is often criticised by his sister, two years older, for slight mistakes which he cannot always avoid in offering the petition. A few Sundays ago he was taken to church for the first time. When the moment for the prayer arrived and the congregation bowed their heads John's mother took the precaution to whisper to him that he must be very quiet. "Listen,' she said, "and you will hear the minister pray." This interested John at once, and his little face took on a look of serious attention, but his mother, watching him covertly, saw his expression change presently to one of surprise and disapproval. A few minutes more, and he could stand it no longer. What could this man be saying? Not a word of the prayer did he recognize as the only formula he had ever heard called by that name.

"Why, mother," he exclaimed, in a tone audible over nearly half the church, "do you hear? He isn't saying it right at all!"

Experience.

"Experience is the best teacher," remarked the man who indulges in trite sayings.

"Yes," answered the skeptic; "but occasionally, as in distinguishing between mushrooms and toadstools, your education comes too late to be of any service."

BEGAN YOUNG.

Had "Coffee Nerves" from Youth.

"When very young I began using coffee and continued up to the past six months," writes a Texas girl.

"I had been exceedingly nervous, thin and very sallow. After quitting coffee and drinking Postum Food Coffee about a month my nervousness disappeared and has never returned. This is the more remarkable as I am a Primary teacher and have kept right on with my work.

"My complexion now is clear and rosy, my skin soft and smooth. As a good complexion was something I had greatly desired, I feel amply repaid even tho this were the only benefit derived from drinking Postum.

"Before beginning its use I had suffered greatly from indigestion and headache; these troubles are now unknown.

"Best of all, I changed from coffee to Postum without the slightest inconvenience, did not even have a headache. Have known coffee drinkers who were visiting me, to use Postum a week without being aware that they were not drinking coffee.

"I have known several to begin the use of Postum and drop it because they did not boil it properly. After explaining how it should be prepared they have tried it again and pronounced it delicious."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the booklet, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

This Servant Girl Was Evidently a Person of Resource.

As a source of humor the Irish servant girl has long since fallen from her high estate, a result probably due to the better class of young women from the Emerald Isle who come here annually to help confuse the eternal "servant girl question." But now and again one of the old, naively ignorant sort turns up in a New York household, as was demonstrated the other day to a caller at a house on the West Side.

The girl who responded to the bell was asked if her mistress was at home. To this inquiry she surprised the caller by putting her arms behind her back and replying in a rich brogue, as she thrust her face toward the caller: "Put th' tickets in me mouth, ma'am, an' I'll go an' see. Me hands is wet."—N. Y. Press.

AS SHE HAD BEEN ORDERED.

Domestic Cleared Everything Left Over Out of the Ice Box.

There recently entered the service of a Cleveland family a domestic of Scandinavian origin. She had never seen a refrigerator before, and the lady of the house, after initiating her into its mysteries, instructed her never to leave anything old or left over in the ice-box, but to keep the refrigerator perfectly clean and fresh by throwing the old things away each morning.

The very next day the mistress, looking out of the window, observed something peculiar in the yard.

"What is that, Sophie?" she asked. "And how did it get there?"

"That is old ice, ma'am," was the proud response, "left over from yesterday. I t'rew it away lake you tol' me."—Harper's Weekly.

One Waiter with Sense.

Man in a restaurant, happening in just as a new shift of waiters came on. And having eaten a very modest luncheon this man laid down a modest tip, to be exact, five cents.

And did the waiter shy off or sniff at this nickel? He did neither, but on the contrary he seemed to regard it as an augury of good fortune that his first customer should have given him something, and—

"Thank you," he said, politely, to the customer, and as he turned away he added to himself: "That's a starter."—N. Y. Sun.

SORES AS BIG AS FENNIES.

Whole Head and Neck Covered—Hair All Came Out—Cured in Three Weeks by Cuticura.

"After having the measles my whole head and neck were covered with scaly sores about as large as a penny. They were just as thick as they could be. My hair all came out. I let the trouble run along, taking the doctor's blood remedies and rubbing on salve, but it did not seem to get any better. It stayed that way for about six months; then I got a set of the Cuticura Remedies, and in about a week I noticed a big difference, and in three weeks it was well entirely and I have not had the trouble any more, and as this was seven years ago, I consider myself cured. Mrs. Henry Porter, Albion, Neb., Aug. 25, 1906."

A Frank Advertiser.

The new commercial morality has spread to Ceylon. From one of the newspapers of that balmy island we take the following:

"CH. A. HORSE—Rising seven, fine mouth and paces, about 15 hands; fine Lady's Hack; shows a lot of breeding; Reason for selling, bad with motors; won't go in harness; jibs when leaving stables; catches rider by seat of breeches when mounting; but a darling pet. Apply, &c."—London Daily Mail.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Training Lion for Exhibition.

It takes four years to train a lion for exhibition work, but only one animal in four is available for training. A few accomplishments increases the animal's value five fold.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

The statesman leads the masses. The masses lead the politician.

NIGHT SWEATS, NO APPETITE, USED PE-RU-NA.

MRS. LIZZIE LOHR, 1155 W. 13th St., Chicago, Ill., writes:

"I take pleasure in writing you these few lines, thinking there may be other women suffering the same as I did.

"I had my complaints for over a year, *night sweats* all winter and *no appetite.* I was *run-down* so far that I had to sit down to do my cooking, I was so weak.

"I tried many different medicines and doctors also. Nothing seemed to do me any good. The doctors wanted to operate on me.

"At last I wrote to Dr. Hartman. I told him just exactly how I was, and he told me what ailed me and how I should take Peruna.

"I did as he told me for four months, and *now I am all cured.*

"No one can tell how thankful I am to him, as I had given up all hopes of ever getting well again.

"I am a widow and the mother of six small children who depend on my support. I work all day and seldom get tired.

"I took five bottles of Peruna in all.

"Any woman wishing to know more about my case may write to me and I will gladly tell all about it.

"I thank Dr. Hartman for what he has done for me."

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

INSURE YOUR HEALTH AND COMFORT

on stormy days by wearing a

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER

Clean - Light Durable

Guaranteed Waterproof

$3.00 Everywhere

A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, U. S. A.
TOWER CANADIAN CO. LIMITED, TORONTO, CAN.

SPOT CASH

FOR SOLDIERS AND HEIRS

All federal soldiers and sailors who served 90 days between 1861 and 1866 and who homesteaded less than 160 acres before June 22, 1874, are entitled to additional homestead rights which I buy. If soldier is dead, his heirs can sell. Talk to old soldiers, widows and heirs. Find some soldier relative who went West or South after the war and homesteaded government land. Get busy and make some easy money. Write HENRY N. COPP, Washington, D. C., for further particulars.

NOVELTIES "Nuface" Mask, 10c; Teddy's Teeth, 12c; Seebackoscope, 12c; "Seedal" Puzzle, 12c; "Loop the Loop" Puzzle, 12c; "Link" Puzzle, 10c; "Rubber Bubbles," 25c; "Pocket Cinematograph," 25c; "Roulette" Watch, 25c; "Winking Eye," 10c; Squirt Camera, 12c; "Jacob's Ladders," 12c; "Twin Racing Tops," 50c; "Magic Fiorifer," 25c; "Mouse in Trap," 15c; "Symmetroscope," 50c; "Anaglyph," 50c; "Wonderograph," $1.25; 64 Page Catalog of useful and amusing novelties FREE. Ask for Catalog No. 160.

NEW YORK NEWS CO., Dept. K. 15 Warren St., New York.

HICKS' CAPUDINE

IMMEDIATELY CURES

Headaches and Indigestion

Trial bottle 10c At drug stores

DEFIANCE STARCH never sticks to the iron.

RHEUMATISM

is most painful.
What's good?

ST. JACOBS OIL

Gives instant relief.
Removes the twinges.

USE IT, THEN YOU'LL KNOW

25c.—ALL DRUGGISTS—50c.

POULTRY AND BEES

A COMB-CARRYING CART.

Arrangement Which One Bee Keeper Has Found Convenient.

I send you a photo of my cart and fixtures for conveying the combs of honey from the hives to the table in the extracting room, writes an Illinois correspondent of Bee Culture. The raised removable platform in the cart on which the two boxes of combs stand has a shelf or bridge projecting on the further side between the cart-wheel and handle, making connection with a low table in the extracting room, so that the boxes of combs standing on boards with casters under the corners are easily pushed through

Comb-Carrying Cart.

the opening onto the table near the uncapping-can. This table, as well as a part of the cart platform, has a raised edge to keep the casters from running off. A pin, seen in front of the comb boxes, holds them securely on the cart.

The table top should be large enough to allow the two boxes of empty combs to be run out onto the cart after receiving the full ones. A light sliding door on the inside of the room is easily handled from either side. The hinged door seen is fastened on the inside.

COMBS THAT FREEZE.

Not Wise for Farmers in Cold Climates to Keep Hens with Big Combs.

In the more northern sections of the United States it is a mistake to breed hens that have thin big combs, as they often freeze, and this is to the detriment of the health of the hen and interferes with her services as an egg layer. In the milder portions of the country the farmer can indulge in his liking for pretty combs, but not in the cold north, if the hens are not to be given more than ordinary protection. Nor should such fowls be purchased as a foundation stock. There are many varieties of fowls that either have the heads covered with feathers or have a rose comb, which is less likely to freeze on account of the blood circulating more rapidly than it can in the flabby comb. It is a current opinion that fowls that have their combs frozen are rendered for a time unsatisfactory producers of eggs. A fowl with a frozen comb is an unsightly object at best, and since it can be avoided it should be. If fowls with such combs are kept, they will have to be watched on the very cold days and kept in out of the wind.

THE POULTRY YARD.

In her second year a hen is more profitable than at any other time, and it is then they make the best breeding birds.

Flat perches are more comfortable than the round ones. The latter also cause crooked breast bones in growing birds.

In building perches in the poultry house, see that they are far enough from windows and doors to be out of all draughts.

Any farmer who has a large orchard and does not keep a flock of poultry is wasting valuable space which could be utilized to advantage.

When face and head swell a good deal and the discharge from the nostrils is profuse fowls have roup, or influenza. Irregularity of habits is likely to accompany colds of all kinds.

Whole wheat is better for fowls than corn. It does not make them so fat and considering the greater number of eggs that can be secured by using it is a more economical feed.

The throat is so tender in colds that bread and milk, warm mashes and table scraps are about all that fowls can swallow. A little ginger or pepper in the mashes is helpful.

Broilers.

If the farmer becomes interested in broilers and wishes to raise them for the city market he will find it safer to begin in a small way rather than in a large way. The people that go to great expense generally find themselves caught at some point in the operations the first year or two. Either they cannot get the kind of eggs they want to use or they cannot get the help they need at the right time. It must be remembered that a broiler does not remain a broiler for all time and that he must be disposed of while still of tender age. It is better to let the broiler business grow up with the rest of the business. Then all the different factors will be developed at the same time.

FEATHER-EATING ANNOYANCE.

Reasons Which May Cause Hens to Acquire the Habit.

A great source of annoyance in the poultry yard is the habit that birds sometimes acquire of plucking the feathers out of one another and eating them. Sometimes the cock bird may be seen holding his head down and standing quietly while the hens pluck the feathers from his head until it becomes bare and often streaming with blood, or, in other instances, the hens will be noticed picking feathers from each other until they are almost naked.

Whether the fowls are intended for the show pen, for the table purposes, or for egg production, feather eating is a most unpleasant practice to contend with. One bird will learn this trick from another, so that if it is allowed to go on, all the yard of fowls will speedily acquire it. Cure is nearly hopeless when it has gone far. As a rule, feather eaters are more often found in small, confined places than when the birds have a large grass run. Various reasons are given to account for this troublesome habit, says the Pacific Coast Farmer—overfeeding, or a diet of too stimulated a nature; insufficiency of animal food; an inadequate supply of sulphurous food; thirst; want of occupation—all these and many others are among the supposed causes.

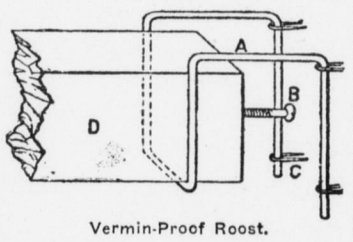
Where the poultry in small yards have been fed with too stimulating a diet, the blood becomes overheated and irritation ensues; consequently the bird picks itself to secure relief, and the practice travels to the other fowls. Want of sulphur is a very usual cause of this bad habit, for sulphur enters largely into the composition of feathers. When they have a free range, fowls obtain a quantity of sulphur from weeds and other vegetable food, particularly from the seeds of plants, also from beetles and other insects, which they find in their wanderings; but poultry in confinement are debarred from this.

Another likely inducement to feather eating is want of occupation. When cooped up in close quarters the birds have little to do after they have had their meals. They sit huddled up close together and for amusement they peck at one another's plumage until they acquire a taste for feathers. As soon as this disease is noticed, the offender should be removed from the others and fed on a cooling diet, with a good allowance of green food. When there is feather eating, it is well to give the fowls some sulphur in their food.

A GOOD ROOST.

Plan by Which It Can Be Made Vermin Proof.

A vermin-proof roost is illustrated herewith. The roost itself is made to come not nearer than six inches from



Vermin-Proof Roost.

the wall. It is supported on iron pipes 18 to 24 inches long. Around each pipe a tin can cut in half is soldered and filled with kerosene. Whitewashing a house so equipped is unnecessary.

FOWLS WILL SCRATCH.

It Is the Active Hen Which Fills the Egg Basket.

The advice is often given to "make the birds scratch" by some special way of feeding. Notwithstanding this advice, the fowls will scratch of their own accord, if they have the opportunity of working in the litter—no compulsion is necessary; it is their nature.

A hen never seems so contented as when hunting among leaves or in litter for any fine grain that has been scattered there, and her song of joy is sufficient token of her appreciation of the exercise thus provided.

By the way, experiments and experience have shown that the active hen is the one that fills the egg basket. Don't waste time trying to "make them scratch." Just supply the litter and the grain, and the industrious hen will do the rest—and you will gather in the eggs.

Everything Adjustable.

There should be nothing about the poultry house that is not adjustable. The necessity exists for frequent cleaning, and cleaning can be done effectively only when everything can be taken out. The enemies of the poultry are very small and so cannot be reached by the ordinary means. Mites, and nits of mites are hard things to find, and the germs of disease are still harder things to find. Fire and acids must be used to destroy them or the oils and greases must be brought into requisition. If things are nailed down, it is impossible to do effective work. If it is found necessary to attach anything with something like permanency it is better to use screws than nails, as these can be taken out with little trouble.

The Breed.

Many a flock of fowls has, by natural selections and lapse of time, become a better variety for a certain place than any other flock of any breed however good it may be.

PRODUCTIVE POWER OF WESTERN CANADA SOIL

Winnipeg Correspondence.

There has never been any who have doubted the productiveness of the soil of Western Canada, but there are sometimes found those who question the fact of its superiority. During the past season it has been shown that in grain raising qualities it possessed the very best. The late spring prevented grain being sown in many cases before the middle of May. Yet, a large percentage of that sown at that time produced excellent yields. Had it not been for the frost early in August, which visited most of the north half of the continent, there would have been a magnificent yield in every district in Western Canada. Throughout the Southern Alberta district where about 100,000 acres was sown to winter wheat the yield will be enormously large. There are vast tracts of valuable grain growing land in Western Canada that are available for homesteads, the Canadian Government giving 160 acres free, and entry may be made by proxy, by any near relative, thus saving considerable cost to the American who may have entry made in this way. Any Canadian Government Agent will give you the particulars.

Your correspondent has just received the following letter from Craik, Saskatchewan, which bears out the statement made in the first part of this letter.

"Craik, Sask., Aug. 1907.

"May 24th we planted a Dahlia root, which we brought with us from Minneapolis. Aug. 12th, 80 days later, it was in bloom. The plant is now 4½ feet high and covered with blossoms. We never got half as many flowers on it in Minneapolis, even during September and October, although we had more time to attend to it there."

I mention this only as an example of the great productive power of the soil here in Saskatchewan, Canada.

Going to Be Fined.

When George Ade was a newspaper reporter he was sent to "write up" an Irish laborer who had fallen from a building. When Mr. Ade arrived on the scene, several officers and others were helping the injured man into the ambulance. Mr. Ade pulled out his pad and pencil. "What's his name?" he asked one of the policemen.

The injured man, who had heard Ade and who mistook him for the timekeeper employed by the contractor, rolled his eyes in a disgusted way.

"What d'ye think o' that?" he muttered. "I'm goin' to be docked for the few minutes I lose goin' to the hospital!"—Success.

Deserved.

"How comes it that this manufacturing town elects a millionaire for mayor?" asked the stranger.

"His popularity," drawled the native, "came from using perfumed gasoline in his auto."

The General Demand

of the Well-Informed of the World has always been for a simple, pleasant and efficient liquid laxative remedy of known value; a laxative which physicians could sanction for family use because its component parts are known to them to be wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, acceptable to the system and gentle, yet prompt, in action.

In supplying that demand with its excellent combination of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, the California Fig Syrup Co. proceeds along ethical lines and relies on the merits of the laxative for its remarkable success.

That is one of many reasons why Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is given the preference by the Well-Informed. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.

160 Acre FARMS in Western Canada FREE

Typical Farm Scene, Showing Stock Raising in

WESTERN CANADA

Some of the choicest lands for grain growing, stock raising and mixed farming in the new districts of Saskatchewan and Alberta have recently been Opened for Settlement under the

Revised Homestead Regulations

Entry may now be made by proxy (on certain conditions), by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader. Thousands of homesteads of 160 acres each are thus now easily available in these great grain-growing, stock-raising and mixed farming sections.

There you will find healthful climate, good neighbors, churches for family worship, schools for your children, good laws, splendid crops, and railroads convenient to market.

Entry fee in each case is $10.00. For pamphlet, "Last Best West," particulars as to rates, routes, best time to go and where to locate, apply to

H. M. WILLIAMS,
Law Building, Toledo, Ohio.

$30 AN HOUR Has Been Taken In With Our MERRY GO ROUNDS

We also manufacture Razzle Dazzles, Strikers, etc. HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO., General Amusement Outfitters. Dept. M. NORTH TONOWANDA, N. Y.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Patent Attorney, Washington, D. C. Advice free. Terms low. Highest ref.

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. INDICTED.

Charged with Using Mails to Defraud and in Misrepresenting Articles Sold.

Des Moines, Ia.—(Special)—Sears, Roebuck & Co. of Chicago have been charged with using the mails to defraud. The indictment is on three counts. It is alleged that the company misrepresented articles in its catalogues sent through the mails. The first count charges that on June 13, 1907, the company devised a scheme to obtain money by false pretenses from Dr. C. F. Spring of Des Moines by selling him white lead that Sears-Roebuck claim to have made. The indictment alleges it was made by others. A second count is on a ring bought by R. H. Miles, and the third count is the sending of another ring, alleged to have been misrepresented, through the mails.

A Fascinating Game.

A precocious little girl living on one of the crowded business thoroughfares of the city was in the habit of gazing out of the window at the busy street below for hours at a time.

"What is it, Gladys, that you find so constantly interesting in the street?" asked her mother one day.

"Oh," came the wise rejoinder, "just watching the cars go pro and con."—Harper's Weekly.

Don't Try Uncertain Recipes.

It is entirely unnecessary to experiment with this, that and the other recipe. Get from your grocer, for 10 cents, a package of "OUR-PIE" Preparation—Lemon, Chocolate or Custard—for making pies that are sure to be good.

The Reason of It.

"Why has that particular actress more clappers than any other in the play?"

"Because she is a society belle."

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

Nnagara Falls as a power generating plant is worth $46,000,000 a year.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
FOR RHEUMATISM
BRIGHT'S DISEASE
BACKACHE
DIABETES

375 "Guaranteed"

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

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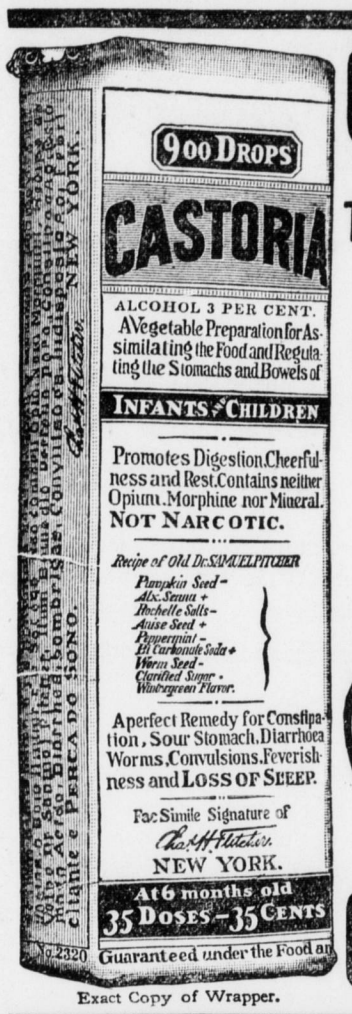
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.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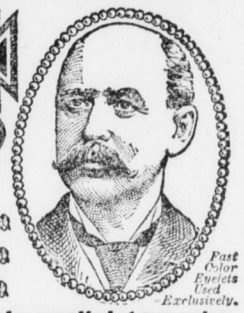
CASTORIA
ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT.
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
INFANTS & CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.
NOT NARCOTIC.
Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER
A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
Fac Simile Signature of
NEW YORK.
At 6 months old
35 DOSES—35 CENTS
Guaranteed under the Food an

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES $3.00 $3.50

SHOES AT ALL PRICES, FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY, MEN, BOYS, WOMEN, MISSES AND CHILDREN.



Fast Color Eyelets Used Exclusively.

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's $2.50, $3.00 and $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world, because they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other shoes in the world to-day.

W. L. Douglas $4 and $5 Gilt Edge Shoes cannot be equalled at any price.

CAUTION.—W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on bottom. Take No Substitute. Sold by the best shoe dealers everywhere. Shoes mailed from factory to any part of the world. Illustrated catalog free. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

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A. N. K.—C (1907—49) 2207.

Rheumatism Cured

RHEUM-REX will

DO IT NOW

Guaranteed. Mailed on receipt of $1.00, address, RHEUM-REX Co., Tribune Bldg., NEW YORK.

Mr. Edison Says:

"I want to see a Phonograph in every American Home."

The Phonograph is Mr. Edison's pet and hobby. Though he has invented hundreds of other wonderful patents he has retained his interest only in the Phonograph Company, of which he owns practically every share of stock. Mr. Edison knows of the wonderful pleasure his instrument has provided and is providing to thousands of homes.

TRADE MARK Thomas A. Edison

Latest Style Edison Standard WITH OUR PARLOR GRAND Equipment

The latest perfected product of Mr. Edison's factory—also our own splendid Parlor Grand equipment—new features—exclusive points of superiority!

See It—Hear It! Get this remarkable instrument in your own home—*then* you will see how far superior this is to the ordinary talking machine—far superior even to the fine Edison Machines you have heard heretofore.

Lots of Fun With an Edison Phonograph

This wonderful instrument has been termed, and rightly, too, the "king of entertainers." There is absolutely no one old or young who is not amused and delighted by this greatest invention of the "WIZARD OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY." As Mr. Edison has well said, no American home should be without a phonograph.

Look at this happy home scene depicted here. At this very moment there are thousands of homes in the United States where you might find just such scenes as this.

The baby, as you see, is filled with delight at the deep human sounds which come from the big horn of the phonograph. Grandpa is as much pleased as the baby. Every member of the family is happy. Don't you want to bring just such scenes into your own home?

Think of the many delightful programs you could make up. Let us suppose you want to have a dance. Place the phonograph in one end of the room, take up the carpets or rugs and begin. You don't have to wait for any fiddler and you don't have to pay him $3 for his work either.

Here is an illustration of what you may do when your friends call: One likes a comic song. Out comes a record filled by one of the best known minstrels of the day. Everybody applauds, and while the hand clapping is going on you slip in a Sousa march and watch the listeners straighten up. The applause becomes deafening and you are the hero or the heroine of the whole neighborhood. Thus can the concerts go on night after night.

And on Sunday you may have sacred music of the very best quality.

And don't forget that you may secure records of every member of the family. These will keep for years and years, and after the dear ones have departed their voices will be with you still.

Let Grandpa talk into the horn and then listen to his exact words as they come from the phonograph a moment later.

Let the baby talk into the horn and the same miracle is repeated.

Sign the coupon and mail it now—today—don't fail to get this free offer.

Every Father, every Mother, every reader of this paper who is interested in home amusements should read this grand offer. I know what the Edison Phonograph means in the home and nobody CAN know until after a trial in your own home.

F. K. BABSON.

FREE TRIAL

While This Offer Lasts every responsible person can get *on free trial a genuine Edison Phonograph Outfit*, including 12 genuine Edison gold-moulded records, direct from us to your home: *positively not a cent in advance*—no deposit—no bother with C. O. D.—no formality of any kind. *We allow forty-eight (48) hours' free trial at your home;* and in rural districts up to a week if necessary for convenience of patrons.

Try the instrument *in your home, play the stirring waltzes, the two-steps, concert pieces, minstrel dialogs, old-fashioned hymns and other religious music, beautiful vocal solos, operatic airs and other beautiful Edison gold-moulded records. Play all these, and if* then *you do not care to keep this wonderful Edison outfit, send the instrument back* at our expense—and we will charge you nothing for the trial.

$2 a Month Now Pays For a Genuine Edison Phonograph Outfit

and at *surprising* rock-bottom price without even interest on payments.

Besides sending phonographs *direct* to the *home* we sell to dealers. Our wholesale business is enormous. We invite music dealers to write us, showing how you can sell on easy payments while we carry the account.

FOR CASH IN FULL. So many cash purchasers are taking advantage of this opportunity to secure direct the finest Edison outfits that we are often asked what discount we can allow for cash. We are obliged again to say that we can give no cash discount, as we have allowed the lowest possible price to those who buy on time and we *must* treat all Edison customers alike.

This Easy-Payment Offer places a genuine Edison Phonograph within reach of every one. *We charge only the lowest net cash prices without interest on monthly payments.*

You should see and hear the finest Edison Outfit—which is recognized as the best phonograph outfit in the world. We illustrate here the regular outfit, but the special circular we will send you illustrates also our new special standard outfit with our special Parlor Grand equipment and the large hand decorated Parlor Grand Floral Horn. We will send you this magnificent circular free with our Edison catalog.

Better write at once.

SIGN Your Name and Address plainly with pencil or pen and ink on this Free Coupon, clip or tear it out, place it in an envelope and mail it to us. You will receive free by return mail our beautiful Edison catalog and circular describing in full the wonderful Edison Phonographs. You may take any outfit on a trial. Write today. Don't delay. Remember—you pay nothing for a Free Trial, and if you do not want the instrument after you have given it a fair trial in your home you may return it at our expense. You do not have to pay a cent down, you do not have to make a guarantee and we charge no C. O. D.

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TRADE MARK Thomas A. Edison

CUT OUT THE COUPON

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Edison Building, Suite 4575, Chicago, Ill.

Without any obligation on me please send me free, prepaid Edison catalog, special circular of new style outfits, Edison record catalog and full explanation of the free trial easy payment offer.

Name .....

Address .....

If you'd rather you may send a letter or a postal or fill out a coupon with a letter.

Everybody's Xmas Store!!

Radiant with the Choicest Holiday Wares! Toys, Dolls, Games, Leather Novelties, Silver Novelties, Stationery, Fancy Goods, China, Etc., at Emporium's Lowest Prices.

THE entire store responds alertly, enthusiastically to the call of the season. Its a splendid, a dazzling Xmas store—One that appeals at once to the holiday buyers. The whole store is a gorgeous bazaar of Holiday Temptations. One of the trimmest holiday book stores seen in years. Toyland! Joyland! Wonderland! Its all whirl, bustle, excitement, music and eager buying. A myriad of surprises for children and grown ups.

Toys.

Everything you can think of in toys is here, at prices that will please you. Doll carriages, Go-carts, Mission Furniture, Beds and Cradles, Doll's Clothing, Sleds, Skates, Drums, Musical Instruments, Mechanical Toys—Toys that will walk and run—Magic Lanterns, Moving Picture Machines, Games, Blocks, Toys of all discription. Rocking Horses—single or double. We have a fine assortment of Teddy Bears, prices from 25c to $6.00 each.

Abundance of Toy Novelties will greatly aid customers in making suitable selections in the quickest possible time.

Dolls.

A veritable Wonderland of Dolls. You must bring the little folks to see our display of dolls in all prices and sizes. Dressed and undressed, unbreakable dolls, kid body dolls and jointed dolls.

Books.

We have never shown a more complete line of Books. Consisting of the late novels, Poems in a variety of bindings, many beautiful gift books. The Henty, Alger, Optic and Mead Books for boys and girls. Teddy Bear Books and Sunbonnet Series. Books for all ages and classes. Also a full line of Bibles and Prayer Books.

You cannot foolishly spend money in this establishment, Every dollar you invest gets you something that's worth while.

Stationery.

We have nothing more attractive than our holiday stationary display, consisting of all the new style paper in boxes suitable for Xmas offerings, aranging in prices from 25c to $2.00. For children we haye the Teddy Bear stationery, and a variety of other styles. A full line of Dennison's novelties, Xmas and New Year cards, tags and seals, flower sets, lunch sets, Passepartout in new bindings, also paper doll sets.

Fancy Goods.

Some of the handsomest gifts and probably will be more appreciated than anything you can give, will be found on our fancy goods counter. Toilet Sets, Manicure Sets, Work Boxes, Handkerchief Boxes, Glove Boxes, Hand Mirrors, Brushes, and many articles impossible to mention. High-class Leather Goods, consisting of Wrist Bags, Music Bags and Rolls, late style Collar and Cuff Boxes, Lap Portifolios, Travelling Cases, also Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.

China.

Dainty ornamented pieces for practical uses. Hundreds of pieces of the most attractive ware. Vases, Cups and Saucers, Plates in all sizes, Bon Bon Dishes, Trays, Center Pieces, Game Sets, Bisque Images, Mayannaise Bowls, Nut Sets, and many ether pieces which will find favor with those who desire to give a remembrance which is certain to meet with the recipient's hearty approval.

Pictures.

Every home will welcome a beautiful picture at any time. We have an assortment, ranging in prices from 15c to $8.00. There are many subjects and many prices, so there is no question about suiting everybody.

Kodaks.

A full line of Eastman Kodaks. Prices from $1.00 to $35.00.

Cigars.

Xmas Boxes of all the popular brands of cigars from $1.00 to $4.00 per box.

A full line of Briar and Meerschaum pipes, plain or gold trimmed, suitable for Holiday gifts.

We are Advance Agents for up-to-date merchandise and our customers say we sell at the lowest prices.

Confectionery.

A full line of Fuller & Green Xmas boxes of choice chocolates and Bon Bons. Prices from 25c to $4.00 per box.

Fresh, pure and clearly made mixed candies. Fancy boxes for Xmas trees in many attractive styles.

Xmas Tree Ornaments.

Our Xmas Tree Decorations are far superior to anything ever shown here.

Diaries.

Diaries for 1908 now on sale.

Gillette Safety Razors Holiday Sets from $5.00 to $10.

POST CARDS. Hundreds of new Xmas and New Year's Post Cards.

DON'T FORGET TO CALL AND SEE OUR DISPLAY.

HARRY S. LLOYD.

HEADS AND HORNS IN AMERICA

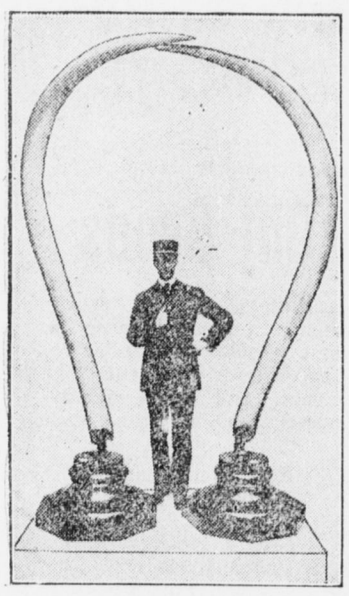
Head of Siberian Argali.

Efforts are now being made in this country to form a national collection of heads and horns, and Dr. W. T. Hornaday has given impetus to the movement by presenting his private collection of over 100 rare specimens as a nucleus. Besides Dr. Hornaday, who represents the Camp Fire club in the movement to establish the collection, the other immediate promoters of the enterprise are Mr. Madison Grant for the Boone and Crockett club and Mr. John M. Phillips for the Lewis and Clark club. Circular letters have been addressed to all the sportsmen and travelers of America and others likely to be interested in the matter calling attention to the scheme and thereby giving them an opportunity of obtaining niches for all time in the Temple of Nimrod.

The collection will be under the direction of members of the big-game hunting clubs, as well as of sportsmen at large, and the committee, selected from them to acquire specimens and to pass judgment on gifts, will maintain a high standard as to the test for admission.

The New York Zoological society will maintain the collection temporarily in the picture gallery of its administration building in Bronx park, New York city, when completed, and it is expected that in the course of time, a separate building in the park may be provided by the city for its housing.

"Sportsmen and scientists and all nature-lovers are showing the keenest interest in the project," declares Dr. Hornaday. "Indeed, valuable gifts are



A Magnificent Pair of Tusks.

coming in rapidly; in fact, the average is something of value at least every other day. Within the past few days a gift of great importance and value has been made, in camera, and for certain reasons it cannot be announced for another month or so. When the announcement is finally made it will both surprise and delight all persons who are interested in the collection because of the importance of the addition. All American sportsmen feel that owing to the rapid disappearance of the big game animals in America, as in most of the remaining quarters of the world, it is expedient to gather together all the evidences that are accessible for recording the existence of species that may soon be extinguished. The exhibit, as at present proposed, will be arranged in two series—zoological and geographical. The first will be grouped in accordance with the system of nature, to show evolution and relationships. Dull, indeed, is the imagination which cannot foresee the intense interest which would attach to certain groups, such, for example, as the Cervidae (antlered ruminants), when it is possible for the eye to comprehend at one sweep the long line of forms related to the Altai wapiti. Imagine, also the distribution of the genus Ovis (mountain sheep) from western Mongolia southward to India, westward to Sardinia and Mo-

White Mountain Goat.

rocco and northeastward by the grand loop to Kamtchatka, Alaska and Mexico. Then a second series will display the ungulate resources of the continents. It will be made of great zoological value by maps illustrating the geographical distribution of families, of genera and of species.

One of the features of the collection just begun is a pair of elephant tusks that is said to be the largest known. The left tusk measures on the curve 11 feet 5½ inches and the other 11 feet, the net weight of the two being 293 pounds. They are, in fact, so large that one who first sees them is prone to believe that they have survived from some mammoth long extinct. They were once the property of King Menelik of Abyssinia, who gave them to a European officer. In the course of time they were brought to the London ivory market, where they were purchased by Mr. Rowland Ward, from whom they were bought by Mr. Charles T. Barney, chairman of the executive committee of the board of managers of the New York Zoological society. Two other especially remarkable heads are, one of a Rocky Mountain bighorn, the other of a white mountain goat, which were obtained from the northwestern wilds of America. To stalk either of these animals, the sheep in particular, is work that exercises all the hunter's qualities, physical and mental. The sheep, inhabitants of the mountains, at home among terrifying crags and precipices, perched on appallingly precarious heights, and leaping across bottomless depths, issue one of the noblest challenges to man's hunting instinct, and the mounted head of one makes an effective monument to the prowess of his conqueror. One pair of horns in the collection is from the great Siberian argali, the largest mountain sheep in the world, and wielder of the largest horns of his species, a picture of which is shown in our large illustration. They are nearly five feet in length, and measure in circumference at their base a little less than two feet. They were obtained for Dr. Hornaday in the Altai mountain, in Mongolia, by the agents of Mr. Carl Hagenbeck during the expedition he sent out to secure specimens of the Prjevalski horse.

The Real Question.

Broker—Say, Flush, could you lend me a hundred?

Flush—That's not the point, don't you know—could I lend it—but could I get it back?

Beach Yields Prehistoric Treasure.

Rare prehistoric relics have just been unearthed on the ocean shore between Redondo and Fisherman's cove, says the Los Angeles Times. The finds include a small but exceedingly smooth blue stone mortor and pestle, half a dozen cylindrical stone beads, seven arrowheads, two life-like carved bone fishes and an awl or dagger of what seems to be seal bone.

The find was made by F. C. Morse of Scranton, Pa., at a small spring where good soft water trickles from the rocky bluff and loses itself in the sands. Above the spring the bank slopes back gradually to the level of the mesa, changing from soft stone to dry soil, which is constantly crumbling and being swept away by the winds and winter storms.

Just above the spring, and a foot or so below the top of the bank, Mr. Morse found the mortar, partly exposed by a slip of the soil. A few inches back of it he dug out the other objects.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

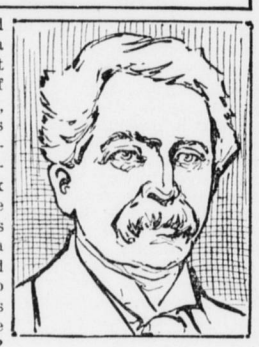
WILL DON GORMAN'S TOGA

John Walter Smith, the man who engineered the campaign that brought about the Democratic sweep in Maryland and put himself in line for United States senator, was an almost unknown man in politics six months ago. He had been governor of his state and on retiring had been promised election as United States senator, but the leaders of the party turned him down and gave the coveted seat to Isidor Rayner. Smith took it to heart, but made no complaint and remained in the party. He quietly made his arrangements and at the Democratic state convention when all the delegates were at sea as to the best material for a slate, he stepped in and nominated the whole slate himself, from governor down. He had been credited with ten votes in the convention, but he soon developed a strength of 114.

Having nominated the slate, it was up to Smith to elect them, and he carried 90 out of 128 seats in the legislative assembly. He put Judge Crothers into the governor's chair and made himself safe for United States senator, the height of his ambition. One of his lieutenants will contest the other seat with Senator Rayner when his term expires and Smith will be the dictator of Maryland with none to say him nay. Never before has a man emerged from comparative obscurity and reached such a commanding position in so short a time. And it was all his own work, moreover. He had determined to get both his revenge and the seat he was after, and he gets them both as a result of quiet working and scheming.

Smith is a self-made man in every respect, in business as in politics. He has made millions in lumber and other large commercial interests, and is prominent in financial circles, being director of several banks. Politics is with him merely a hobby, for he has no material ends to serve. On the other hand, it costs him immense sums, for no one has contributed to the Democratic funds more liberally than he. He was born in 1845 and his father died in 1850, leaving his estate so involved that it scarcely served to pay the debts, and Smith and his mother were plunged from affluence into poverty in an instant. He has risen from a penniless orphan to one of the greatest capitalists of his native state and one of its greatest politicians.

NEW CINCINNATI MAYOR

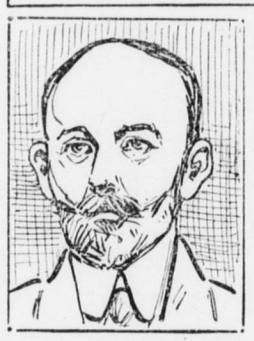


Leopold Markbreit, who has just been elected mayor of Cincinnati, is a soldier, a lawyer and a newspaper editor, besides being one of the most popular men in his town. He was law partner of Rutherford B. Hayes when the civil war broke out, and it was agreed between them that Hayes was to go to the war and Markbreit was to stay behind to attend to the office. Hayes was in command of a regiment at the battle of Carnifex Ferry, and was in a very tight position when he saw a new force debouching from the woods on his flank. He was about to order his men to turn their guns on this new enemy when he recognized their leader as Markbreit, whom he believed to be practicing law in Cincinnati. Markbreit was coming up to reinforce him, but the greeting he received was gruff: "What are you doing here? Why aren't you attending to the office?" But in the heat of the battle Hayes forgot his wrath and made no further objection to Markbreit remaining with the army.

Markbreit was wounded and had to return home, for his legs had become paralyzed and he was forced to drag himself along with the aid of crutches. His misfortune served only to endear him with the people. Although crippled he is still an active man and has been for years editor and principal owner of the Cincinnati Volksblatt, one of the leading German papers in the country.

Markbreit is about 65, was born in Germany and came here as a boy. He has a sunny, genial disposition, with a kind word for everybody. In his youth he was an ideal soldier, a man whose commanding presence attracted the attention of the late William McKinley, even on the field of battle. Now he will have to be carried from his carriage into the mayor's office.

HAS FOUND 15 ASTEROIDS



One of the most successful discoveries of asteroids in America is a young astronomer who has graduated but eight years ago from Amherst college, and is now instructor and serving astronomer of Princeton university. He is Raymond Smith Dugan, of Montague, Mass., who has the fame of finding no less than 15 asteroids.

Most people would imagine that this infers principally good eyesight and ability to sit out in cold observatories on dark nights, in ambush for any hapless asteroids that might be incautiously loafing about.

But as such work is so largely done by photography, the successful asteroid pursuer wins through patience and a good head for mathematics. It is a matter of patient setting of photographic traps to catch unwonted visitors among the heavenly company, and a long search through these pictures after any intruders that may have wandered in.

Then there comes the interminable calculation of orbits to determine whether the new-comer is some previous acquaintance or an untagged stranger, though this may not be done by the observer.

Mr. Dugan took a B. A. at Amherst college in 1899, an M. A. at the same institution in 1902, and from 1899 to 1902 he was acting director of the observatory at the Syrian Protestant college at Beirut, Syria. He then became first assistant astronomer at the grand ducal astro-physical observatory at Konigstuhl, Heidelberg, taking the degree of Ph. D. at Heidelberg university in 1905. Mr. Dugan was also in charge of the photograph work for the Lick eclipse expedition to Spain in 1905.

The name Montague, given the asteroid for Mr. Dugan's home, has recently been submitted to the Rechinstitut in Berlin, where the very laborious asteroid computations are largely done, and has passed without objection. The celestial Montague is about 15 miles in diameter, and its force of gravity, as Mr. Dugan remarks, is not sufficient for the inhabitants to feel sure of staying on the ground if a slight breeze is blowing.

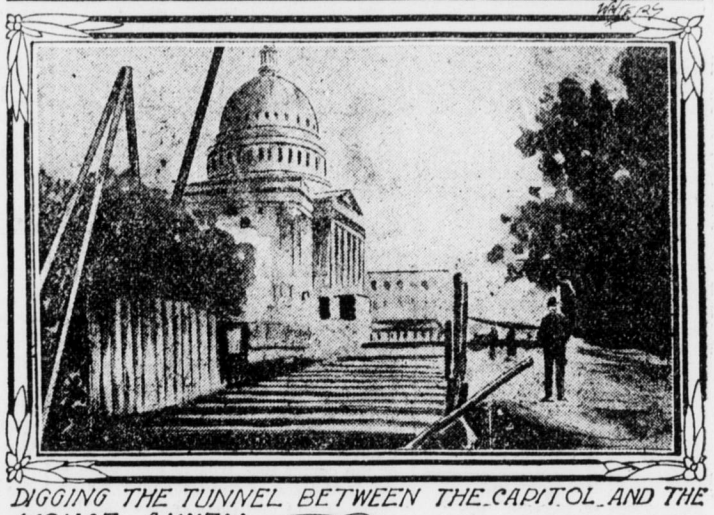
FRIEND OF THE SIRLOIN

Sir James Crichton Browne, whose recent vigorous onslaught on vegetarianism and sturdy defense of the mutton chop and sirloin of beef has aroused the ire of the London food faddists, is the "Teddy Roosevelt" of the British medical profession. He is always going for something and he goes for it as hard as he knows how. In consequence he gets an amount of free advertising which the old fogey doctors regard as downright scandalous and opposed to the most sacred ethics of the medical profession.

But Sir James does not care for their criticism any more than the president does for the threats of the trust magnates. He delights in a controversial shindy. He says things with the deliberate purpose of provoking folk into hitting back. Thus, for instance, when he told the dietists that instead of being health reformers they were merely "cultivating inanities on lentils and distilled water," he calculated on making the vegetarians angry.

He is a man who would have made a name in any profession had not medicine, and especially the study of lunacy, claimed his energies and talents at an early age. He was born in Edinburgh in 1840, and was the son of Dr. W. A. F. Browne, who was the royal commissioner in lunacy for Scotland, so that it has been said jestingly that Sir James has insanity in his family. He to-day is one of the greatest English specialists on mental and nervous diseases. In addition to being an M. D., he is an LL. D., a fellow of the Royal society, a fellow of the Royal Society of Engineers, and of many other learned societies, so that it will be seen that his attainments are decidedly Catholic. He holds so many honorary professorships that he probably would be stumped if called on to name them off-hand.

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD FOR CONGRESSMEN



DIGGING THE TUNNEL BETWEEN THE CAPITOL AND THE HOUSE ANNEX.

Notwithstanding the provisions of the railroad rate law passed at the last session of congress prohibiting the members of congress from accepting or traveling upon railroad passes there will be one line of road on which the congressmen will not pay fare, and one which will, therefore, prove exceedingly popular with them. While not a long line, it will be as important in its way as any one of the transcontinental lines and will probably carry more passengers in a day than are carried on the through passenger trains of any one of the big roads of the country. This road will be for the exclusive accommodation of congressmen, and for this reason will partake of the nature of a private line. No dining or sleeping cars will be run, for the trip from one end of the line to the other will take only two minutes, and during the busy hours of the day there will be a continual procession of the trains speeding up and down the underground track, for this road is to run between the capitol building and the magnificent house and senate annex building now in course of construction.

The two buildings are not very far apart, and yet far enough to make it expedient that a rapid and convenient means of transportation be provided for the members of congress in passing to and fro between the senate and house chambers and committee rooms, and the private offices of the individual members in the new building, which has come to be known as the "congressional flat houses," even before they have been finished and occupied by the busy legislators. The most novel and luxurious appointments which the genius of man can devise will be features of these two marble palaces, and not the least interesting and novel, as well as useful, will be the underground railroad. This white-walled subway will be as bright as day with the electric lights which will extend the entire way, and through it will run elegant little open coaches under the control of a uniformed motorman. Each of the cars is of steel and 16 feet long. The depot in the house annex will be under the rotunda of the building, and will be round in form, having a diameter of 75 feet. The rotunda extends clear up through the four stories of the great marble structure, terminating in a dome under the roof.

Into the depot beneath this rotunda will run the trains from the capitol, and thither the members of congress and other people whose privilege it may be to use the trains will come by means of quick-running elevators. Each of the cars holds ten, so that the entire train will accommodate only about 60 persons. A moment later the conductor gives a signal, the motorman turns on the electric current and the train starts on its journey.

It looks more like a toy train than a real grown-up one, this effect being heightened by the circumstance that all of the cars are, so to speak, open-faced. That is to say, one side of each vehicle is entirely absent, being replaced merely by a safety rail, so that there is only one bench running lengthwise. Passengers entering at either end, seat themselves upon this bench and look out through the open side of the car.

The trip to the capitol occupies exactly two minutes and is made through a tunnel lined with white brick, arched overhead, and brightly illuminated by great numbers of electric lights. Inasmuch as the tunnel is artificially heated in winter, as well as ventilated, there is no danger that the passengers on the open-faced cars will catch cold. The distance to be traveled is short, however, being just about one-seventh of a mile, or 750 feet.

On reaching the end of its journey, the toy train pulls up alongside of a platform and the passengers, hastily disembarking, enter a waiting room in the capitol basement, which occupies part of the space formerly taken up by the bathrooms of the house of representatives. New and very beautiful bathrooms, eight in number, have been provided in the annex, thus making it possible to do away with the old accommodations. These bathrooms, by the way, are lined with white marble, provided with porcelain tubs and equipped with all the latest and most expensive conveniences for ablution.

While the newly-arrived people crowd into the elevators and are thus conveyed from the basement to the main floor of the capitol, the train takes fresh passengers aboard and starts on its return trip to the annex. It is a busy hour of the day, and so no freight cars are running—though at other times the second track passing through the tunnel is utilized for trucks (roofless like the passenger cars), which fetch fuel and all sorts of other supplies to the storage rooms in the terrace of the capitol.

Under the halcyon regime that is about to dawn upon the Indiana delegation every Indiana representative will have a room 16x25 feet in dimensions, which will be his office at the national capitol. There will be a marble lavatory with plenty of soap in each room, so that the congressman can keep his hands and face at all times in an immaculate condition of cleanliness, and there are bathrooms in the building for the use of members only, where he can take a souse all over as the spirit moves him.

Each room will have a clock, run by electricity, which will keep the time to a gnat's heel of accuracy. There will be a telephone at his desk with local and long distance connections.

And his desk will be worth sitting before, if for no other purpose than to admire it. It will be a handsome creation of mahogany, and, while it will cost Uncle Sam a pretty penny, it is counted economical in the long run, as it will stand refinishing times without number, and the furniture experts say it will last 100 years and then be as beautiful as at the beginning.

There will be a mahogany desk and chair also for the congressman's secretary, a combination mahogany bookcase, file case and wardrobe and a big, soft leather chair, which will be the seat of honor for guests.

In the center of the room will be a work table (mahogany also), five feet long, and around it will be grouped four mahogany chairs. On the floor will be almost as fine a rug as money can buy—a rug fit for the parlor of a king. There are no poor rooms in the building, as the interior rooms face on a large court and are as well lighted and almost as desirable in every way as those facing on the streets. There are 420 office rooms in the building, and every room bears as close a resemblance to every other as one pea to another pea. It will remain for congress itself to say how the rooms shall be allotted, but it is probable that the allottment will be by state delegations. If that plan is followed the Indiana members will be housed in 13 adjoining rooms. Thirteen is an unlucky number on general principles, and if any of the Hoosier members are inclined to be superstitious they may raise a point of order against being grouped together in a constellation of 13.

It is all very interesting—even though the description above given represents a glance at things as they will be two or three months from now. Though matters are being rushed with the utmost possible expedition, the tunnels connecting the capitol with the new annexes of the house and senate, respectively, are not yet finished. They are exactly alike in all important respects. It should be said, too, that whereas the house annex is nearly completed that of the senate is not so far advanced in construction, and will not be ready for occupancy until more than a year from now.

It is expected, however, that the rooms assigned to the members of the house in their annex will be furnished, decorated and placed at their disposal not long after the opening of the next session of congress. Some additional months may necessarily elapse before the great caucus room and the superb dining hall are finished—not to mention a variety of other more or less ornamental details. Both of the new buildings, which will cost $2,500,000 apiece, are to be veritable palaces, vying in the luxury and elaborateness of their equipment with the finest hotels in the world.

Xmas Shoppers

I wish to call your attention to our large and elegant display of

Candies, Nuts, Fruits, Etc.

Beautiful packages all sizes, shapes and prices. Automobiles, Workbaskets, Foot Balls, Jewel cases, etc., all filled with the famous UTOPIAN CHOCOLATES. We handle the best and sell the cheapest. Our large variety of bulk candy is unexcelled, prices ranging from

12c Lb. to $1.00.

Also have a fine selected line of ORANCES, BANANAS, PINE APPLES, MALAGA GRAPES, APPLES AND GRAPE FRUITS.

LUNCH ROOM CONNECTED.
Bell Phone.

ICE CREAM—All flavors served in our parlor.
Families and hotels furnished.

J. B. MEISEL, NEXT DOOR TO POST OFFICE.

For Xmas Gifts

Rain Coats
Overcoats,
Suits,
Hats, Caps,
Sweaters,
Coats,
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Underwear,
Dress Shirts,
Neckwear,
Mufflers,
Handkerchiefs,
Suspenders,
Cuff Buttons
Fobs, Umbrellas, Bath Robes, Smoking Jackets, Night Shirts, Dress Gloves, Suit Cases, Bags and Trunks.

All the articles mentioned above, can be found at

Jasper Harris',

Opposite Post Office,
Emporium, Pa.

glimmer of white roses thrown up like a spray against the sky, struck at his heart and made the ache come back more sharply than it had for a long time.

If he had been a girl tears would have blinded his eyes; but, being what he was, he merely muttered in anger against himself, "Hang it all, what a wretched ass I am!" and, turning his back on the sea, made his way as fast as he could into the Casino.

It was close upon 12 o'clock, and the "rooms" had been open to the public for two hours. The "early gamblers" thronging the atrium to wait till the doors opened had run in and snatched seats for themselves at the first tables or marked places to begin at 11 o'clock if crowded away from the first. Later less ardent enthusiasts had strolled in, and now, though it was not by any means the "high season," yet there were rows of players or lookers-on three deep round each table.

The young man was from the south, though a south very different from this. He had the warm blood of Virginia in his veins and just so much of the gambler's spirit as cannot be divided from a certain recklessness in a man with a temperament. He had seen plenty of life in his own country in the nine years since he was twenty, and he knew all about roulette and trente et quarante, among other things desirable and undesirable.

Still, gambling seemed to be made particularly fascinating here, and he wanted to be fascinated, wanted it badly. He was in the mood for the heavy hush of the rooms, for the closeness and the rich perfumes which, mingling together, seem like the smell of money piled on the green tables; he was in a mood for the dimmed light like dull gold—gold sifted into dust by passing through many hands.

He had got his ticket of admission to the Casino after arriving yesterday evening, but the rooms had not pleased him then. He had not played and had merely walked through, looking at the people, but now he went to a trente et quarante table, and, reaching over the shoulders of the players—not so many as in the roulette rooms—he put a 500 franc note on couleur. It won. He let the money lie, and it won again. A third time and a fourth he left the notes on, and still luck was with him. He was in for a good run.

As it happened, nobody else had been playing higher than plaques, the handsome hundred franc goldpieces coined for the principality of Monaco, and people began to watch the newcomer, as they always do one who plays high and is lucky. On the fifth deal he had won the maximum. He took off half and was leaving the rest to run when a voice close to his shoulder said: "Oh, do take it all off! I feel it's going to lose now. To please me."

He glanced aside and saw an exceedingly pretty, dark face, which looked vaguely familiar. With a smile he took up all the notes, and only just in time. Couleur lost; inverse won.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said the owner of the pretty face. She spoke English with a slight but bewitching foreign accent, and her eyes shone at him like brown jewels under the tilted brim of a hat made all of pink and crimson roses. She was rather like a rose, too, a rich, colorful, spicy rose, of the kind which unfolds early. He knew that he had seen her before and wondered where.

After all, it was rather nice to be spoken to by some one other than a hotel manager or a waiter—some one who was good to look at and friendly. He lost interest in the game and gained interest in the girl.

"Thank you," said he. "You've brought me luck."

"I hope you don't think I speak always to strangers like that," said the girl in the rose hat. But, you see, I recognized you at once. I don't know if you remember me. No, I'm afraid you don't."

"Of course I remember you, only I can't think where we"—

"Why, it was in Paris. You saved my mother's little dog from being run over one day. We were both so grateful. Afterward we saw you once or twice at tea at the Ritz, and you took off your hat, so you must have remembered then. Ah, me, it's a long time ago!"

"Not so very," said the young man. "I remember well now." He wished her mother had not been quite such an appalling person, fat and painted. "It was only last October. I'd just come to Paris. It was my first day there when I picked up the little dog. Now, on my first day here you pay me back for what I did then—as if it needed paying back!—by making me pick up my money. That's quite a coincidence."

They had moved away from the tables now and were walking very slowly down the room. The young man smiled at the girl as he crushed up the notes and stuffed them into his pocket. He saw that she was much prettier than he had thought her in Paris, if he had thought of her at all, and her dress of pale pink cloth was charming with the rose hat. Somehow he was glad that she was not in white—with an ermine stole.

"So it is, quite a coincidence, and a pleasant one for me, since I meet again one who was once so kind," she said. "Especially it is good to meet a friend—if I may call you a friend—when one is very sad."

"Of course you may call me a friend," said he kindly. "I'm sorry to hear you are sad."

"That is why I told you the other meeting seemed a long time ago," explained the girl. "I was happy then. Now I am breaking my heart, and I do not know what to do. Oh, I ought not to talk like this, for, after all, you are a stranger. But you are English or you are American, and men of those countries never misunderstand a woman, even if she is in trouble. We can feel ourselves safe with them."

"I'm American," he answered, "and I'm glad you feel like that. I wish I could help you in some way." He spoke kindly, but not with absolute warmth of sincerity. The girl saw this and knew that he did not believe in her as she wished him to believe, as she intended to make him believe.

She looked up at him with sad and eloquent eyes, which softened his heart in spite of himself. "You can't help me, thank you," she said, "except by kind words and kind thoughts. I think, though, that it would do me good to tell you things, if you really take an interest."

"Of course I do." He was speaking the truth now. He was human, and she was growing prettier, as she grew more pathetic, every moment.

Continued on Page 11

For Sale.

Two good work horses, one driving horse—good saddle horse—and one good fresh milch cow. Apply to
GEO. KENWORTHY,
36-tf. Sterling Run, Pa.

Ring's Little Liver Pills wake up lazy livers, clean the system and clear the skin. Try them for biliousness and sick headache. Price 25c at R. C. Dodson's drug store. 3m.

Pinesalve Carbolized acts like a poultice, draws out inflammation and poison. Antiseptic healing. For chapped hands, lips, cuts and burns. R. C. Dodson's drug store. 3m.

In January, 1849, one year after the first discovery of gold in California, there were 10,000 men mining there.

No need to fear coughs and colds this year as you can obtain Bees Laxative Cough Syrup now from your dealer. This is good news to mothers who fear croup and whooping cough. It is a gentle laxative that expells the poison from the system in the natural way. Cuts the phlegm and clears the head. Guaranteed at R. C. Dodson's drug store. 3m

Good Cough Medicine for Children.

The season for coughs and colds is now at hand and too much care cannot be used to protect the children. A child is much more likely to contract diptheria or scarlet fever when he has a cold. The quicker you cure the cold the less the risk. Chamberlains Cough Remedy is the sole reliance of many mothers, and few of those who have tried it are willing to use any other.

Mrs. F. F. Starcher, of Ripley, W.Va., says, "I have never used anything other than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for my children and it has always given good satisfaction." This remedy contains no opium or other narcotic and may be given as confidently to a child as to an adult. For sale by L. Taggart.

Genuine Offer.

Seger Bro's of New York City, offer for sale one high grade Becker Bro's piano, brought to Emporium recently Same can be seen at R. Seger's residence. We will sell this piano for $250 cash, or $300 on time, $10.00 down and $5.00 a month. We have also on hand two or three second-hand pianos which we will sell out cheap. Further information can be had by writing us.
SEGER BROS,
237 West 142 St.
35tf New York City.

Windsor Hotel

1217-1229 Filbert St.
A SQUARE FROM EVERYWHERE
Special Automobile service for our guests
Sight-seeing and touring cars.
Rooms $1.00 per day and upwards.
The only moderate priced hotel of reputation and consequence in
Philadelphia, Pa.

Here's Good Advice.

O. S. Woolever, one of the best known merchants of LeRaysville, N. Y.. says: "If you are ever troubled with piles, apply Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It cured me of them for good 20 years ago." Cures every sore, wound, burn or abrasion. 25c, at all drug stores.

No man has ever lost any time by putting a curb on his temper.

Beware of Frequent Colds.

A succession of colds or a protracted cold is almost certain to end in chronic catarrh, from which few persons ever wholly recover. Give every cold the attention it deserves and you may avoid this disagreeable disease. How can you cure a cold? Why not try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy? It is highly recommended. Mrs. White, of Butler, Tenn., says: "Several years ago I was bothered with my throat and lungs. Some one told me of Chamberlains Cough Remedy. I began using it and it relieved me at once. I used it for some time and it cured me. Now my throat and lungs are sound and well." For sale by L. Taggart.

Every time some men do a good act they manage to get caught at it.

A Real Wonderland.

South Dakota, with its rich silver mines, bonanza farms, wide ranges and strange natural formations, is a veritable wonderland. At Mound City, in the home of Mrs. E. D. Clapp, a wonderful case of healing has lately occurred. Her son seemed near death with lung and throat troubles. "Exhausting coughing spells occurred every five minutes, writes, Mrs. Clapp. "when I began giving Dr. King's New Discovery the great medicine, that saved his life and completely cured him." Guaranteed for coughs and colds, throat and lung troubles, by all druggists. 50c and $1.00. Trial bottles free.

Only a dead religion can be packed away and locked up in a creed.

For Eczema, Tetter and Salt Rheum.

The intense itching characteristic of these ailments is almost instantly allayed by Chamberlain's Salve. Many severe cases have been cured by it. For sale by L. Taggart.

The man who vents his spleen on another gets most of it himself.

A Ring's Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal overcomes indigestion, dyspepsia and other stomache ills. Two days' trial free. Ask our dealer. Sold at R. C. Dodson's drug store. 3m.

Badly Mixed Up.

Abraham Brown, of Winterton, N. Y. had a very remarkable experience, he says: "Doctors got badly mixed up over me; one said heart disease; two called it kidney trouble. the fourth, blood poison, and the fifth stomach and liver trouble; but none of them helped me, so my wife advised trying Electric Bitters, which are restoring me to perfect health. One bottle did me more good than all the five doctors prescribed." Guaranteed to cure blood poison, weakness and all stomach, liver and kidney complaints, by all druggists, 50c.

The Pioneer Clothier

N. SEGER.

Offers his customers unprecedented bargains for December . . . . . .

OVERCOATS for Men,
OVERCOATS for Boys,
OVERCOATS for Children,

AT COST.

All other goods in our store at corresponding prices—COST.

N. SEGER.

Trial Catarrh treatments are being mailed out free, on request by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. These tests are proving to the people—without a penny's cost—the great value of this scientific prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Sold by all dealers.

When the Stomach, Heart or Kidney nerves get weak, then these organs always fail. Don't drug the Stomach or stimulate the Heart or Kidneys. That is simply a makeshift. Get a prescription known to the druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The Restorative is prepared expressly for these weak inside nerves. Strengthen these nerves and build them up with Dr. Shoop's Restorative—tablets or liquid—and see how quickly help will come. Free sample test sent on request by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Your health is surely worth this simple test. Sold by all dealers.

For Fall!

We are showing our first shipment of fall and Winter Suitings. MR. BUCKLAEW is in charge and thinks it a pleasure to show goods.

BEDARD

is here EVERY THURSDAY and would like to talk style with you. We ask you for a trial—THAT'S ALL.

BEDARD THE TAILOR

Rockwell's Drug Store

is the only place in this county where you can buy the

REXALL REMEDIES

In Rexall we can use the true expression, each remedy is a survival of the fittest. A special remedy for each ill. All guaranteed to give satisfaction. If it does not, come back and get your money, it belongs to you andwe want you to haveit.

M. A. ROCKWELL.

The Cough Syrup that rids the system of a cold by acting as a cathartic on the bowels is

BEES LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

Bees is the original laxative cough syrup, contains no opiates, gently moves the bowels, carrying the cold off through the natural channels, Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded.

FRIEND TO FRIEND.

The personal recommendations of people who have been cured of coughs and colds by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy have done more than anything else to make it a staple article of trade and commerce over a large part of the civilized world.

"And would you advise me a little? I have nobody else to ask. My mother and I know no one at Monte Carlo. Perhaps you would walk with me on the terrace and let me talk?"

"Not on the terrace," he said quickly, for he could not bear to meet the sweet ghost of the past in the white dress and ermine stole as he gave advice to the flesh and blood reality of the present in the pink frock and roses. "What about Ciro's? Couldn't we find your mother somewhere and get her to chaperon us for lunch? I should think it must be very jolly now in the Galerie Charles Trois."

"So it would be, but my poor mother is very ill in her bed," said the girl.

"Would she—er—do you think, as I'm an American and we're almost old friends, mind letting you have lunch just with me alone? Of course if she would mind you must say no. But I must confess I'm hungry as a wolf, and it would be somewhere to sit and talk together quietly, you know."

"You are hungry?" echoed the girl. "Ah, I would wager something that you don't really know what hunger is. But I know—now."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean it is well my mother is ill and doesn't wish to eat, for there would be nothing for her if she did."

"Good heavens! And you?"

"I have had nothing to eat since yesterday morning, and then only a biscuit with a glass of water."

"My poor girl! We won't say anything more about chaperons. Come along with me to Ciro's this instant to lunch and tell me everything."

He was completely won over now and looked very handsome with a slight flush on his brown face and his dark eyes bright with excitement.

The girl lowered her long lashes, perhaps to hide tears.

When she did this and drooped the corners of her mouth she was very engaging, and the young man tingled all over with pity. That poor, pretty creature starving in her charming pink dress and hat of roses! How strange life was! It was something to be thankful for that he had met her.

A little while ago he had walked through the Galerie Charles Trois, thinking how delightful the tables looked at Ciro's and making up his mind to return there for lunch. But afterward on the terrace he had been so miserable that he would probably have forgotten all about his plan if it had not been for the girl.

Now he chose a small table in a corner of the balcony close to the glass screen. A month later he might have had to engage it long beforehand, but today, though the place was well filled with pretty women and their attendant men, there was not a crowd, and he could listen to his companion's low voiced confidences without fear of being overheard.

Chapter Two

HE ordered a lunch which he thought the girl would like, with wine to revive the faculties that he knew must be failing. Then, when she had eaten a little, daintily in spite of her hunger, he encouraged her to talk.

"Mother and I are all alone in the world," she said. "We are Belgian and live in Brussels, but we have drifted about a good deal, just amusing ourselves. Somehow we never happened to come here until a month ago. Then my mother said one day in Paris: 'Let us go to Monte Carlo. I dreamed last night that I won 20,000 francs there.' My mother is rather superstitious. We came, and she did win at first. She was delighted and believed in her dream so much that when she began to lose she went up and up, doubling each time. They call the game she made 'playing the martingale.'

"She lost all the money we had with us and telegraphed home for more. Soon she had sold out every one of our securities. Then she won and went half mad with joy and excitement, but the joy didn't last long. She lost all again—literally our all. We were penniless. There was nothing left to pay the hotel bill. I went out and found a Mont de Piete, just beyond the limits of the principality. They aren't allowed inside. I pawned all our jewelry, and, as we had a great many valuable things, I got several thousand francs. I thought the money would last us until I could find something to do; but, without telling me what she meant to do, mother took it all to the Casino—and—it followed the rest.

"She was so horrified at what she had done, when it was too late, that she wished to kill herself. It was a terrible time for me, but I was so sorry—so sorry for her."

As the girl said this she looked full into the young man's eyes with her great, appealing ones. He thought that she must have a wonderfully sweet nature to have forgiven that horrible fat old woman after being subjected to so much undeserved suffering. It was a thousand pities, he said to himself, that a really good sort of girl should be forced to live her life beside a creature of that type and under such an influence. He had not quite believed in the poor child at first perhaps, and because he did believe in her now he felt poignant remorse for his past injustice.

"What did you do, then?" he asked, honestly absorbed in the story, for he was a generous and warm hearted fellow, who found most of his pleasure in these latter days in the help he could give others, to make them happier than he was himself.

"I comforted her as well as I could, but I didn't know what would

"The Heart of Maryland."

The visit to this city of David Belasco's vividly realistic and romantic idyl of love and war, "The Heart of Maryland," will occur on Friday evening, Dec. 20, at Emporium Opera House. The story of "The Heart of Maryland" is simply a life history, an epic which appeals to every human understanding and so wins its place in the popular heart. The locality where its events are supposed to occur vividly recall the traditions of our old colonial days and deftly blend the history of the past with the stirring realism of the present time. It is illuminated by the unfading radiance of a woman's love and undaunted heroism in behalf of the man she adores.

A Question of Class.

"They are constantly catching more grafters," said the hopeful citizen.

"Not regular grafters," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "Those who get caught are only amateurs."—Washington Star.

Modern Progress in New York.

Office buildings 26 stories high, containing a thousand offices, hotels covering at city block, containing 1,400 rooms; many, very many, painted with the L. & M.

Machinery produces L. & M., Paint at 50 times less cost labor than if made by hand.

4 gallons L. & M., mixed with 3 gallons Linseed Oil, bought fresh from the barrel at about 60 cents per gallon, makes 7 gallons of paint at cost of less than $1.20 per gallon.

If a defect exists in L. & M. Paint, will repaint house for nothing.

Donations of L. & M., made to churches.

Sold by Harry S. Lloyd.

Weak Kidneys

Weak Kidneys, surely point to weak kidney Nerves. The Kidneys, like the Heart, and the Stomach, find their weakness, not in the organ itself, but in the nerves that control and guide and strengthen them. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is a medicine specifically prepared to reach these controlling nerves. To doctor the Kidneys alone, is futile. It is a waste of time, and of money as well.

If your back aches or is weak, if the urine scalds, or is dark and strong, if you have symptoms of Brights or other distressing or dangerous kidney disease, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative a month—Tablets or Liquid—and see what it can and will do for you. Druggist recommend and sell

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

"ALL DEALERS"

Emporium Coal Yard

Near Freight Depot.

EMPORIUM MACHINE CO.

Shingles, Lime, Wall Plaster, Portland Cement, COAL and WOOD,
Red Brick, Fire Brick and Fire Clay, Sewer Pipe and Fittings, Bowker's Fertilizer and Land Plaster, Agricultural implements

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Gas, Water and Steam Fitting, Iron Pipe, Fittings, Valves and a general line of factor supplies.

IRON and BRASS CASTINGS.

OFFICE OF COAL YARD at Machine Shops.

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Business Cards.

J. C. JOHNSON. J. P. MCNARNEY
JOHNSON & MCNARNEY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
EMPORIUM, PA.
Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to them. 16-1y.

MICHAEL BRENNAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Collections promptly attended to. Real estate and pension claim agent,
35-1y. Emporium, Pa.

B. W. GREEN. JAY P. FELT.
GREEN & FELT,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Corner Fourth and Broad streets,
Emporium, Pa.
All business relating to estate, collections, real estate, Orphan's Court and general law business will receive prompt attention. 41-25-1y.

AMERICAN HOUSE,
East Emporium, Pa.,
JOHN L. JOHNSON, Prop'r.
Having resumed proprietorship of this old and well established House I invite the patronage of the public. House newly furnished and thoroughly renovated. 48ly

MAY GOULD,
TEACHER OF
PIANO, HARMONY AND THEORY,
Also dealer in all the Popular Sheet Music,
Emporium, Pa.
Scholars taught either at my home on Sixth street or at the homes of the pupils. Out of town scholars will be given dates at my rooms in this place.

DR. LEON REX FELT,
DENTIST.
Rockwell Block, Emporium, Pa

DR. H. W. MITCHELL,
DENTIST,
(Successor to Dr. A. B. Mead.)
Office over A. F. Vogt's Shoe Store,
Emporium, Pa. 12ly

THE OLD ESTABLISHE

HARDWARE STORE.

We have added to our stock for our Christmas trade a number of special lines which we are sure will be of interest to our patrons.

Solid Cast Aluminum Ware.

"Community" Silver, Warranted for 25 Years

Carvers and Roasters, Skates, Sleds and Iron Toys

Street and Stable Blankets
At Prices That Are Bound to Please.

We also carry the largest stock of Coal and Wood Cooking Stoves and Heaters in Cameron Counuy, and if you are in the market for any of these goods you cannot afford to miss looking us over and getting prices.

Heating and Plumbing A Specialty.

Stephens & Saundres

ALWAYS GLAD TO SEE YOU!
HERE?

C. B. HOWARD & CO'S

General Store,
WEST END OF FOURTH STREET, EMPORIUM, PA.

NOTICE.

Strictly pure goods. Conform with the pure food law in our Grocery Department. All firms are required to give us a guarantee on their invoices.

GROCERIES.

Full line of all canned goods: Tomatoes, Peaches, Pears, Cherries, Corn, Meats of all kinds. Our line of Cookies and Crackers cannot be surpassed for freshness, get them every week or two. Sour and sweet pickles by the dozen or bottle. Fish of all kind. Cannot be beat on No. 1, sun Mackerel. Hams, Shoulders, Bacon and Salt Pork or anything you desire in the line.

CLOTHING,

Complete line of Underwear in Ballbriggan, natural wool and fleece lined, Shirts and Drawers, Overalls, Pants, Dress Shirts, work Shirts, Over Jackets, wool and cotton Socks, Gloves, Mittens, etc.

SHOES AND RUBBERS.

Have all sizes to suit the trade, for ladies, men, boys and children.

DRESS GOODS.

Anything in the line you desire. Come look our stock over.

HARDWARE.

Shovels, Picks, Hinges, Screws, Hammers, Hatchets, Axes, all kinds, Handles and nails, from a shoe nail to a boat spike.

CONCLUSION.

We appreciate your past patronage and shall endeavor to give you the same service and same goods in the future as in the past. Phone orders receive our prompt attention and delivered promptly by our popular drayman Jake.

Yours truly

C. B. HOWARD & CO

Mr. Monkski.
He Grafts to Smoke.
WELL, HERE'S WHERE I GET A FEW SAMPLE SMOKES OF THE FIRST WATER - BUT AS MY PRESENT BANK ACCOUNT WILL NOT PERMIT OF ANY LAVISH - NOT TO SAY UNNECESSARY - EXPEND - ITURES - I MUST DO IT ON ME NERVE
CIGARS.
1
AHA - GOOD DAY MR. TOBACCONIST - I AM THE HON. MR. MONKSKI, - GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR OF CIGARS FOR THE U.S.A. - AS YOU DOUBTLESS KNOW, I AM HERE TO ENFORCE THE PURE FOOD LAWS!
2
NOW, I WISH TO SEE SAMPLES OF ALL YOUR CIGARS - UP TO, AND INCLUDING THE PALMA DE JUNGLE, THE LA PUNKERINO, THE AL A BUNKO - THE PRINCE DE FUZZY-TOP AND THE HENRY MUD PERFECTOS.
3
AH, YES THESE ARE THE ONES - THE VERY ONES - ALL FRESH BOXES TOO - I WILL TAKE JUST A FEW OFF THE TOP TO GIVE ME A CORRECT IDEA OF THEIR REAL QUALITY - YES, SIR! - THANK YOU, THANK YOU!
4
AND NOW SIR, BE ASSURED THAT I WILL SAMPLE THESE AND GIVE THEM ALL A PERFECTLY FAIR AND IMPARTIAL TEST FOR ANY TRACES OF CABBAGE LEAVES, - DRIED ROPE, OR STRAW - MEANWHILE I SHALL PERMIT YOU TO DO BUSINESS AS BEFORE!
5
WHAT DOES THIS MEAN - ALL THOSE FRESH BOXES OPENED? - FOOD INSPECTOR HERE! BAH! CIGARS ARE NOT A FOOD - THESE GOODS WILL COME OUT OF YOUR SALARY!
F. R. MORGAN -
6

(Copyright, 1907, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"Scrabby" Skellers, Boss of the Pocket

TALES OF THE "SHORT HAIRS"

BY MALCOLM M'DOWELL

Author of "Revelations of an Ex-Mayor," "Revelations of an Ex-Speaker," "Shop Talk on the Wonders of the Crafts," etc.

Scrabby explains to the political reporter how little things affect the outcome of a campaign—How "Chuck" Allen got even.

"Have you the makin's about you, Danny?" insinuated Scrabby Skellers.

The political reporter handed the boss of the pocket a package of tobacco and a book of rice paper. The politician clumsily rolled and twisted a cigarette, lighted it, inhaled and exhaled the fragrance, and said:

"Once in awhile I like to hit the paper pipe. But I lock the door and pull down the blind when I do it, for I've known as little a thing as a cigaroot to lose a man his election. The fellows will stand for the glad rags all right. I'm a pretty good dresser myself, but they've coupled up these coffin nails with the silk stockings and high-brows, and if they'd get me with a cigaroot in my face I'd have to do a lot of explaining, and when the man who is in politics is forced to explain he's almost on the toboggan. Unless you're caught with the goods on, Danny, stand pat and put it up to the other fellow like Casey the alderman did with the mayor the other day. The big fellow in the city hall wanted Casey's vote in the city council. He learns that the alderman has a brother named Tim, so he says to him: 'Casey, I'm going to put Tim, your brother, on the police force.' 'All right, yer honor,' says Casey, 'he'll report for duty in two weeks.'

"'And why not report at once?' says the mayor, anxious to make a quick play.

"'It'll take Tim two weeks to come here from Ireland,' says Casey, and there he had the mayor. If Casey at first had explained that Tim, being still in Ireland, was only a half-baked citizen of this country, it would have given the mayor a chance to renig, and yet kind of lay Casey under obligations for good intentions, but Casey stood pat on the proposition, and put it up to the big fellow to make good. So that's how it is that we've got a copper in this ward who can't vote, which is a good deal like Dummy Smith, who is on the pay-roll as a telephone operator and was born deaf and dumb.

"It's the little things that count in the political game, Danny, as you well know. Nickels and dimes will get you more votes in the barrel-house district than ten dollars apiece will on the boulevards. I always carry plenty of loose chicken feed myself when I'm out working the lodging houses or church fairs, for they don't give no change back in either place. As long as a hobo can get a scuttle of suds with red hots on the side for a nickel, and an all-night bunk in a lodging house for a dime, a fellow in my class won't need no swollen fortune to keep his seat at the head of his delegation.

"Once in awhile, though, some high brow who has taken a mail order course in politics tries to break into the game and his first move generally is to raise the ante. Like what happened two years ago when two big corporations wanted the same street in this ward. Us fellows, of course, was friendly to the local company which was always good for a little campaign touch, and never turned me down when I wanted a job for one of my fellows, so the dope was that it could have that street.

"But the outside company wasn't forfeiting any fights—they was at the ring side at weighing-in time with their seconds and sparring partners and trainers aching for a finish fight.

"We was running 'Chuck' Allen for alderman. Before the two companies broke into the game everything was quiet like—no opposition worth mentioning. A lawyer named Stevens was running as independent, but we didn't pay much attention to him, for we knew he was a candidate for advertising purposes only. The outsiders, though, picked him up, and in about 15 minutes he was jumping to the front so fast he only hit the high places. He suddenly had so much money he had to use a pitchfork to get rid of it. The company shipped him a bale of the ready every hour, and in a few days they had connected with every vote that had a price tag to it.

"When the local company saw the mazuma factory Stevens was running, they got cold feet and wanted to quit. But of course I couldn't stand for that. We had put up 'Chuck' Allen, and we had to elect him.

"So I goes over to two lodging house wards and borrows about 500 hobos, plants them in the ward, and has one of my fellows put the outside company wise to the colonization. Now, of course, not one of them hobos is a legal voter, but the high brow what the corporation put in to run Stevens' campaign had just one idea—that was to buy votes and pay a big price for them. So he begins to corrupt my hobos, and they, being willing, takes his coin and asks for more. Then I runs another big gang over the line, and they begin to eat up and drink up the tainted money. And word comes to me that the other fellows are a giving me the merry ha-ha, for, you see, all this time I'm putting up for the hobos' lodging and giving each a dime a day for beer, and the hobos are a-taking dollar bills from the foreign corporation, and hanging around Stevens' headquarters. So it looks as if I was getting the double cross. But I ain't worrying for my hobos are getting away with $2,500 worth of the other fellows' boodle a day, and I'm keeping them down to contract price, so they ain't costing the local company more than $200 a day. Then they doubles up occasionally on Stevens' manager, who hadn't had no experience with lodging house voters. They can't double up on me, for every morning I backs them down into a big basement which doesn't have but one way to get in or come out. When I gets them all in I starts the line coming out and gives each one his dime, so there ain't no way for him to go round the block and ring up another fare on me.

"There was a bill up in the legislature that time in which my people was interested, and one day I gets a telegram from Billy Skates, our representative, telling me to come down to Springfield the next day, to do a little log-rolling for the bill.

"I sees the point, and takes 'Chuck' Allen and a big bunch of our fellows to Springfield figuring it would be a good play. But Stevens gets next, and he's on the train, too.

"There wasn't any hard feelings against him. He was a pretty good fellow, and no one could blame him for taking easy money from the foreign company, so we gets along fine and invites him into our car, where we has a pile of wet goods and a couple of poker games going. He's a sport all right, and a good mixer, and when the horse play starts he's there with the goods, and having had more schooling than the rest of us, he puts it over to some of the boys so raw they ain't even dents in the piepan. I gets the hunch that he's made a mistake and figures it out they'll get even with him before he leaves Springfield, 'specially 'Chuck' Allen, who bites on one of his gags so hard he can't say another word the rest of the night.

"Well, towards morning Stevens puts a few more under his vest than he can carry, and instead of going to the state house with us he goes to bed at the St. Nicholas.

"We was warming the chairs in the hotel office after dinner talking politics when we hears a yell, and down the steps, five steps at a time, jumps 'Chuck' Allen. 'He's taken poison,' he hollers. 'Bill Stevens' all in.' Before we gets our wind he's through the crowd like a crazy auto, out to the street and back again with two husky colored coal miners. The coal diggers sprint after him upstairs, 'Chuck' yelling 'five dollars apiece if you save his life,' and us chasing the coons. The whole gang follows 'Chuck' like a down-town mob after a pickpocket, and we sees him and the diggers pile through a door.

"'Grab him, grab him, drag him out, walk him, walk him, he's taken morphine; walk him, don't let him sleep, a five spot each if you save his life!' screams 'Chuck,' and then plunging out into the hall comes the two six-foot miners with Stevens between them, one on each side of him, holding him up by the arms and wrists and Stevens fighting and squirming and swearing something awful. He only has on a dinky thin night shirt that comes to his knees, and them coons starts on a free-for-all up the long hall, saying to him: 'We ain't goin' to let you die; we ain't goin' to let you die.'

"'Chuck' Allen throws open the windows, letting in the cold wind, which goes through Stevens night shirt like water through a sieve.

"'Got to give him air,' yells 'Chuck,' who runs up and down the hall slapping Stevens' back.

"It was something terrible. Stevens' face was purple. His eyes bulging out and him biting big hunks out of the air, crazy mad. He yells at the coons, saying he'll cut their hearts out if they don't stop walking him. The more he yells and curses the louder they yell: 'We ain't goin' to let you die, we ain't goin' to let you die,' and dragging him and walking him the length of the hall back and forth and us fellows simply groggy, not knowing what was doing.

"For half an hour they rushes Stevens until he can't take a step nor say a word, they dragging him and him just gasping and sobbing, too weak to even whisper.

"At last 'Chuck' tells 'em to stop, and Stevens just falls, all huddled up like a Monday's wash, on the floor. The colored men get their cash and lights out and then 'Chuck' stands over Stevens and waits until he can sit up and take notice, us fellows all in a ring around 'em, not saying a word, waiting for 'Chuck' to put us wise. 'Chuck' looks down at Stevens, and Stevens glares up at 'Chuck,' and then 'Chuck' starts to laugh, and says:

"'I guess that'll hold you for awhile.' Then we all tumbles and sees that 'Chuck' put up a job on Stevens to get even, and he certainly got square, and then some. It seems he happens to find Stevens sleeping off the rear end of his jag and takes the chance.

"Well, when we gets back to the ward Stevens knows he will end among the also-rans. The story gets around and takes the twist that he is a dope fiend. Then we spring it on his campaign managers that the hobos they had been entertaining are non-voters and we chases the hobos back over the line the day before election, and 'Chuck' Allen wins.

"So you see, Danny, it's the little things that count. If Stevens had only locked his door he wouldn't have had his chances of being elected alderman walked out of him on a fake suicide rescue."

(Copyright, 1907, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

SENORA QUESADA

Wife of the Cuban Minister at Washington.

TRY TO PAY TAXES TWICE.

Trouble Caused Collectors by Forgetful Persons.

"You have heard so much about the man who dodges his taxes I don't suppose you ever dreamed that we are troubled by the man who tries to pay his taxes twice," said a clerk in a New York tax collector's office. "But every year we are put to needless work by some absent minded persons who have utterly forgotten that they have sent us checks. I sent back a receipted bill for $600 the other day, and to-day I received the receipted bill with another check for $600. The man had merely glanced at this bill, never noticed whether it was receipted or not, and sent along another check, forgetting all about the previous one.

"A man telephoned to me awhile ago to find out the amount of his taxes, and said if I would let him know before noon he would pay immediately. I dropped all my other work to look up his indebtedness to the city and discovered that he had paid his bill three weeks previously. When I told him he merely laughed and said he guessed he 'had 'em.'

"Another queer thing about this tax business. Women often come in and pay their husband's poll tax. I don't know whether it is because they hold the purse or because their husbands are too busy to attend to the matter themselves. Often it is not their husbands' tax, but that of men friends, and a few say that their men boarders have commissioned them to pay the poll taxes."

Linking Europe and Asia.

The newest scheme for an electric railway is a link between Europe and Asia. It now awaits the approval of the Russian government. The idea is to start from Beslan, cross the Caucasus mountain range and finish at Tiflis, 135 miles from and to the end.

Mrs. Osborn's Letter

Grace and Beauty in the New Skirt—Creator of Fashions for Women of Fashion Indorses the Paquin Model.

(Copyright, 1907, by the Delineator, N. Y.)

The Graceful Figure is Defined by the Clinging, Sheath-Like Skirt.

Do I like it? Has it come to stay? Will it have a tremendous vogue? Will it revolutionize the world of dress? Does it really possess possibilities? It is like a game of "Twenty Questions," is it not? And it is a game I have been playing ever since I returned from the other side bringing with me a number of models of the new Paquin skirt which have aroused a storm of comment, curiosity and questions.

It is a beautiful skirt, I think, though for a time I stood quite alone in that belief. A skirt that clings so closely to the figure that a strained dragged effect is only prevented by the soft folds over front and back introduced by the master hand of Paquin. It is these folds, suggestive of the lines of a habit skirt, that differentiate the Paquin model from the familiar sheath skirt of several years ago.

I have been so besieged with questions regarding it that it occurred to me that this letter gave me an excellent opportunity to gather my thoughts coherently together, and to give a formulated expression of them to all who are interested.

And that is a large number. For when a change of this kind comes to us—a change so startling, so radical, so diametrically opposed to everything that has gone before it, the natural psychological process is a gradation from amused interest, through reluctant admiration to final enthusiastic adoption.

I will tell you a little incident that occurred at the time of its debut in Paris. It was one night at Durand's. Half the English-speaking world of Paris goes to Durand's, and I was of that half that night. A woman swept across the floor to a table near the far end of the salon. There was no need to ask who she was, and only the innate good breeding of the women loitering over their suppers kept a score of lorgnettes from being raised in her direction. Madame Paquin at any time with her grace and beauty is an object of interest to Parisiennes, but Madam Paquin in a new Paquin creation holds an insatiable interest for the world at large. There was no question that night nor the next day—when all Paris was talking of the new Paquin skirt—of its vogue or its beauty. The only question every French woman was asking herself was, "Can I wear it?—Will it be possible to adapt it to me?"

When I returned from Paris full of enthusiasm for the new skirt—an enthusiasm inspired, I frankly confess, not so much by Paquin's belief in his own creation as by the concrete example of its effectiveness on the beautiful Mme. Paquin—my ardor was considerably dampened by the attitude of unenlightened and unappreciative America.

American women are too self-conscious. Now I have said something that has been on my mind for a long time. A Frenchwoman will spend hours on her toilette, and, when she has finished, her dress is complete, perfect, a part of herself. She dismisses it from her mind, and is no more conscious of it than she is of the gestures of her beautiful white hands, or the inherited vivacity of the Gallic race that plays over her piquant face. But with us! "Are other people wearing it?" is the question that indicates a subservient attitude which would rather clothe itself in inconspicuous mediocrity than take the risk of being original.

And so when I presented the Paquin skirt there were no expressions of delight over the possibilities unlimited which it presented as a medium of individuality for every woman.

"Oh, how very odd!" was the universal comment, accompanied by a half-concealed smile. "It really makes her look like a top!" and the smile would broaden into a ripple of sheer amused laughter, while my poor model strode from the room indignant at the ridicule.

And then the laughter would stop, and the scoffer be surprised into a half-unwilling admiration of the graceful, swaying figure, its beautiful contour outlined, defined, emphasized by the clinging, sheath-like skirt.

The very woman who will raise an objection to the Paquin skirt will go to a glorious struggle with the surf, accompanied by several men of her acquaintance; and emerge looking like nothing quite so much in the world as a beautiful, unconscious sea-nymph.

Is she immodest? Certainly not one American woman in a thousand—no, nor one in a hundred thousand, would call her so. Yet this same woman will sit down and think for a long time before she will commit herself to a gown that so much as suggests the gracious curved lines of her body. And her French sister, who will deplore with significant gestures of upraised hands and shoulders the immodesty of mixed bathing, and will be decorously rolled to the edge of the water in her bath wagon, will adopt the new skirt with no comprehension of the qualms of the American.

Perhaps it is because I have lived so much abroad that I can see more easily and clearly from the French point of view than from the American. And then to me the possibilities of beauty in something new appeal most powerfully,

Yet in reality the Paquin skirt is not new, nor can we claim it as an exclusive invention of the twentieth century. More than 100 years ago the French recognized its possibilities and developed them into what have come down to us as the Directoire styles. Not of the skirt alone is this true, but of the coats that accompany it. Short-waisted affairs they are, with full cutaway skirts, overelaborate, fanciful if you will, but graceful and charming nevertheless.

It may take a little time before the American woman will give the Paquin skirt her generous, unqualified approval. But I am optimistic, and I fimly believe that year by year we grow in appreciation of the beautiful, in a broader conception of the true significance of lovely lines and colors, and that, given time, we eventually accept the best that is offered to us.

In reverting to this older type of dress I can frankly say I am glad of the change, not that I like change merely because it means novelty, but because I welcome it when it stands for esthetic development. And so I say very emphatically that I do like the Paquin skirt; that I hope, though I cannot prophesy, that it will have a long-lived vogue. Paquin has adopted it, and Paquin leads Paris as Paris leads the world. You and I follow, but not, I hope, like poor stupid sheep. Examine it for yourself, and if anything I can say helps you to view it more intelligently and more appreciatively, well and good. But if your taste and judgment reject it, my dear madame, remember that you have quite as good a right to your opinion as I have to mine. Indeed, I have an honest contempt for the woman who will adopt a fashion merely because it is fashionable and decry it as hideous, unsightly, impossible.

Josefa Wilson Osborn

Velvet Medallions.

The making of the velvet medallion is a thing which a woman should understand if she is going to do her own dressmaking. The medallion is shaped like an oval or a circle, and is worked in colored silks, and is used as a skirt trimming. Half a dozen are placed around the skirt at regular intervals and connected with bands of velvet. No dressier trimming can be found for the suit of broadcloth.

For the Hostess

"Advice Shower" Is Latest Novelty Evolved for the Benefit of Bride-to-Be—Amusement for Children on Sundays

An Advice Shower.

Quite the newest thing for the bride-elect is the "advice" shower. Not that the fair young creature is supposed to profit by it, not in the least, for she, like the rest of us, must learn by hard, cold experience. Such an affair was given recently; it was a luncheon and the young woman was the guest of honor.

The hostess sent with the invitation slips of gray paper of a uniform size, with the request to write a bit of advice for the benefit of Miss B——. All the guests were married—young matrons of about a year—and all sure that they knew just the proper way of managing "John," "Jim," and "Sam" in exactly the very best way.

When all were at the table, which was done in pink chrysanthemums, with a great fluffy "mum" at each place, the guests were asked to read the quotations on their cards, which all savored of love and good wishes for the honored guest. Then, when the coffee was brought in, the hostess asked the guests to read in turn the advice which they had brought. These selections were exceedingly clever, and kept the party in gales of laughter. They were all given to the bride, after having been slipped into a dainty cover of tooled leather made for the purpose.

One bride of six months had written: "Never offer to mend your husband's clothes or press his trousers; if you do he will soon be asking you to make over his whole dress suit." Another one said: "Always play the part of the clinging vine, for it makes husband act the part of the sturdy oak." One matron, quick with her pen and wits, had written a set of "The Wife's Ten Commandments." The "shalt nots" were roundly applauded.

For Children on Sunday.

The following questions have been asked Madame Merri: What do you think about children having guests on Sunday, and what can you suggest to amuse little folks in the hour before supper?

It is not a bad idea to let the children ask a guest or two occasionally to share their Sunday pleasures and the pleasant tea afterward, but as a rule it is better to keep the day sacred to the family, for in most families it is generally the only day parents really have time to devote to their children. I heard a father say once that he did not know how he would ever get acquainted with his little boy and girl if the wise Lord had not provided Sunday.

There are many valuable books which will greatly assist the mother in her entertainment for the seventh day, and I most firmly believe in making the day a looked-for occasion, and just as happy as possible. Then there is a game composed of a hundred cards, all the questions taken from the Bible. It is played exactly like authors. Pictures to be cut out and pasted into scrapbooks for poor sick children is another good occupation. Children are devoted to pastepots, paints and scissors, and if there is a hand to guide, and a dear mother to give directions, this amusement will fill a good share of the before-supper hour.

Little children always love Bible stories, with highly colored pictures, but a mother should exercise much care in the reading matter, for impressions made now will last forever. In fact, if the stories are told, not read, it is very much better. The inflexion of the voice and the personal interpretation is the most lasting in its impression on the eager little listeners.

The China Wedding.

After 20 years of married life the china wedding may be celebrated. About this time the average housewife welcomes any addition to her china closet, so there is no question about appropriate gifts for the occasion.

There is really not much decoration to be done except to eschew cut glass and silver as much as possible, using china in its place.

Doll cups or plates may be used for almond and bon-bon holders and, if the purse permits, a small cup and saucer or china spoon, such as may be found at the Japanese stores, may be given as souvenirs. The names of the guests can be written on little china plates to use as place cards if the affair is a dinner or a luncheon.

I heard of one couple who celebrated this anniversary by giving a Chinese party. The house was decorated with lanterns, they wore costumes made from gay Chinese cotton crepe, and rice was served with chop sticks. A regular Chinese supper was served, the viands having been purchased from a reliable chop suey place. This was a jolly, informal affair, hugely enjoyed by all fortunate enough to be present. Red and yellow, the favorite colors of the Chinese, were used in the decorations, and "joss" sticks were burned. These so-called joss sticks were only the long incense sticks with which we are wont to fight mosquitoes in the summer time.

MADAME MERRI.

Not Kimonos.

Giddy as those most intimate garments designed to electrify the privacy of a woman's own boudoir are the new evening coats. They look exactly like kimonos. A whole menagerie of gold dragons and purple lizards and green snakes crawl up the back and down the sleeves of these oriental wraps, which are made of silks and satins, in loose Chinese cuts, in black, buff, orange green, blue or white. A theater-going crowd so arrayed will bear the aspect of a fancy dress ball.

Half-Length Coats.

For the severe tailor-made suits the style for this fall which will be most frequently seen is a half-length coat, cut away sharply in front, and sometimes edged with a wide silk or mohair braid to match the cloth. The sleeves are full length, and a smart touch of color is seen at the collar, cuffs and buttons. The skirt will be short length and plaited, though the plain circular model also promises to be in vogue.

Attractions in Collars.

Dainty turnover collars were never more popular. Although they are seen in all varieties, perhaps the most attractive are the hand made. The person who is handy with the needle may well exhibit her skill, for all sorts of designs in needlework are employed on these turnovers. Wallachian is still popular as is also the English eyelet. Either alone or in combination with the solid embroidery furnishes a multitude of designs. Collars designed in sage green, dull blue or golden brown cotton are worn with a tie corresponding in color. Many very elaborate collars can be made for the small sum of 35 cents, and often much less, and very becoming and attractive.

Shaped Belts.

There is a decided novelty in belts known as a shaped linen belt. They are made in linen and silk, and come in many oriental colors and shapes so as to fit the waist closely.

Simple Monograms

The girl and woman who wishes the touch of individuality given by her monogram can easily embroider both her underwear and household linen, if at all clever, with her needle.

By selecting the initial of the first name and simply combining that with the initial of the last it is not nearly so difficult to evolve one's monogram as is generally supposed and costs nothing but the time it takes. Then use soft filling cotton to trace the letters, using a little chain stitch to give a padded look, and the work with fine mercerized floss that comes for the purpose; the result more than pays for the small amount of time, trouble and cost, the latter only the few cents for the working cotton.

French hand-made underclothing is always attractive and expensive as well, because of this very fashion of fine embroidering. Any girl may have her own quite as dainty if she will. One's name in script is sometimes used; the writing should be heavier to make the embroidering natural.

Millinery Modes

MAUVE VELVET HAT

One rather extraordinary thing to be noted about the hats of this season is that the models were all originated last spring in the mushroom shape and, while by now there are some few departures from this idea, still the style of the round, turned down brim is the prevailing shape for the winter.

Hats, and large hats at that, composed entirely of ostrich feathers, are to be seen in the various fashionable shades, and delightfully new and decidedly smart are these latest models. A toque of the new bottle green ostrich plumes, enlivened somewhat by a stiff aigrette on the left side or a tuft of goura feathers, makes an attractive complement to a costume of chiffon velvet of the same superb shade of green. There are also many wide brimmed velvet, satin and felt shapes, with the crowns completely covered with ostrich feathers, one long plume being carried about the brim, with the tip allowed to fall just a little over the edge on the left side. Long, sweeping Gainsborough plumes are seen on a number of the large picture hats.

Visiting Costume in Greenish Blue Cloth

The dress is in a pale greenish-blue fine cloth; the skirt is cut with a slight train, and is trimmed with wide silk braid the color of the cloth, forming diamonds at regular intervals.

The bodice has a round yoke composed of lace insertion, the material joins the yoke without fulness under a trimming of the braid like the skirt.

The jacket is of fine white serge lined with silk—it is open-fronted; the kimono sleeves and the basque are cut with deep points, each being finished with a silk tassel; a pattern of fine braid is worked round the edge of jacket.

Hat of satin straw the color of the dress, trimmed with wide ribbon and a long ostrich feather.

Material required for the jacket: 4 yards serge 46 inches wide, 6 yards lining silk and 5 silk tassels.

The Woman Beautiful

Lemon juice and sugar will clear the voice. Singers often eat an apple just before singing, as this helps also to clear thhe voice.

Buttermilk used as a wash or made into paste with talcum powder will both prevent and cure sunburn and hot water comes into play here also, as it must be used when cold water would only set the burn.

Next to water, perhaps the best fluid complexion maker is lemon juice. Taken internally, alone or with hot water, it is generally beneficial; and, externally, cut in half and the lemon, rind and all, rubbed over the face, it remedies sunburn and light freckles.

Women who want to be beautiful must pay attention to their diet. Buckets of lotions, pounds of creams and skin foods, boxes of flesh brushes, complexion rollers, soaps—nothing can produce the slightest effect in helping to give the right color and glow to the complexion that has been spoiled by improper food.

Did you ever notice how American women are beginning to take on flesh after they reach the age of 30? The slender, aristocratic type of middle age seems to be disappearing and obesity of greater or less proportions is to be reckoned with and conquered if possible, says a writer. This requires courage and self-denial, but it is worth while both from the standpoint of health and beauty.

Season's Styles Are Bemoaned by Some

Some of the recently imported cloth costumes for visiting are giving great delight to stout women, but flat chested, long limbed women groan inwardly when they see them, for the powers at Paris and Vienna are devoting their talents to the emphasizing of elongated effects, cunningly arranging the seams of the coats and the lines of the skirts in ways calculated to decrease the apparent breadth. A new skirt which has this effect, and which is specially in favor with smart dressers, is the one with a central front seam.

When bordered cloths are used for visiting costumes the material is so cut that the border edges the skirt bottom, but if serge, English mixture or plain broadcloth is used most women prefer bias bands of cloth put on to form large squares or points, their corners emphasized with buttons or chenille ornaments, to the absolutely plain skirts on the same model, which are being made up in lighter materials for house and dinner gowns.

As to colors, the dull blues, browns and grays which are so artistic have always a host of adherents. Purples are very fashionable, and so are mauves, and there are seen any number of pomegranate and prune shades, their dullness relieved with self-colored velvet collars, cuffs, vests and innumerable ornamental buttons. Blond, one of the new light shades, is prettiest of all in fine broadcloth, and most effective when combined with black velvet or dark brown fur. One beautiful costume shown lately is of blond cloth, with a tunic skirt edged with sable, a bodice of cloth and self-colored lace, and a toga shaped cloak of blond cloth lined with sable. The same effect may be produced for much less money by using squirrel fur stained in sable shades

Dress of White Silk for Child Bridesmaid

Finely spotted white silk is used for the dress itself. The bodice is slightly long waisted and is gathered to a square yoke, composed of strips of the silk finely tucked, divided by lace insertion; the yoke is then outlined by

a deep frill of fine net lace, headed by narrow insertion. Frilled lace epaulettes fall over the silk-puffed sleeves. The full skirt is covered by three frills of deep lace to match that used in the bodice.

The hat or bonnet is of white crinoline, lined with drawn chiffon; it is trimmed with white soft ribbon and ostrich feathers.

Thousands or men and women in all walks of life are suffering from kidney and bladder troubles. Don't neglect your kidneys. Delays are dangerous. DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills afford quick relief for all forms of kidney and bladder trouble. A week's treatment. 25c. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

To Talk About.

"She hasn't any friends to speak of."

"No? Then what are they for?"—Puck.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve—don't forget the name, and accept no substitute. Get DeWitt's. It's good for piles. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

There is something about Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup that makes it different from others, as it causes a free yet gentle action of the bowels through which the cold is forced out of the system. At the same time it heals irritation and allays inflammation of the throat and lungs. It is pleasant to take. Children like it. Contains no opiates nor narcotics. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup

Relieves Colds by working them out of the system through a copious and healthy action of the bowels.

Relieves coughs by cleansing the mucous membranes of the throat, chest and bronchial tubes.

"As pleasant to the taste as Maple Sugar"

Children Like It

For BACKACHE—WEAK KIDNEYS Try DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills—Sure and Safe

Sold by R. C. Dodson.

HUMPHREYS' WITCH HAZEL OIL.

(COMPOUND.)

For PILES.—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding, Itching or Burning. One application brings relief.

For Burns, Scalds, Inflamed or Caked Breasts and Sore Nipples, Salt Rheum, Chapped Hands, Fever Blisters, Corns, Bunions. Sample mailed free.

At Druggists, 25 cents, or mailed.
Humphreys' Homeo. Medicine Co., Cor. William and John Streets, New York.

NERVOUS DEBILITY,

Vital Weakness and Prostration from overwork and other causes. Humphreys' Homeopathic Specific No. 28, in use over 40 years, the only successful remedy. $1 per vial, or special package for serious cases, $5.

Sold by Druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price.
Humphreys' Homeo. Medicine Co., Cor. William and John Streets, New York.

Order of the Court of Quarter Sessions.

NOW, September 2 1907, it is ordered and decreed that all liquor licenses granted at the next term of License Court will be granted to take effect on the first Monday of January, 1908, and to expire March 31, 1909. Beginning with January Term, 1909. and thereafter from year to year, applications for liquor license will be heard on the first day of the regular January Terms of Court and licenses granted at such January Terms will take effect on the first day of April next succeeding and expire on the 31st day of March of the year following.

The Clerk of the Court is ordered to give public notice of this order forthwith by publication thereof once a week for the term of three months in two newspapers published in Emporium, in accordance with the Act of Assembly in such case made and provided.

By the Court,
HARRY ALVAN HALL,
President Judge.

ATTEST:
W. J. LEAVITT, Clerk. Sept. 5-3m

Executrix's Notice.

Estate of LUCY SIZER, deceased, late of Portage Township.

NOTICE is hereby given that letters testamentary upon the estate of said deceased have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will make them known without delay, to

EUNICE ME DORA SIZER.

Emporium, Pa., Oct. 21st, 1907.—36-6t.

PARTITION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to all parties to the following action that the Court has made the following order:

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF CAMERON COUNTY.

No. 2, December Term, 1906,

Writ de Partitione facienda.

Elizabeth S. Barrows, Mary W. Barrows, Nancy C. Barrows, and Elsie B. Peale, heirs-at-law and devisees under the last Will and Testament of W. W. Barrows, deceased, Frank Dallett, Laura A. Dallett, George P. Dallett and James Dallett, heirs-at-law of Estellina A. Dallett, deceased.

vs

Martha Noyes, Elizabeth Noyes, Hannah V. Noyes, Daisy Noyes, Margaret Noyes, Ellen (Mrs. J. W.) Schnarrs, Edward Noyes and Harriett Noyes, heirs-at-law of Charles R. Noyes, deceased, and devisees under the last Will and Testament of Hannah M. Noyes, deceased, Mary E. Farr, Frank P. Noyes, and the following heirs-at-law of James C. Noyes, deceased, to-wit: Maroa H. Noyes, Mrs. Belle Southard, Mrs. George B. Noyes and Mrs. George B. Noyes, Guardian of Christine Noyes and Margaret Noyes, minor children of George B. Noyes, deceased, and Willis B. Blandin, and Amos N. Blandin, heirs at law and devisees under the Will of Jennie C. Blandin, deceased, Annie B. Southard, James N. Southard Agnes Southard, and Francis Southard, devisees under the last Will and Testament of Hannah M. Noyes, deceased.

And now, October 16th, 1907. The said writ having been returned by the Sheriff and the return thereof approved by the Court, on motion of Green & Felt, attorneys for plaintiffs, the Court grant a rule on all persons interested in said case to appear in Court on Monday, the 16th day of December, next, to accept or refuse the premises mentioned in said writ and purparts thereof at the valuation made thereof or at a higher price.

By the Court,
HARRY ALVIN HALL,
President Judge.
JOHN D. SWOPE, Sheriff.

GREEN & FELT,
Attorneys for the Plaintiffs.
Emporium, Pa., Oct. 30th, 1907.—37-7t.

THE THREE WISE MEN.

Who Were They?—An Unsolved Christmas Mystery.

One Christmas mystery remains unsolved. Who were the wise men of the east—the magi who followed the star of Bethlehem from afar to do homage to the newborn Saviour?

The simple story as told in the Bible is one of the most familiar in Christmas lore. Any child could recite it in detail. Painters and sculptors have made it the theme of the most inspired products of their brushes and chisels, but to this day the identity of these wise men remains a mystery. A search of the great paintings in which the subject is treated produces a bewilderment. There are half a hundred different ideas presented. The varying versions of the books of the ages are as many.

It is fair to assume from the fact that the visitors were received at court by King Herod and that they carried gifts of value that they were in their own country men of royalty or close to it. Herod evidently deemed it well to treat them with deference, for disquieted though he was by their news of the comet that was to lead them to the birthplace of the Redeemer he dissembled and told them that when they had found the newborn he would return to worship with them.

Much of our information about the early days of the Christian era comes from the monks of the fourteenth century, who delved deeply into historical sources since lost to the world. Their story of the three wise men has received wide credence. According to these monks, the wise men were three great kings called Caspar, Melchoir and Balthasar. Caspar was the oldest and from the north. At the time of the birth of Christ he was sixty years old, and for more than two-thirds of that time he had ruled in Arabia. Balthasar was black, a native of Saba, from the east, and forty years old. The youngest was Melchoir, from the south, whose country was Tarshish. He was twenty years old.

Impelled by some mysterious power, they dropped all the cares of state and followed a single star thirteen days and nights without eating or sleeping till it led them to Jerusalem.

Then the story follows that of the Bible until they returned to their own countries.

The story does not stop here. It tells circumstantially the after life of the three wise men. The good Apostle St. Thomas journeyed to their country and baptized them, and all three went out to preach the doctrine of the Christ.

They were slain by barbarous gentiles, and later the Empress Helena mother of Constantine, recovered their sacred bones and took them to Constantinople. Thence they were carried to Milan and finally found an ultimate resting place in Cologne, where they now are.—New York Post.

WHEN SANTA WENT ASTRAY.

Miracle of the Loaves Repeated For Washington's Poor.

The day of miracles has not passed according to the firm belief of a hundred or more poor people in Washington. Last Christmas day Almas temple of the Shriners gave its annual dinner to the poor. It was a well planned affair, generously contributed to, and turned out a big success. But the most notable thing about it was not on the programme and made the hit of the occasion.

While the Shriners were feeding their guests there came to their hall 150 loaves of bread. The huge six foot Santa Claus was busy cracking jokes as he waddled about and took down the gifts from the Christmas tree. In the middle of one of his stories there entered another big, fat Santa Claus, carrying a colossal basket full of bread, and behind him were three or four negroes, also carrying baskets of bread. One of the Shriner committeemen at once inferred that some one had sent a gift of bread to be distributed and signed a receipt for the 150 loaves. In a few minutes they were handed around to the heads of families, and an additional smile of Christmas joy went around with them.

When the festivities were nearly over and the crowd had begun to disperse a man came running in and asked:

"Did you get 150 loaves of bread?"

"We did," was the reply.

"What did you do with it?"

"Gave it away."

"Well, that was an order from the Carroll institute. It came here by mistake. But it is all right. We are glad you gave it away, and if you need more let us know," and the man went away, evidently fully satisfied with the incident.—New York Times.

Christmas Tree For Cat.

Christmas is the great religious festival when the kind heart finds many ways of ministering to the joy and pleasure of others. The good women of Boston who originated and sustain the Animal Rescue league have hit upon the unique idea of a Christmas tree for the cats that are waiting for homes at that institution. A bush is provided and trimmed with meat and other suitable eatables for such animals, and just before they are turned into the room the members of the Kindness club are admitted to enjoy the antics of the cats.

This club is composed of boys whose ages range from eight to thirteen years and is the outcome of the league's work in a poor section of Boston. They are pledged to do some kind act each day and to protect animals from cruelty. After the cats have demolished the tree and gone to sleep the boys are given refreshments and sent home truly filled with the spirit of Christmas.—New York Mail and Express.

How's This.

We offer One Huudred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

It takes a life's long grind to cut anything like an edge on our lives.

Bees Laxative Cough Syrup for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough grows in favor daily with young and old. Mothers should keep it on hand for children. It is pompt relief to croup. It is gently laxative, driving the poison and phlegm from the system. It is simply a remedy that gives relief, guaranteed at R. C. Dodson's drug store. 3m

If you would tell a man of his faults use a long distance telephone.

For That Dull Feeling After Eating.

I have used Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets for sometime, and can testify that they have done me more good than any tablets I have ever used. My trouble was a heavy dull feeling after eating—David Freeman, Kempt, Nova Scotia. These tablets strengthen the stomach and improve the digestion. They also regulate the liver and bowels. They are far superior to pills but cost no more. Get a free sample at L. Taggart's drug store and see what a splendid medicine it is.

He who entertains avarice invites a host of unwelcome associates.

A tickling cough, from any cause, is quickly stopped by Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. And it is so thoroughly harmless and safe, that Dr. Shoop tells mothers everywhere to give it without hesitation even to very young babies. The wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a lung-healing mountainous shrub, furnish the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. It calms the cough, and heals the sore and sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Simply a resimous plant extract, that helps to heal aching lungs. The Spaniards call this schrub which the Doctor uses, "The Sacred Herb." Demand Dr. Shoop's. Take no other. Sold by all dealers.

To-morrow never gets here and yesterday is always at our heels.

The finest Coffee Substitute ever made, has recently been produced by Dr. Shoop of Racine, Wis. You don't have to boil it twenty or thirty minutes "Made in a minute," says the doctor. "Health Coffee" is really the closest Coffee Imitation ever yet produced. Not a grain of real Coffee in it either. Health Coffee Imitation is made from pure toasted cereals or grains, with malt, nuts, etc. Really it would fool an expert—were he to unknowingly drink it for Coffee Sold by all dealers.

More physique and less physic is what the most of us need.

Are you having trouble with your kidneys? There are lots of people to-day who wonder why they have pains across the back, why they are tired and lacking in energy and ambition. Your kidneys are wrong. They need relief without delay. Take DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills; they are for weak back, inflammation of the bladder, backache and weak kidneys. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

A man inclined to be crooked is apt to go straight to the bad.

Whenever you feel that your stomach has gone a little wrong, or when you feel that it is not in good order as is evidenced by mean headaches, nervousness, bad breath, and belching, take something at time, and especially after your meals until relief is afforded. There is nothing better offered the public to-day for stomach troubles, dyspepsia, indigestion, etc., than KODOL. This is a scientific preparation of natural digestants combined with vegetable acids and it contains the same juices found in every healthy stomach. KODOL is guaranteed to give relief. It is pleasant to take; it will make you feel fine by digesting what you eat. Sold by R. C. Dodson.

To-day is yesterday's harvest to-morrow's sowing.

To stop that pain in the back, that stiffness of the joints and muscles, take Pinules. They are guaranteed. Don't suffer from rheumatism, backache, kidney, trouble, when you get 30 days' treatment for $1.00. A single dose at bedtime proves their merit. Get them to-day. Sold at R. C. Dodson's drug store. 3m

To discount your obstacles, count up your blessing.

"I trust this may be read by many sufferers from kidney and bladder trouble," writes Mrs. Joe King, of Woodland, Tex. "I suffered four years and could find nothing to give even temporary relief. Our druggist at last inducod me to try your 30 days days' treatment of Pinlues for $1.00. This one bottle has cured me and money could not buy the value it has been to me. Guaranteed at R. C. Dodson's drug store. 3m

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The NEW Low Cost

PRUDENTIAL

Policy Has Rushed Into Public Favor

Every Rate, Value and Feature in the Policy **ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED**

SEE WHAT OUR FIELD MANAGERS SAY. THEY KNOW. THEY MEET THE PUBLIC FACE TO FACE, AND ARE EXPERTS IN THE STUDY AND SALE OF LIFE INSURANCE CONTRACTS.

"Superior in Every Point to Any Policy Issued"	—*C. B. Knight, Pittsburg, Pa.*
"No Man of the Field should Fear any Competitor."	—*J. S Cranston, Boston, Mass.*
"Policy is the Best in the Market."	—*W. H. Alves, Lawrence, Mass.*
"There has never been Offered to the Public a Policy that so Fully and Perfectly Meets the Rights and Needs of the Insured."	—*Perry & Cummings, Newark, N. J.*
"Policy is Easy to Sell, People Want Them."	—*C. M. Adams, Macon, Ga.*
"The Best Life Insurance Contract Ever Put Before the Public."	—*E. W. Hedden, Brooklyn, N. Y.*
"Supplies Demand from Professional and Business Men."	—*W. M. Dutcher, New York, N. Y.*
"Difference in Premiums, at 4 per cent. compounded, Beats Dividends by any Company"	—*J. W. Wilson, Cleveland, O.*
"Competition has been Practically Eliminated owing to the Low Rate and Other Good Features."	—*F. Longton, Brocton, Mass.*
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"Agents of other Companies Congratulate us."	—*H. R. Gould, Omaha, Neb.*
"The Very Best thing on the Insurance Market to-day. Absolutely no competition."	—*R F. Reeve, DuBois, Pa.*
"Now in a Position to meet all Competition and Better Cope with the Demands of the Public for Cheaper Insurance"	—*H. O. Wolcot, New Castle, Pa.*
"With knowledge of Contracts, of all reputable Companies and 23 Years' Experience, Consider our new Contract Incomparable."	—*W P. Corbett, Jacksonville, Fla.*
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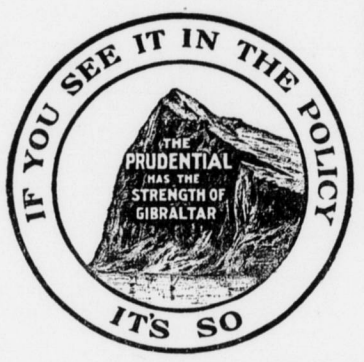

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E. A. CAIRNS, Ass't Supt. Nat'l Bank Bldg. Ridgway, Pa.

Local Agent, G. W. STRONG,
BOX 76, EMPORIUM, PA.

The Prudential

Insurance Company of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, Prest. HOME OFFICE: Newark, N. J.

Adminitrator's Notice.

Estate o JACOB MILLER, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that letters testamentary upon the estate of Jacob Miller, late of Grove township, County of Cameron, Pa., deceased have been granted to the undersigned to whom claims against said estate must be presented, duly authenticated; also all persons indebted to said estate must make settlement.

O. L. BAILEY, Administrator.

Or his Attorneys,
JOHNSON & MCNARNEY, Emporium, Pa.
WILLIAM MCDOWELL, Sharon, Pa.
Oct. 5th, 1907.—34-6t.

COURT PROCLAMATION.—WHEREAS:—The Hon. HARRY A. HALL, President Judge and the Hons. JOHN MCDONALD and GEO. J. LABAR, Associate Judges of Courts of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Orphans' Court and Court of Common Pleas for the county of Cameron have issued their precept bearing date the 15th day of Oct. A. D., 1907, and to me directed for holding Court of Oyer and Terminer, General Jail Delivery, Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Orphans' Court, and Court of Common Pleas in the Borough of Emporium, Pa., on Monday, the 16th day of Dec. 1907, at 10 o'clock, a. m. and to continue one week.

Notice is hereby given to the Coroners, Justices of the Peace and Constables within the county, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock, a. m., of said day, with their rolls, records, inquisitions, examinations, and other remembrances, to do those things which to their offices appertain to be done. And those who are bound by their recognizance to prosecute against them as will be just.

Dated at Emporium, Pa., Nov. 14th, 1907, and in the 131st year of the Independence of the United States of America.

J. D. SWOPE, Sheriff.

LICENSE APPLICATIONS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the following named persons have filed their petitions for Liquor Licenses, in my office, according to law, for the term of December Court, 1907:

HOTEL LICENSES.

Grove Township.

O. L. Bailey,.....Enterprise House
Geo. P. Shafer,.....Sinnemahoning House

Driftwood.

W. H. Mitchell,.....Mitchell House
Thos. J. Riley,.....Commercial House
Sophia McVicker,.....Lafayette Hotel
A. M. McDonald,.....Curtin House

Gibson Township.

J. H. Welton,.....Evergreen Hotel

Lumber Township.

Mary A. Furlong,.....Alpine House
Robert Graham.....The Valley House
A. F. Walker,.....Cameron House

Portage Township.

P. E. Councilman.....Sizerville Springs Hotel

Emporium, East Ward, Hotel Licenses.

Charles F. Johnson.....St. Charles Hotel
John L. Johnson.....American Hotel
John Costello.....Eagle Hotel
John C. Kibe,.....Exchange Hotel
Samuel D. McDonald,.....Central House

Emporium, Middle Ward, Hotel Licenses.

William Schutte.....New Warner House
Michael J. Dolan.....City Hotel
William Bente,.....Cottage Hotel
D. W. Donovan,.....Emporium House
Frederick Levecke.....Commercial House

RESTAURANT LICENSES.

EMPORIUM, MIDDLE WARD.

H. N. Knight (doing business as H. N. Knight & Co.).....Novelty Restaurant

EMPORIUM EAST WARD.

Daniel McCormick,.....East Ward Restaurant

WHOLESALE LICENSES.

Henry Kraft,.....Emporium
A. A. McDonald,.....Emporium
William McDonald.....Emporium
F. X. Blumle,.....Shippen Township

BOTTLERS LICENSE.

Henry Kraft,.....Emporium

WILLIAM J. LEAVITT, Clerk Q. S.

A BEAUTIFUL FACE

Before Using

If you have pimples, blotches, or other skin imperfections, you can remove them and have a clear and beautiful complexion by using

BEAUTYSKIN

It Makes New Blood, Improves the Health, Removes Skin Imperfections.

After Using.

Beneficial results guaranteed or money refunded.

Send stamp for Free Sample, Particulars and Testimonials. Mention this paper.

CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Madison Place, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Bargain Store

Get your wife, mother, sister or daughter a nice dress for Xmas. I have a large stock of fine dress goods, all marked down—for instance, dark blue Cheviot, marked from $1.75 to $1.00.

Come and see my Jewelry display—all marked down. Rings, Hat Pins, Scarf Pins, etc.

A nice line of fine linen towels just in, percales and ginghams. New Scrim at 12½c and 15c. Ladies Dress Skirts going at cost and only a few left.

Groceries, Cranberries, Oysters, Meats, fresh and salt, English Walnuts, etc.

Order by phone or come yourself. Goods delivered to any part of town.

T. W. WELSH

Chas. Diehl's Old Stand, West Ward

AT

Old Reliable Drug Store

Well be found a fine line of Holiday Goods consisting of an extra fine line of China Ware, Toilet Cases, beautiful line of fancy Stationery, Dolls by the hundred, and many goods to please both old and young. All ofwhich will be

CLOSED OUT AT COST

If you fail to take advantage of this offer it will not be the fault of

L. TAGGART, Prop

MADAME DEAN'S FRENCH FEMALE PILLS.

A Safe, Certain Relief for Suppressed Menstruation. NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL. Safe! Sure! Speedy! Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded. Sent prepaid for $1.00 per box. Will send them on trial, to be paid for when relieved. Samples Free. If your druggist does not have them send your orders to the

UNITED MEDICAL CO., BOX 74, LANCASTER, PA.

Sold in Emporium by L. Taggart & R. C. Dodson

SECOND TO NONE

ADAM, MELDRUM & ANDERSON CO.

396-408 Main Street,
BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE **Christmas STORE**

We carry the largest and most complete line of

Gift Goods

in Buffalo. Every department is now showing its best goods. The time to shop is now, before the rush comes, and while assortments are complete.

Furs, Neckwear,
Smoking Jackets,
Umbrellas,
Gloves, Hosiery,
Fancy Goods,
Jewelry, Toilets,
Boys' Clothing,
Men's Furnishings,
Waists, Robes,
Books, Stationery,
Toys, Dolls, Games,
Leather Goods.

We refund Railroad Fares

In connection with the Chamber of Commerce we refund your railroad fares according to the amount of your purchase.

ADAM, MELDRUM & ANDERSON CO.

American Block, Buffalo, N.Y.

PILES RUDY'S PILE Suppository

A cure guaranteed if you use

D. Matt. Thompson, Sup't Graded Schools, Statesville, N. C., writes: "I can say they do all you claim for them." Dr. S. M. Devore, Raven Rock, W. Va., writes: "They give universal satisfaction." Dr. H. D. McGill, Clarksburg, Tenn., writes: "In a practice of 23 years, I have found no remedy to equal yours." Price, 50 Cents. Samples Free. Sold by Druggists. MARTIN RUDY, LANCASTER, PA.

Sold in Emporium by L. Taggart & R. C. Dodson

CALL FOR FREE SAMPLE

And off it drops, a black bundle that rolls for twenty yards.

"LABOR, TRADE AND CAPITAL"

By O. HENRY

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Across our two dishes of spaghetti, in a corner of Provenzano's restaurant, Jeff Peters was explaining to me the three kinds of graft.

Every winter Jeff comes to New York to eat spaghetti, to watch the shipping in East river from the depths of his chinchilla overcoat, and to lay in a supply of Chicago-made clothing at one of the Fulton street stores. During the other three seasons he may be found further west—his range is from Spokane to Tampa. In his profession he takes a pride which he supports and defends with a serious and unique philosophy of ethics. His profession is no new one. He is an incorporated, uncapitalized, unlimited asylum for the reception of the restless and unwise dollars of his fellowmen.

In the wilderness of stone in which Jeff seeks his annual lonely holiday he is glad to palaver of his many adventures, as a boy will whistle after sundown in a wood. Wherefore, I mark on my calendar the time of his coming, and open a question of privilege at Provenzano's concerning the little wine-stained table in the corner between the rakish rubber plant and the framed palazzio della something on the wall.

"There are two kinds of grafts," said Jeff, "that ought to be wiped out by law. I mean Wall street speculation, and burglary."

"Nearly everybody will agree with you as to one of them," said I, with a laugh.

"Well, burglary ought to be wiped out, too," said Jeff; and I wondered whether the laugh had been redundant.

"About three months ago," said Jeff, "it was my privilege to become familiar with a sample of each of the aforesaid branches of illegitimate art. I was sine qua grata with a member of the housebreakers' union and one of the John D. Napoleons of finance at the same time."

"Interesting combination," said I, with a yawn. "Did I tell you I bagged a duck and a ground-squirrel at one shot last week over in the Ramapos?" I knew well how to draw Jeff's stories.

"Let me tell you first about these barnacles that clog the wheels of society by poisoning the springs of rectitude with their upas-like eye," said Jeff, with the pure gleam of the muckraker in his own.

"As I said, three months ago I got into bad company. There are two times in a man's life when he does this—when he's dead broke, and when he's rich.

"Now and then the most legitimate business runs out of luck. It was out in Arkansas I made the wrong turn at a cross-road, and drives into this town of Peavine by mistake. It seems I had already assaulted the disfigured Peavine the spring of the year before. I had sold $600 worth of young fruit trees there— plums, cherries, peaches and pears. The Peaviners were keeping an eye on the country road and hoping I might pass that way again. I drove down Main street as far as the Crystal Palace drug store before I realized I had committed ambush upon myself and my white horse Bill.

"The Peaviners took me by surprise and Bill by the bridle and began a conversation that wasn't entirely disassociated with the subject of fruit trees. A committee of 'em ran some trace chains through the armholes of my vest, and escorted me through their gardens and orchards.

"Their fruit trees hadn't lived up to their labels. Most of 'em had turned out to be persimmons and dogwoods, with a grove or two of blackjacks and poplars. The only one that showed any signs of bearing anything was a fine young cottonwood that had put forth a hornet's nest and half of an old corset-cover.

"The Peaviners protracted our fruitless stroll to the edge of town. They took my watch and money on account; and they kept Bill and the wagon as hostages. They said the first time one of them dogwood trees put forth an Amsden's June peach I might come back and get my things. Then they took off the trace chain and jerked their thumbs in the direction of the Rocky mountains; and I struck a Lewis and Clark lope for the swollen rivers and impenetrable forests.

"When I regained conscientiousness I found myself walking into an unidentified town on the A., T. & S. F. railroad. The Peaviners hadn't left anything in my pockets except a plug of chewing—they wasn't after my life—and that saved it. I bit off a chunk and sits down on a pile of ties by the track to recogitate my sensations of thought and perspicacity.

"And then along comes a fast freight which slows up a little at the town; and off of it drops a black bundle that rolls for 20 yards in a cloud of dust and then gets up and begins to spit soft coal and interjections. I see it is a young man, broad across the face, dressed more for Pullmans than freights, and with a cheerful kind of smile in spite of it all that made Phoebe Snow's job look like a chimney-sweep's.

"'Fall off?' says I.

"'Nunk,' says he. 'Got off. Arrived at my destination. What town is this?'

"'Haven't looked it up on the map yet,' says I. 'I got in about five minutes before you did. How does it strike you?'

"'Hard,' says he, twisting one of his arms around. 'I believe that shoulder—no, it's all right.'

"He stoops over to brush the dust off his clothes, when out of his pocket drops a fine, nine-inch burglar's steel jimmy. He picks it up and looks at me sharp, and then grins and holds out his hand.

"'Brother,' says he, 'greetings. Didn't I see you in southern Missouri last summer selling colored sand at half-a-dollar a teaspoonful to put into lamps to keep the oil from exploding?'

"'Oil,' says I, 'never explodes. It's the gas that forms that explodes.' But I shakes hands with him, anyway.

"'My name's Bill Bassett,' says he to me, 'and if you'll call it professional pride instead of conceit, I'll inform you that you have the pleasure of meeting the best burglar that ever set a gum-shoe on ground drained by the Mississippi river.'

"Well, me and this Bill Bassett sits on the ties and exchanges brags as artists in kindred lines will do. It seems he didn't have a cent, either, and we went into close caucus. He explained why an able burglar sometimes had to travel on freights by telling me that a servant girl had played him false in Little Rock, and he was making a quick get-away.

"'It's part of my business,' says Bill Bassett, 'to play up to the ruffles when I want to make a riffle as a Raffles. 'Tis loves that makes the bit go 'round. Show me a house with the swag in it and a pretty parlor-maid, and you might as well call the silver melted down and sold, and me spelling truffles and that Chateau trick on the napkin under my chin, while the police are calling it an inside job just because the old lady's nephew teaches a bible class. I first make an impression on the girl,' says Bill, 'and when she lets me inside I make an impression on the locks. But this one in Little Rock done me,' says he. 'She saw me taking a trolley ride with another girl, and when I came 'round on the night she was to leave the door open for me it was fast. And I had keys made for the doors upstairs. But, no sir. She had sure cut off my locks. She was a Delilah,' says Bill Bassett.

"It seems that Bill tried to break in anyhow with his jimmy, but the girl emitted a succession of bravura noises like the top-riders of a tally-ho, and Bill had to take all the hurdles between there and the depot. As he had no baggage they tried hard to check his departure, but he made a train that was just pulling out.

"'Well,' says Bill Bassett, when we had exchanged memoirs of our dead lives, 'I could eat. This town don't look like it was kept under a Yale lock. Suppose we commit some mild atrocity that will bring in temporary expense money. I don't suppose you've brought along any hair tonic or rolled gold watch chains, or similar law-defying swindles that you could sell on the plaza to the pikers of the paretic populace, have you?'

"'No,' says I, 'I left an elegant line of Patagonian diamond earrings and rainy-day sunbursts in my valise at Peavine. But they're to stay there till some of them blackgum trees begin to glut the market with yellow clings and Japanese plums. I reckon we can't count on them unless we take Luther Burbank in for a partner.'

"'Very well,' says Bassett, 'we'll do the best we can. Maybe after dark I'll borrow a hairpin from some lady, and open the Farmers & Drovers Marine bank with it.'

"While we was talking, up pulls a passenger train to the depot nearby. A person in a high hat gets off on the wrong side of the train and comes tripping down the track towards us. He was a little, fat man with a big nose and rat's eyes, but dressed expensive, and carrying a hand-satchel careful, as if it had eggs or railroad bonds in it. He passes by us and keeps on down the track, not appearing to notice the town.

"'Come on,' says Bill Bassett to me, starting after him.

"'Where?' I asks.

"'Lordy!' says Bill, 'had you forgot you was in the desert? Didn't you see Col. Manna drop down right before your eyes? Don't you hear the rustling of Gen. Raven's wings? I'm surprised at you, Elijah.'

"We overtook the stranger in the edge of some woods, and, as it was after sundown and in a quiet place, nobody saw us stop him. Bill takes the silk hat off his head and brushes it with his sleeve and puts it back.

"'What does this mean, sir?' says the man.

"'When I wore one of these,' says Bill, 'and felt embarrassed, I always done that. Not having one now I had to use yours. I hardly know how to begin, sir, in explaining our business with you, but I guess we'll try your pockets first.'

"Bill Bassett felt in all of them, and looked disgusted.

"'Not even a watch,' says he. 'Ain't you ashamed of yourself, you whited sculpture? Going about dressed like a head-waiter, and financed like a count. You haven't even got carfare. What did you do with your transfer?'

"The man speaks up and says he has no assets or valuables of any sort. But Bassett takes his hand-satchel and opens it. Out comes some collars and socks and half a page of a newspaper clipped out. Bill reads the clippings careful, and holds out his hand to the held-up party.

"'Brother,' says he, 'greetings! Accept the apologies of friends. I am Bill Bassett, the burglar. Mr. Peters, you must make the acquaintance of Mr. Alfred E. Ricks. Shake hands. Mr. Peters,' says Bill, 'stands about halfway between me and you, Mr. Ricks, in the line of havoc and corruption. He always gives something for the money he gets. I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Ricks—you and Mr. Peters. This is the first time I ever attended a full gathering of the national synod of sharks—housebreaking, swindling and financiering all represented. Please examine Mr. Ricks' credentials, Mr. Peters.'

"The piece of newspaper that Bill Bassett handed me had a good picture of this Ricks on it. It was a Chicago paper, and it had obloquies of Ricks in every paragraph. By reading it over I harvested the intelligence that said alleged Ricks had laid off all that portion of the state of Florida that lies under water into town lots and sold 'em to alleged innocent investors from his magnificently furnished offices in Chicago. After he had taken in a hundred thousand or so dollars one of these fussy purchasers that are always making trouble (I've had 'em actually try gold watches I've sold 'em with acid) took a cheap excursion down to the land where it is always just before supper to look at his lot and see if it didn't need a new paling or two on the fence, and market a few lemons in time for the Christmas present trade. He hires a surveyor to find his lot for him. They run the line out and find the flourishing town of Paradise Hollow, so advertised, to be about 40 rods and 16 poles S., 27 degrees E. of the middle of Lake Okeechobee. This man's lot was under 36 feet of water, and, besides, had been preempted so long by the alligators and gars that his title looked fishy.

"Naturally, the man goes back to Chicago and makes it as hot for Alfred E. Ricks as the morning after a prediction of snow by the weather bureau. Ricks defied the allegation, but he couldn't deny the alligators. One morning the papers come out with a column about it, and Ricks comes out by the fire-escape. It seems the alleged authorities had beat him to the safe-deposit box where he kept his winnings, and Ricks has to westward ho! with only feetwear and a dozen 15½ English pokes in his shopping bag. He happened to have some mileage left in his book, and that took him as far as the town in the wilderness where he was spilled out on me and Bill Bassett as Elijah III, with not a raven in sight for any of us.

"Then this Alfred E. Ricks lets out a squeak that he is hungry, too, and passes up the hypothesis that he is good for the value, let alone the price, of a meal. And so, there was the three of us, representing, if we had a mind to draw syllogisms and parabolas, labor and trade and capital. Now, when trade has no capital there isn't a dicker to be made. And when capital has no money there's a stagnation in steak and onions. That put it up to the man with the jimmy.

"'Brother bushrangers,' says Bill Bassett, 'never yet, in trouble, did I desert a pal. Hard by, in yon wood, I seem to see unfurnished lodgings. Let us go there and wait till dark.'

"There was an old, deserted cabin in the grove, and we three took possession of it. After dark Bill Bassett tells us to wait, and goes out for half an hour. He comes back with a armful of bread and spareribs and pies.

"'Panhandled 'em at a farmhouse on Washita avenue,' says he. 'Eat, drink, and be leary.'

"The full moon was coming up bright, so we sat on the floor of the cabin and ate in the light of it. And this Bill Bassett begins to brag.

"'Sometimes,' says he, with his mouth full of country produce, 'I lose all patience with you people that think you are higher up in the profession than I am. Now, what could either of you do in the present emergency to set us on our feet again? Could you do it, Ricksy?'

"'I must confess, Mr. Bassett,' says Ricks, speaking nearly inaudible out of a slice of pie, 'that at this immediate juncture I could not, perhaps, promote an enterprise to relieve the situation. Large operations, such as I direct, naturally require careful preparation in advance. I—'

"'I know, Ricksy,' breaks in Bill Bassett. 'You needn't finish. You need $500 to make the first payment on a blonde typewriter, and four roomsful of quartered oak furniture. And you need $500 more for advertising contracts. And you need two weeks' time for the fish to begin to bite. Your line of relief would be about as useful in an emergency as advocating municipal ownership to cure a man suffocated by 80-cent gas. And your graft ain't much swifter Brother Peters,' he winds up.

"'Oh,' says I, 'I haven't seen you turn anything into gold with your wand yet, Mr. Good Fairy. 'Most anybody could rub the magic ring for a little left-over victuals.'

"'That was only getting the pumpkin ready,' says Bassett, braggy and cheerful. 'The coach and six'll drive up to the door before you know it, Miss Cinderella. Maybe you've got some scheme under your sleeve-holders that will give us a start.'

"'Son,' says I, 'I'm fifteen years older than you are, and young enough to yet take out an endowment policy. I've been broke before. We can see the lights of that town not half a mile away. I learned under Montague Silver, the greatest street man that ever spoke from a wagon. There are hundreds of men walking those streets this moment with grease spots on their clothes. Give me a gasoline lamp, a dry goods box, and a two-dollar bar of white castile soap, cut into little——'

"'Where's your two dollars?' snickered Bill Bassett into my discourse. There was no use arguing with that burglar.

"'No,' he goes on; 'you're both babes-in-the-wood. Finance has closed the mahogany desk, and trade has put the shutters up. Both of you look to labor to start the wheels going. All right. You admit it. To-night I'll show you what Bill Bassett can do.'

"'Bassett tells me and Ricks not to leave the cabin till he comes back, even if it's daylight, and then he starts off toward town, whistling gay.'

"This Alfred E. Ricks pulls off his shoes and his coat, lays a silk handkerchief over his hat, and lays down on the floor.

"'I think I will endeavor to secure a little slumber,' he squeaks. 'The day has been fatiguing. Good-night, my dear Mr. Peters.'

"'My regards to Morpheus,' says I. 'I think I'll sit up a while.'

"About two o'clock, as near as I could guess by my watch in Peavine, home comes our laboring man and kicks up Ricks, and calls us to the streak of bright moonlight shining in

Packages of $1,000 each.

the cabin door. Then he spreads out five packages of $1,000 each on the floor, and begins to cackle over the nest-egg like a hen.

"'I'll tell you a few things about that town,' says he. 'It's named Rocky Springs, and they're building a Masonic temple, and it looks like the Democratic candidate for mayor is going to get soaked by a Pop, and Judge Tucker's wife, who has been down with pleurisy, is some better. I had to talk on these liliputian thesises before I could get a siphon in the fountain of knowledge that I was after. And there's a bank there called the Lumberman's Fidelity and Plowman's Savings Institution. It closed for business yesterday with $23,000 cash on hand. It will open this morning with $18,000—all silver—that's the reason I didn't bring more. There you are, trade and capital. Now, will you be bad?'

"'My young friend,' says Alfred E. Ricks, holding up his hands, 'have you robbed this bank? Dear me, dear me!'

"'You couldn't call it that,' says Bassett. '"Robbing" sounds harsh. All I had to do was to find out what street it was on. That town is so quiet that I could stand on the corner and hear the tumblers clicking in that safe lock—"right to 45; left twice to 80; right once to 60; left to 15"—as plain as the Yale captain giving orders in the football dialect. Now, boys,' says Bassett, 'this is an early rising town. They tell me the citizens are all up and stirring before daylight. I asked what for, and they said because breakfast was ready at that time. And what of merry Robin Hood? It must be Yoicks! and away with the tinkers' chorus. I'll stake you. How much do you want? Speak up, Capital.'

"'My dear young friend,' says this ground squirrel of a Ricks, standing on his hind legs and juggling nuts in his paws, 'I have friends in Denver who would assist me. If I had a hundred dollars I—'

"Bassett unpins a package of the currency and throws five twenties to Ricks.

"'Trade, how much?' he says to me.

"'Put your money up, Labor,' says I. 'I never yet drew upon honest toil for its hard-earned pittance. The dollars I get are surplus ones that are

"Well, burglary ought to be wiped out, too."

burning the pockets of damfools and greenhorns. When I stand on a street corner and sell a solid gold diamond ring to a yap for three dollars, I make just $2.60. And I know he's going to give it to a girl in return for all the benefits accruing from a $125 ring. His profits are $122. Which of us is the biggest fakir?'

"'And when you sell a poor woman a pinch of sand for 50 cents to keep her lamp from exploding,' says Bassett, 'what do you figure her gross earnings to be, with sand at 40 cents a ton?'

"'Listen,' says I. 'I instruct her to keep her lamp clean and well filled. If she does that it can't bust. And with the sand in it she knows it can't, and she don't worry. It's a kind of industrial Christian Science. She pays 50 cents, and gets both Rockefeller and Mrs. Eddy on the job. It ain't everybody that can let the gold-dust twins do their work.'

"Alfred E. Ricks all but licks the dust off of Bill Bassett's shoes.

"'My dear young friend,' says he, 'I will never forget your generosity. Heaven will reward you. But let me implore you to turn from your ways of violence and crime.'

"'Mousie,' says Bill, 'the hole in the wainscoting for yours. Your dogmas and inculcations sound to me like the last words of a bicycle pump. What has your high moral, elevator-service system of pillage brought you to? Penuriousness and want. Even Brother Peters, who insists upon contaminating the art of robbery with theories of commerce and trade, admitted he was on the lift. Both of you live by the gilded rule. Brother Peters,' says Bill, 'you'd better choose a slice of this embalmed currency. You're welcome.'

"I told Bill Bassett once more to put his money in his pocket. I never had the respect for burglary that some people have. I always gave something for the money I took, even if it was only some little trifle for a souvenir to remind 'em not to get caught again.

"And then Alfred E. Ricks grovels at Bill's feet again, and bids us adieu. He says he will have a team at a farmhouse, and drive to the station below, and take the train for Denver. It salubrified the atmosphere when that lamentable boll-worm took his departure. He was a disgrace to every nonindustrial profession in the country. With all his big schemes and fine offices he had wound up unable even to get an honest meal except by the kindness of a strange and maybe unscrupulous burglar. I was glad to see him go, though I felt a little sorry for him, now that he was ruined forever. What could such a man do without a big capital to work with? Why, Alfred E. Ricks, as we left him, was as helpless as a turtle on its back. He couldn't have worked a scheme to beat a little girl out of a penny slate pencil.

"When me and Bill Bassett was left alone I did a little sleight-of-mind turn in my head with a trade secret at the end of it. Thinks I, I'll show this Mr. Burglar Man the difference between business and labor. He had hurt some of my professional self-adulation by casting his Persians upon commerce and trade.

"'I won't take any of your money as a gift, Mr. Bassett,' says I to him, 'but if you'll pay my expenses as a traveling companion until we get out of the danger zone of the immoral deficit you have caused in this town's finances to-night, I'll be obliged.'

"Bill Bassett agreed to that, and we hiked westward as soon as we could catch a safe train.

"When we got to a town in Arizona called Los Perros I suggested that we once more try our luck on terra cotta. That was the home of Montague Silver, my old instructor, now retired from business. I knew Monty would stake me to web money if I could show him a fly buzzing 'round in the locality. Bill Bassett said all towns looked alike to him as he worked mainly in the dark. So we got off the train in Los Perros, a fine little town in the silver region.

"I had an elegant little sure thing in the way of a commercial slungshot that I intended to hit Bassett behind the ear with. I wasn't going to take his money while he was asleep, but I was going to leave him with a lottery ticket that would represent in experience to him $5,755—I think that was the amount he had when he got off the train. But the first time I hinted to him about an investment, he turns on me and disencumbers himself of the following terms and expressions:

"'Brother Peters,' says he, 'it ain't a bad idea to go into an enterprise of some kind, as you suggest. I think I will. But if I do it will be such a cold proposition that nobody but Robert E. Peary and Charlie Fairbanks will be able to sit on the board of directors.'

"'I thought you might want to turn your money over,' says I.

"'I do,' says he, 'frequently. I can't sleep on one side all night. I'll tell you, Brother Peters,' says he, 'I'm going to start a poker room. I don't seem to care for the humdrum in swindling, such as peddling egg-beaters and working off breakfast food on Barnum and Bailey for sawdust to strew in their circus rings. But the gambling business,' says he, 'from the profitable side of the table is a good compromise between swiping silver spoons and selling penwipers at a Waldorf-Astoria charity bazaar.'

"'Then,' says I, 'Mr. Bassett, you don't care to talk over my little business proposition?'

"'Why,' says he, 'do you know, you can't get a Pasteur institute to start up within 50 miles of where I live. I bite so seldom.'

"So Bassett rents a room over a saloon and looks around for some furniture and chromos. The same night I went to Monty Silver's house, and he let me have $200 on my prospects. Then I went to the only store in Los Perros that sold playing cards and bought every deck in the house. The next morning when the store opened I was there, bringing all the cards back with me. I said that my partner that was going to back me in the game had changed his mind; and I wanted to sell the cards back again. The storekeeper took 'em at half price.

"Yes, I was $75 loser up to that time. But while I had the cards that night I marked every one in every deck. That was labor. And then trade and commerce had their innings, and the bread I had cast upon the waters began to come back in the form of cottage pudding with wine sauce.

"Of course I was among the first to buy chips at Bill Bassett's game. He had bought the only cards there was to be had in town; and I knew the back of every one of them better than I know the back of my head when the barber shows me my haircut in the two mirrors.

"When the game closed I had the six thousand and a few odd dollars, and all Bill Bassett had was the wanderlust and a black cat he had bought for a mascot. Bill shook hands with me when I left.

"'Brother Peters,' says he, 'I have no business being in business. I was preordained to labor. When a No. 1 burglar tries to make a James out of his jimmy he perpetrates an impro-fundity. You have a well-oiled and efficacious system of luck at cards,' says he. 'Peace go with you.' And I never afterward sees Bill Bassett again."

"Well, Jeff," said I, when the Autolycan adventurer seemed to have divulged the gist of his tale, "I hope you took care of the money. That would be a respecta—that is a considerable working capital if you should choose some day to settle down to some sort of regular business."

"Me?" said Jeff, virtuously. "You can bet I've taken care of that six thousand."

He tapped his coat over the region of his chest exultantly.

"Gold mining stock," he explained, "every cent of it. Shares par value one dollar. Bound to go up 500 per cent. within a year. Non-assessable. The Blue Gopher mine. Just discovered a month ago. Better get in yourself if you've any spare dollars on hand."

"Sometimes," said I, "these mines are not—"

"Oh, this one's solid as an old goose," said Jeff. "Fifty thousand dollars' worth of ore in sight, and ten per cent. monthly earnings guaranteed."

He drew a long envelope from his pocket and cast it on the table.

"Always carry it with me," said he. "So the burglar can't carrupt or the capitalist break in and water it."

I looked at the beautifully engraved certificate of stock.

"In Colorado, I see," said I. "And, by the way, Jeff, what was the name of the little man who went to Denver—the one you and Bill met at the station?"

"Alfred E. Ricks," said Jeff, "was the toad's designation."

"I see," said I, "the president of this mining company signs himself A. L. Fredericks. I was wondering—"

"Let me see that stock," said Jeff quickly, almost snatching it from me.

To mitigate, even though slightly, the embarrassment of the moment I summoned the waiter and ordered another bottle of the Barbera. I thought it was the least I could do.

At the National Capital

Gossip of People and Events Gathered in Washington

CAPITAL HABIT STRONG ON EX-OFFICE HOLDERS

WASHINGTON.—They can't keep away, for the Washington habit is strong upon them. The lure of the capital draws former senators and former representatives here just as surely as the call of duty calls the present office-holders. They drift down in November, and scores of them stay until the adjournment. Of course this takes notice only of those of the former members to whom business or professional work is not a money-making necessity. Former Representative Joseph W. Babcock owns a home in Washington, and he is here already and is apparently as busy as when to all intents and purposes as chairman of the committee on the District of Columbia he was the mayor of Washington. Men who at one time have been senators are allowed the privilege of the floor of the senate, but no such right of admission is granted by the house, and the house prohibition is a wise one, for otherwise there would be double reason for the present cry for more room.

Former Senator Peffer of Kansas, who at one time, largely perhaps because of his picturesque views on people's rights and because of his equally picturesque whiskers, was much in the public mind and eye, practically lives in Washington. He is engaged, it is understood, in the nothing less than herculean task of making an index for the Congressional Record. It is said that Mr. Peffer's patience is equal to his soul-trying employment. Former Senator Stewart, "Silver" Stewart of Nevada, is in Washington. He is as white as the snow on the top of his Nevada mountains, but despite his 80-odd years he is as strong apparently as any tree that grows below the mountain timber line. Former Senators Blair of New Hampshire and Thurston of Nebraska are practicing law in Washington. The list is too long for the present writing.

CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY GUARDS ARE NONPLUSSED

THE library of congress, with its manifold attractions, is of interest to the average sightseer, and accordingly the main stream of the touring public flows toward the great structure adjoining the capitol. All classes of all nationalities pass through its doors, and to be successful in their calling and to afford the universally polite service their position demands the attendants must possess a reserve fund of tact which might well bring them into notice in more ambitious fields.

Recently a modishly gowned woman, apparently in her early thirties, after wandering about the several departments during the forenoon, asked to be directed to the cafe, which is a part of the equipment of the building.

Having satisfied her hunger, the visitor, again accosting one of the guards, inquired the way to the smoking room. Albeit a bit surprised at the inquiry, the attendant gave the required information, whereupon the woman made her way to the sanctum and quite regardless of the looks of astonishment from the men assembled for their postprandial cigars, she calmly entered the room.

Setting herself comfortably she drew from her handbag a daintily monogramed case and, taking therefrom a cigarette, struck a match and nonchalantly proceeded to enjoy a smoke. In an instant the guard was upon the scene.

"Madam," he began deprecatingly, "you are infringing the rules, and I shall have to ask you to stop smoking and withdraw."

"You told me this was the smoking room, did you not?" sweetly inquired the smoker.

"It is the smoking room, but—but" —waved the attendant, "it's for men."

"Well, sir, the sign says 'smoking room,' and if you show me where I'm infringing any rule by smoking in the smoking room I'll withdraw, but not until then," returned the lady with an air of being well within her rights.

The guard, finding his authority ineffective, called up the captain of the watch, who joined his expostulations to those of his subordinate, but all to no avail. The woman turned on them a serene and unruffled countenance, and, looking at them as though they "were not," proceeded to finish her cigarette.

When the last little whiff had been expelled madam arose and, strolling leisurely through the corridors, was soon lost to sight, and now the thunderstruck guardians of the noble pile are considering the advisability of changing the phraseology of the sign and having the legend read:

"Smoking room. Sacred to the uses of men."

QUARREL OF TRACTION MEN MAKES PEOPLE WALK

CONGRESS is Washington's city council and the people of the capital are now experiencing difficulties which arise from the fact that its aldermen meet only once a year.

The great new railroad station has been completed and one of the two railroads which enter the city has taken possession. Incoming and outgoing travelers are obliged to walk a long distance to the depot from and to the nearest street car line. There are many people who in this time of financial stringency do not care to pay for cabs, and so a long line of luggage bearers foot it along daily through the sticky district mud to the paved doorway of the station.

Tne house of representatives "committee on District of Columbia" practically runs the town, for whatever it recommends congress as a rule accepts. Last year, knowing that the station was soon to be completed, the street railroad officials asked for a right of way to the new station. The committee was ready enough to grant it, but the officials of one traction company objected to something which the officials of the other company wanted, and as a result of the fight action was postponed for a year, and now Washington walks.

The street car companies are out a lot of nickels, the citizens are disgusted, and the upshot of the whole thing will be that the objecting company will gain nothing, for the point which it fought is now counted as lost, and the ground plan has been laid for future objection to franchise extensions. The walking Washingtonians are angry enough to make certain that their memories will hold on to the present grievance for years to come.

CONGRESSMEN TARDY IN HUNT FOR BUILDING SITE

IF ANYBODY in New York runs across a congressional commission, consisting of Senator Nathan Bay Scott of West Virginia and Representative Richard Bartholdt of Missouri, nosing around their premises or reconnoitering around the back alleys, they need not be alarmed. These statesmen are looking for a place to build the new main post office of New York.

The post office department has already chosen the site at the new Pennsylvania terminal; it has been paid for, and the plans are being drawn for the building. But prior to the final passage of the bill authorizing the building a resolution was passed by congress appointing a commission, to consist of the postmaster general and the chairmen of the two building commissions, to go to New York and make a report upon a suitable location.

Postmaster General Cortelyou, in his annual report, stated that since the site had been chosen he had not called the commission together and it was thought at the post office department that it was all over. But a congressional commission must perform its function. A new postmaster general has succeeded Mr. Cortelyou. When Messrs. Scott and Bartholdt called upon him, he said he could not go, but he would send a man in his place. The hope is expressed that some one will pilot the commission around to Seventh avenue and Thirty-third street before they return.

IN AND ABOUT CORK

A City Nearly as Dirty as New York.

POET-RIDDEN SPOTS IN ERIN

Places Just as Beautiful as Killarney That Have Not Been Contaminated with Surplus Rhymes and Herded Tourists.

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

Killarney, Ireland.—They told me that Cork was a very dirty city. They even said it was filthy, and they said it in such a way as to reflect on Irishmen in general and Corkonians in particular.

Yes, they said that Cork was a dirty city, and so I found it—almost as dirty as New York. This may sound like a strong statement but I mean it.

When I arrived in Cork I saw a hill and made for it at once, because after railway travel there is nothing that so takes the kinks out of a fellow's legs as a walk up a stiff hill. And anyhow I was on a walking tour.

I arrived at the top about sunset. On reading this sentence over I find that it sounds as if the hill was an all day journey but it was only a matter of a few squares, and when I started the sun had long since made up its mind to set.

In Ireland the sun takes on Irish ways, and is just a little dilatory. It always means to set, and it always does set in time to avoid being out in the dark, but "it's an unconscionably long time a dying."

At the summit of the hill I saw a church steeple that appealed to my esthetic sense, and I asked a little boy what church it was.

"Shandon churrch, sirr," said he with the rapid and undulating utterance of the Corkonian.

"Where the bells are?" said I.

"Yes," said he, smiling. "And over beyont is the Lee."

"The pleasant waters of the river Lee," I quoted at him, and he smiled again. Probably every traveler who goes to Cork quotes the lovely old bit of doggerel, but the Corkonian smiles and smiles.

The river Lee runs through the center of Cork, and at evening it is a favorite place for fishing, also for learning to swim on dry land.

The fishermen seem to fish for the love of casting, and the little boys swim on the pavement—two pursuits as useless as they are pleasant. Over the bridge the fishermen leaned, and cast their lines in anything but pleasant places—for the river is malodorous—and the little boys stood on benches and dived to the pavement, where they spat and then went through the motions of swimming.

There were dozens of the little boys, and most of them seemed to be brothers. Some of them were quite expert in diving backward, and all of them were dirty, but they seemed to be happy. I could not help thinking how soon the Celtic mind begins to use symbols, for it was easy to see, that when the boys spat it signified a watering place to them. I dare say they were breaking a city ordinance in spitting and if they knew that they were that much happier—stolen sweets are the sweetest.

During the time I watched the setting sun—which was still at it and, by the way, performed some lovely variations on a simple color scheme in the sky—not even an eel was caught, but the fishermen cast under the bridge, let their bait float down the (un)pleasant waters, and drew in their lines again and again—mute examples of a patience that one does not associate with Ireland.

At last I left them and started out to find Shandon church which seemed but a few squares away.

My pathway led through the slums, and up a hill so steep that I hope horses only use it as a means of descent. I passed one fireside where the folks looked cosy and happy and warm. It was a summer evening, but chilly, and the place into which I looked was a shop for the sale of coal. Shoemakers' children are generally barefooted, but these people were buring their own coal, and the mother and the dirty children sprawled around the store or home, in a shadow casting way, that would have delighted Mynheer Rembrandt if he had passed by.

I was struck with the population of Cork. It was most of it on the sidewalk, and nearly all of it was under 16. Pretty faces, too, among them, and happy looking. I think that sympathy would have been wasted on them. They had so much more room than they would have in New York, and they were not any dirtier—than New Yorkers of the same class.

After I had reached the top of the hill, I turned and looked for Shandon church and it was gone. I asked a boy what had become of it, and he told me that in following my winding way through the convolutions known as streets, I had gotten as far from the church as I could in the time. He told me pleasantly, just how to go to get to the church, and it involved going to the foot of the hill and beginning again.

I asked a number of times after that, and always got courteous but rapid answers. The Irish are great talkers, but the Corkonian could handicap himself with a morning's silence, and beat his brothers from other counties before evening.

At last I came on the church, passits quaint and curious (to quote three of Poe's words), statues of a green-coated boy and girl.

I asked a man when the bells began to ring, (for I had been told that they only rang at night.)

"Every quar-rter of an hour, sirr, they'll be ringing in a couple of minutes, sirr."

One likes to indulge in a bit of sentiment sometimes, and I stood and waited to hear the bells of Shandon that sound so grand on the pleasant waters of the river Lee. I had left the Lee to the fishermen and the make-believe swimmers, but the bells would sound sweetly here under the tower that held them.

A minute passed, and then another, and then I heard music—music that called forth old memories of days long since dead. How it pealed out its delight on the (icy) air of night. And how well I knew the tune:

"Down Where the Wurzburger Flows."

No, it was not the chimes but a nurse in the hospital at a piano. Before she had finished, Shandon bells began, but what they played did not blend with what she sang, and I went on my way thinking on the potency of music.

I passed on down where the River Lee flowed, and the fishermen were still fishing, but the little boys had tired of swimming.

Two signs met me at nearly every corner. One read, "James J. Murphy & Co.," and the other "Beamish & Crawford," or "Crawford & Beamish," I forget which. Both marked the places of publicans (and sinners. I doubt not), and both were brewers' names. The publican's own name never appeared, but these names were omnipresent.

Again I thought of Shandon Bells, and the romantic song, "Down Where the Wurzburger Flows," and leaving the Lee still flowing I sought my hotel.

I would like to make a revolutionary statement, that is more often thought than uttered, but before I make it, I would like to say that there are two classes of travelers: those who think there is nothing in Europe that compares with similar things in America, and those who think there is nothing in America that can hold a candle to similar things in Europe.

I hope I belong to neither class. If I mistake not, I am a Pharisee, and thank my stars that I am not as other men are. Most of us are Pharisees, but few will admit it.

I began being a Pharisee when I was a small child, and that is the time that most people begin.

I kept it up. In this, I am—like the multitude.

Having thus stated my position, let me go on to say, that I am perfectly willing to admit that this or that bit of scenery in France, or Switzerland, or England, or Ireland, lays over anything of the sort I ever saw in America, if I think it does, and I am equally willing to say, that America has almost unknown bits, that are far better than admired, and poet-ridden places in Europe.

Twin Lakes in Connecticut is one of them, and Killarney is a poet-ridden place.

Why, even in Ireland, there are places just as lovely as Killarney, but they have not been written up, and so no one goes to visit them.

I felt that one of the worst things about Killarney was the American sightseer, and I came away soon.

Cook's Tourists have never heard of Twin Lakes, thank fortune, and it will be some time before they (the lakes) are spoiled.

The Lakes of Killarney are so beautiful that they are worthy of the pen of a poet, but the pen of a poet does not make any lake more beautiful, and I am quarreling because so many people refuse to believe the evidence of their own senses, and take their natural beauties at the say so of another.

There is a tower going up in New York at present, a tower that with the exception of the Eiffel Tower, is the tallest on earth.

Many persons look at it, reflect that its is a skyscraper, and then dismiss it as therefore, hideous. But it is really very beautiful, and seen from certain vantage points, it is architecturally one of the glories of New York.

If it ever gains a reputation for beauty, you will find persons raving over it, who to-day class it among the "hideous skyscrapers.'

A hundred years ago there were some skyscrapers in Switzerland, and they were thought to be hideous. After awhile, a man with a poet's eyes and a courageous tongue visited them, and he said "the Alps are beautiful."

When their reputation for beauty was established, travelers left the region round about the Rockies to go and rave over the beauties of Switzerland.

That's all.

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Diamond Diggers.

Divers work as diamond diggers in South Africa. They work in icy cold water and black darkness. About three and a half miles down the river from Klerksdorp a wire rope is stretched across the Vaal river from the Transvaal to the Orange River colony side, by means of which a large scow is placed in midstream, where the divers descend and work in from 48 to 52 feet of water. At present they have no light and work for three or four hours in cold water and intense darkness. All they are able to do at present is to grope around, move the big boulders with crowbars and scrape up the smaller stuff from the bed of the river, emptying it into a large iron-bound wire drum, which takes about half an hour to fill.

ing just before I reached it the Green-

Around the Metropolis

What Is Going On in New York City Told in Interesting Manner

PASTOR QUIETLY BUILDS WORKING GIRLS' HOTEL

NEW YORK.—While 75 women's clubs in their federated as well as their individual capacity have been talking about the crying need for a working girls' hotel, and racking their composite brains for feasible schemes to get the necessary money, the pastor of a little church in Harlem is busy building one.

About two years and a half ago it occurred to Rev. H. M. Tyndall that the broken stone and sand which were the by-products of building excavations in the city might be put to a better use than that of increasing the size of various dump heaps. Why shouldn't they be purchased, he reasoned, for a nominal sum by contractors who are putting up concrete buildings and be used for his new plan? He determined to become the first of these contractors. His congregation had already decided that the pastor's project of a hotel for working girls under the auspices of the People's tabernacle at 52 East One Hundred and Second street was worthy and practicable and were ready to pledge their support.

So Mr. Tyndall bought the stone and sand, and collected a force of Italian laborers to turn it into concrete. In the intervals when he wasn't bossing the mixing he was drawing pictures of a five-story and basement building with 75 rooms and a complete assortment of comforts and some luxuries.

As fast as contributions came in the work progressed and the building at 58 East One Hundred and Second street is now completed. Moreover, although there has been no source of revenue but voluntary contributions, there isn't the sign of a lien or mortgage anywhere in sight.

The 75 rooms are bare of furniture and the 18 front windows present a blank and curtainless glare to passers-by, and Mr. Tyndall is now trying to raise the $2,000 necessary to furnish the rooms.

While the hotel is designed primarily for wage earning girls, young women who are strangers in the city will get temporary accommodations provided they can show credentials of respectability. Room and board will be furnished at from three to five dollars a week. Women over 35 are reckoned as undesirable inmates.

Robert E. Tyndall, brother of the clergyman, is to be the manager of the house, which is to be for the benefit of permanent rather than of transient guests. While the hotel will not be under the control of any one denomination, and attendance upon religious services will not be enforced upon the residents, its atmosphere will be decidedly religious.

Questions in regard to dancing, card playing and the entertainment of men visitors have not yet been settled. They will be taken up as soon as some philanthropic person or persons donate the furniture.

MUSIC FROM MAN-HOLES IS DUE TO LEAK IN WIRES

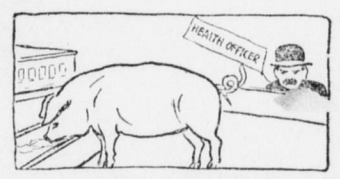
MUSICAL manholes on Broadway, from which issued sweet strains of well-known selections, proved quite a sensation the other day. New York streets never have been noted for their cleanliness, but as purveyors of free music for the masses by the manhole route their success, judged from their first accomplishment, is undoubted.

The discovery of this subterranean melody was made by two negroes who, while strolling along Broadway, were surprised to hear music from a manhole near Twenty-sixth street. It was a ringing cornet solo rendered with great spirit. The two immediately fell into a violent discussion as to what the player was doing under the street and how he got there. Before they could decide to call the police a large audience had collected and when the solo gave place to the strains of a full brass band the applause was enthusiastic.

Further applause at the end of the selection failed to produce an encore, but when some one dropped a nickel down the manhole as a contribution to the band supposedly concealed beneath it, with others following suit, the music suddenly began again, continuing enthusiastically for many hours.

Eventually members of the traffic squad had to disperse the audience of music lovers, which was blocking the streets. Meanwhile, with occasional pauses, the music continued through the night to the delight of thousands, and not until the following day was the cause brought to light. Then it was discovered that there was a leak in the electric wires over which music is sent by a company which transmits it from a central producing station to hotels, halls and private residences. It was one of these wires which had short-circuited, thus giving Broadway a free concert, a mystery and a sensation all at once.

STOKES PREVENTS RAID ON SON'S ROOF BARNYARD



W. E. D. STOKES, owner of the Ansonia apartments, at Broadway and Seventy-third street, spent a busy hour the other day when he heard that complaint had been made against him to the board of health for harboring "pigs and geese" on the roof of the big building in violation of the sanitary code. Mr. Stokes did have a pig and four geese on the roof, but they were all in safety before the arrival of the man sent by Chief Sanitary Inspector Raynor to investigate the sky farm.

The pig is called Ninky Poo and is the adored pet of Mr. Stokes' son, William Earle Dodge Stokes, Jr. Ever since last summer the little ainmal has had an ideal home amid the chimney pots of the Ansonia. Four wild geese with clipped wings were recently added to the establishment to keep the pig company. For hours little Stokes would romp with his pets, and Ninky was especially dear to the boy, as he had raised him from the milk-bottle stage.

All was serene until a complaint was lodged with the board of health. But Mr. Stokes heard a half hour in advance that his farm was to be raided. He was in an office on the sixteenth floor of the apartment house, but when the safety of his son's pig was threatened business was dropped. He dashed up the narrow stairway in the twilight, followed by his son, and made a brief survey of the roof. Ninky Poo, unconscious of her peril, was noisily devouring pap. The four wild geese were dining sumptuously on cracked corn.

Mr. Stokes sent for John, a Swedish servant.

"The board of health is after the boy's pets," said Mr. Stokes. "We must get the geese and the pig out of the way before the inspector comes. Take them down to the basement in the freight elevator."

BARBER PALACE PLANNED IN BIG RAILWAY TERMINAL

NEW YORK is to rival the splendor of the ancient Rome baths of Caracalla, famed as the most sumptuous the world has ever known. Father Knickerbocker's effort in this line, however, is to be in the equipment of a barber shop de luxe, which really will deserve the much abused name of "tonsorial palace."

The new regal hair-cutting and shaving establishment is to be installed in one of the great railway terminals now being built. The whole construction is to be of marble and glass. Each chair will cost $150 and will be surrounded by a canopy and velvet hangings. There are to be ten shower baths, all finished in marble, and each manicurist will have a little glass compartment all her own. Marble benches like those in the Roman baths will line the walls, and each chair will be directly in front of its own marble washstand.

It will undoubtedly be the costliest and most splendid barber shop in the world, but it is not known whether the best suggestion of all, that only mutes be employed in it, will be adopted.

CHRISTMAS ON SHIP OF ICE.

Strange Story of Skipper Shipwrecked on the Pacific.

Captain S. A. Hoyt, secretary of the Masters and Pilots' association of Seattle, Wash., and possibly one of the most widely known seafaring men on the Pacific coast, has a fund of experiences to draw from when he wishes to while away an hour. Up in the big, pleasant rooms of the association the captain recently told the following tale:

"The approach of Christmas always reminds me of the December that I spent on an ice ship. Never heard of one? Well, they are unusual. I was master of the little brig Holly, and along about the 1st of November we were wrecked away down south of the Horn. The ship went on an ice floe and was battered all to pieces. We did manage to save some tools and food and part of the cargo.

"I put the crew to work to cut off a large pinnacle of the berg. Then I set them all to work with axes, and we shaped it into a graceful ship's hull. After that we hollowed it out inside, making cabins and everything like a regular ship, and with some of the timber saved from our vessel we rigged her as a bark, side lights and everything, even going so far as to paint her and name her the Holly. She was a fine craft and floated like a duck when finally launched. We spent Christmas on board of her and had a great time. I loaded part of the wrecked Holly's cargo in her, and we then started for Callao, which was our destination.

"The ice ship sailed fine and was as good a sea boat as any in which I sailed. This was only, however, when we were down south in cold water. The nearer we got to the equator the lighter became our vessel, and I finally discovered that our ship was melting beneath us. Another two days and we would have been in the water when a steamer picked us up and also saved the cargo. This paid for the loss of the vessel, which was also insured, so the owners came out ahead in the end."

OUTDID UNCLE SAM.

How an Old Lady Found a Person the National Postoffice Couldn't.

"The fates call and mortals obey." The speaker was a small, precise and elegant old lady whose diminutive stature was quite forgotten by her hearers in the realization of her force and dignity. She had gone to the dead letter sale under protest and was narrating an experience which grew out of the purchase she had made. "I went to that sale not because I wanted to or was interested or expected to buy anything, but because I've an impertinent grandniece who hinted I was too old to be in such a crowd.

"After awhile the auctioneer offered a package as big as a sack of flour, and I bought it for 85 cents. Then when I brought it home I found it contained nothing but a lot of worn, threadbare clothing mended almost to death. I was just about to force it on that grandniece of mine and make her distribute it to some poor families when I found a letter in the pocket of the coat. I've kept that letter. The writer was a young girl from down east in Massachusetts. She was sending that clothing as the only Christmas gift she could make for her brother Ben, who lived in a city in Wisconsin.

"Well, when I read that letter I just sat down and cried to think that poor girl's sewing had all gone astray. I made up my mind that if the postal authorities could not find that girl's brother I could. So I did up the bundle again, put a letter outside asking the postman to return the package to me if he couldn't deliver it and then addressed the whole thing to 'Mary Burgess' Brother Ben, ——, Wis.' Would you believe that that postman in that Wisconsin town really found that poor boy and gave him the bundle? And now I've a letter from the girl in which she tells me both she and her brother are in much improved circumstances, that Ben has a fine position in a furniture factory and that they are soon to be together for good." —Washington Star.

THE ACTOR'S CHRISTMAS.

Life on the Boards Is Not All a Happy Holiday.

"I like Christmas," said an actor. "No two are ever alike in my business. Last year, for instance, the company I was with was four weeks behind in salaries, and we were simply hanging on with the hope of the big houses Christmas day pulling us out a little. We were playing one night stands and left some little town in New York state for Wheeling, W. Va., right after the performance. It was a trip that called for three changes of cars, and there were no sleepers in any of them.

"Every car on every train was loaded with holiday excursionists, and every male excursionist was loaded with rye and brimstone. There were fights fresh every half hour, and constables met us with open arms and clubs at every station. No eating stations were honored by us, and we arrived at Wheeling too late to give a matinee performance, our manager had two black eyes and a broken wrist, and our star had lost a new set of teeth, without which he refused to play at night.

"The report had it that we were all in jail, and there would have been no house anyway. We had to get up three benefit performances before we could get money enough to buy tickets to New York, but we got there. However, as I said before, Christmas days are not all alike."—Buffalo News.

How It Affected Him.

Mrs. Myles—When are you coming to call on us?

Mrs. Styles—Oh, I really don't know! "But you said you'd come soon and bring your husband?"

"I know I did, and I asked him last night to come over, and he said he'd like to dream over it, and, do you know, dear, he had an awful nightmare last night!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Something Lacking.

"These big hotels are not so complete."

"What's lacking?"

"The express elevator gets you to the fifty-second floor all right, but there a half mile corridor confronts you and no cabs."—Montreal Star.

Had Heard It Before.

"She looks very young to have a grown daughter."

"Yes; she was just telling me"—

"I know. That she was married when she was just barely fifteen years old."—Pittsburg Post.

Didn't Affect Him.

Stella—Mrs. Jones wants a new coat because Mrs. Smith looks so well in one. Jack—Yes, but Jones won't sign a check merely because Smith looks so pretty when he is writing one.—Harper's Bazar.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY R. R.

Taking effect Oct. 6, 1907.

EASTWARD

STATIONS.	12&6	8	2	10	4
	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Port Allegany, .. Lv.	5 15	9 30	11 37	2 45	7 12
Chemical Works....	○○	*9 34	○○	○○	○○
Burtville, ...	5 25	9 40	11 47	2 55	7 22
Roulette, ...	5 33	9 48	11 55	3 03	7 30
Knowlton's, ...	*5 37	*9 52	○○	*3 07	○○
Mina, ...	*5 43	9 58	12 05	3 13	7 40
Olmsted, ...	*5 47	*1002	12 09	*3 17	*7 44
Coudersport. {Ar.	5 55	10 10	12 17	3 25	○○
{Lv.	A. M.	.....			7 52
	6 00	.....	12 25		
North Coudersport,	○○	.....	*12 28	.....	.....
Frink's, ...	*6 10	.....	*12 35	.....	.....
Colesburg, ...	6 17	.....	12 42	.....	.....
Seven Bridges, ...	*6 22	.....	*12 47	.....	.....
Raymonds, ...	6 32	.....	12 57	.....	.....
Gold, ...	6 37	.....	1 02	.....	.....
Newfield, ...	○○	.....	1 06	.....	.....
Newfield Junction, ..	6 47	.....	1 15	.....	.....
Perkins, ...	*6 50	.....	*1 18	.....	.....
Carpenter's, ...	○○	.....	*1 22	.....	.....
Crowell's, ...	*6 56	.....	*1 25	.....	.....
Ulysses, ...	7 05	.....	1 35	.....	.....
		A. M.	P. M.	.....	.....

WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	7	1	3	9	5
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.		P. M.
PortAllegany, ...	6 45	9 10	2 30	5 00	6 50
Chemical works	○○	○○	*2 24	○○	
Burtville, ...	*6 32	8 57	2 17	4 47	6 37
Roulette, ...	6 25	8 50	2 10	4 40	6 30
Knowlton's, ...	6 20	○○	*2 05	*4 35	○○
Mina, ...	6 15	8 40	2 00	4 30	6 20
Olmsted, ...	*6 10	*8 35	*1 55	*4 25	*6 15
Coudersport, .. {Ar	6 05	8 30	1 50	4 20	6 10
{Lv.	P. M.		P. M.	P. M.	
	.....	8 25	.....	.....	4 18
	.....		.....	.....	
North Coudersport,	.....	○○	.....	.....	4 14
Frink's, ...	.....	*8 13	.....	.....	*4 07
Colesburg, ...	.....	*8 06	.....	.....	*4 00
Seven Bridges, ...	.....	*8 02	.....	.....	3 56
Raymond's	.....	*7 52	.....	.....	*3 46
Gold, ...	.....	7 48	.....	.....	3 42
Newfield	.....	*7 44	.....	.....	3 38
Newfield Junction, ..	....	7 40	.....	.....	*3 34
Perkins, ...	.....	*7 33	.....	.....	3 19
Carpenter's, ...	.....	*7 30	.....	.....	*3 15
Crowell's, ...	.....	*7 27	.....	.....	*3 12
Ulysses, ... Lv.	.....	7 20	.....	.....	*3 05

Train 15 arrives at Port Allegany at 8:15 on Sunday.

Train 14 leaves Port Allegany on Sunday at 8:10 p. m.

* Flag stations. (○○) Trains do not stop
† Telegraph offices.
Trains run week days only.
Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.

Connections—At Ulysses with Fall Brook R'y for points north and south, At B. & S. Junction with Buffalo & SusquehannaR. R. north for Wellsville, south for Galeton and Addison. At Port Allegany with Pennsylvania R. R., north for Buffalo, Olean, Bradford and Smethport; south for Keating Summit, Austin, Emporium and Penn'a R. R., points.

B. A. McCLURE, Gen'l Supt.
Coudersport, Pa.

Plenty of light and no eye strain.
Steadier than gas or incandescent. Not so sharp as the arc light.
Just a big, round, smooth, bright flame.

Family Favorite Oil The Best for Illuminating.

Gives the cheapest and best-for-the-eyes light known.
Removes all lamp troubles—no smoke, no soot, no dirt, no charred wicks.
Burns up full and bright to the last drop.
Your dealer will supply you right from the original barrel—direct from our refineries.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS

Oils for All Purposes — Independent Refiners PITTSBURG, PA. — Booklet sent Free

Christmas Topics at E. S. Coppersmith's

Dry Goods, Millinery and Variety Bazaar. SPECIAL REDUCTIONS IN COATS AND MILLINERY

The Toy Store is a veritable Holiday Bazaar of itself, with its great assemblage of Dolls, all sorts and sizes, Doll Clothes, Doll houses and Doll Furniture.

Dolls all prices from 1c to $15.00.

Teddy Bears of twenty-five different kinds, $1.00 to $5.00

Everything for Teddy Bears to wear—Sweaters, Overalls, Rough Rider Suits, Goggles, Coats, Boots, etc.

Silverware and Jewelry Novelties in the greatest profusion ever known in this store.

Rings, Necklaces, Brooches, Hair Ornaments, Opera Glasses, Beads, Pendants, Belt Pins, Belts, Hand Bags, Purses, Hat Pins and many other pretty things for women.

Toilet Waters, Perfumes, Manicure Sets.

Cut Glass, China and Fancy Baskets.

Holiday Gift Books in profusion.

Books of Foreign Travel, Books for Boys or Girls, also all late works of fiction.

Writing Paper in fancy Christmas Boxes.

Calendars, Christmas Cards and a host of Fancy Metal Novelties for Christmas.

Greatest showing of Pictures this store ever exhibited for Christmas.

Art Needle Work, sections full of interesting things.

Fancy appliqued and spangled Chifton Evening Scarfs—beautiful things imported from France —$6.50.

Spangled Net Robes, Waist Patterns, Silk or Cloth, Dress or Waist Patters in neat Christmas boxes.

Dainty Laces and Trimmings for Gowns—large selection beautiful imported Trimmings and Real Lace, besides exceedingly pretty machine made.

Lace and Embroidered Collar and Cuff Sets—fancy embroidered Velvet Collars—Persian embroidered Silk Scarfs—dainty Crepe de Chene for making scarfs, and many other beautiful stylish things for the neck.

Crepe de Chene in two yard Scarf Patterns, $2.00.

Ostrich Plumes—something every girl and women appreciates —beauties, $2.50 to $15.00.

Fancy Aigettes for the hat, $1.50 to $10.00.

Sets of Furs or Fur Coat—Sable, Chinchilla, Ermine, Mink, Marten, Squirrel, Persian Lamb, Broadtail, Russian Pony and other Furs in plenteous assortment. Furs, $5.00 to $50.00.

Kid Gloves—Evening or Street Gloves—$1.00 to $4.00.

Men's Gloves, $1.00 to $2.00.

Fur or Fur lined Gloves, Children's Gloves, Fabric Gloves —Gloves for everybody and every purpose.

Silk Petticoats—Black and shades to match gowns—$3.50 to $10.00.

Net and Lace Waists—Silk Waists—Lingerie Waists—Linen Waists—thousands of new beautiful Waists, $1.00 to $12.00.

Lace or Silk Waists extraordinary, $5.50.

Hosiery for Men, Women or Children—Silk, Cotton, Wool—practical or dress kinds.

Little Children's Bonnets, Toques or Caps.

Handkerchiefs—always appropriate and acceptable.

Men's Blanket Bath Robes—$3.00 to $5.00.

Table Linens, Lunch Cloths, Fancy Linens, Bedding Linens, Towels, Blankets.

Lunch Cloth and Doylies would be especially appreciated.

Curtains, Draperies, Pictures and things of utility and beauty for the home.

TO CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS—Buy your presents early. That will be the biggest gift of the holidays—to the workers behind the counters.

E. S. COPPERSMITH.

THE POPULAR

WestEndFamilyStore

THOS. W. WELSH, Prop'r

Come and get my prices before buying

Xmas Presents

Our large new stock is now open for inspection and we feel positive we have just what you desire. See a few Specials for Christmas.

Royal Flannel for bath robes, in black, white, brown, and blue. Just the thing for a robe for the little ones to slip on at night or morning.

Cathedral Damask for draperies for the den.

Silk Shirt Waists. Dress Skirts going at cost.

Linen Towels from 25c to 40c each.

Dress Goods all marked down. Our lady patrons should see our Shawls, Fascinators,handkerchiefs,Slippers, Blankets, Dolls, Toys and Xmas Decorations.

For the men we have Umbrellas, Slippers and many useful presents.

Our Grocery Department

Special Bargains for the Month.

25 lbs Granulated Sugar $1.40.
Cranberries 12c per qt.
6lbs Coffee for $1.00
2 pkgs Shredded Wheat 25c.
2 cans pink Salmon 26c.
Cream Corn Starch 9c per pkge.
Klinck's Hams 15c per lb.
White Soup Beans 5c per lb.
Canned Spinach, (3 lb cans) 18c.

Fruits and Confectionery

Very choice line of Malaga Grapes and Tropical Fruits, Nuts and Confectionery, in boxes and bulk. Fine quality and prices are right.

Choice Winter Apples, popular varieties--Northern Spy, Baldwin, Greenings, etc.

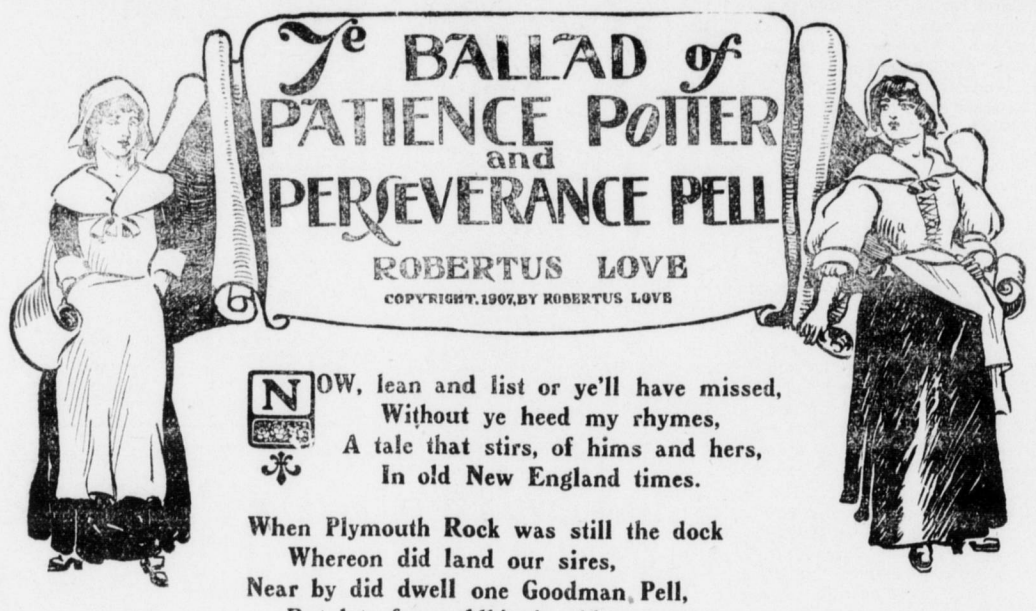
For a First Class Dinner

We are prepared, better than ever, with a choice line of Groceries and Meats, Vegetables of all kinds, to supply the most fastidious. We pride ourselves on quality.

Leave your orders early for Poultry.

Yours to please,

THOS. W. WELSH.



Ye BALLAD of PATIENCE POTTER and PERSEVERANCE PELL

ROBERTUS LOVE

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY ROBERTUS LOVE

NOW, lean and list or ye'll have missed,
Without ye heed my rhymes,
A tale that stirs, of hims and hers,
In old New England times.

When Plymouth Rock was still the dock
Whereon did land our sires,
Near by did dwell one Goodman Pell,
But late from Albion's shires.

An eke anear, for neighbor's cheer,
Did Goodman Potter bide,
Whose pilgrim soul was sound and whole—
Forsooth, it had been tried.

A maid as sweet as man may meet
Was Perseverance Pell,
And there were swains of mickle brains
Loved Patience Potter well.

But these two fairs with proudsome ain
Ye common flock disdain
And set them both to plight their troth
To but a single swain.

This favored wight is Ezra White.
A fairsome youth is he.
But 'twixt ye twain this fuddled swain
Cannot himself agree.

EZRA WHITE.

Ye maid of Pell he loves full well,
Ye Potter lass ye same,
But for his life which one to wife
Poor Ezra cannot name.

"My only loves," quoth
Ezra, "doves
Fit each to share my
cote,
Upon my mettle ye'll
have to settle
This matter by a
vote."

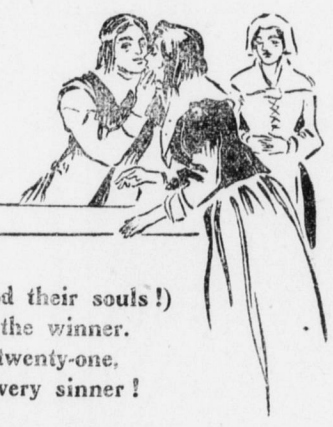
So on ye street, with
gong to beat,
Ye Crier of ye town
To warn and call ye
good men all
Went loudly up and
down.

"Come one, come all, to
Publick Hall!"
Ye lusty Crier cried.
"That maid ye name is
fairest, same
Is Ezra White his
bride."

So gathered they to have his say,
Each man, and claim a kiss
From her who might be Mistress White—
Elected to the bliss.

Sweet Patience there upon her chair
In wistful patience sate,
While Perseverance by prompt appearanc
Was ready for her fate.

Ye votes are cast; all in at last,
Ye tellers make ye score.
For Patience ten are told—but, then,
For Perseverance more.



Eleven polls (bless God their souls!)
Made Maiden Pell the winner.
So they begun, those twenty-one,
And kissed her—every sinner!

While Patience sate, demure, sedate,
And Ezra, much amazed,
Upon that kissing himself was missing,
Quite starkly, darkly gazed.

Then up rushed Ez. "See here!" he says,
"My choice in truth ye make.
One kissed by twenty is kissed a-plenty,
And her I will not take!

"Fresh lips for me, say I!" says he.
So Ezra White did grab
Sweet Patience Potter ('twas thus he got her
And kissed her right smack-dab!

So they were wed and lived, 'tis said,
In lifelong wedlock well,
While lived and died as no man's bride
Poor Perseverance Pell.

1907

Safe Sound

OUR 4 CARDINAL PRINCIPLES

Prompt Prosperous

MERRY CHRISTMAS

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Get Acquainted

ON this basis, we will be glad to make your business acquaintance.

The Great Success of This Bank

Is due to its careful business methods.

Prompt service in small accounts, as well as large ones.

There is only one sure way to have money—SAVE IT.

Only one sure way to save it—Deposit it in a Good Bank.

You can start an account in this Bank with one dollar.

INTEREST PAID ON TIME CERTIFICATE DEPOSITS.

Capital
$100,000.00
23 Years
Experience

Surplus
$90,566.70
23 Years
Conservatism

Foundation Stones,

First National Bank

EMPORIUM, PA.

1908

LOVE PROVES SUPERIOR TO LAW'S DECREES

"This One Shall Have the Child," Savs the Court, and the Other One Proceeds to Capture the Offspring of the Broken Partnership and Run Away With It.

"Let Us Take a Sleigh Ride," He Suggested to the Boys.

Tore the Child from the Arms of the Astonished Woman.

Mrs. Cadiex Seized the Boy and Made Her Escape in an Auto.

New York.—Are the courts of the country turning into schools for kipnapers?

There is this newest case, for example, of Mrs. Maude C. Clare, of No. 20 West Eighty-fourth street. Mother hunger proved too much for her—she kidnaped her little boy, though he was in the custody of another, by order of the court.

When the learned judge hands down his decision in the case of Smith vs Smith, does it mean that at once the divorced father or the divorced mother of the little children must turn kidnaper? Nobody consults the children, of course.

The wise verdict has been rendered. Mrs. Smith is free to resume her maiden name of Miss Jones and gets the custody of the two little Smiths, boy and girl. There is alimony, a decree permitting Miss Jones to marry again, and formal permission for the father to see his children once in so often. And the very first time he does see them he steals them away—he is a kidnaper in the eye of the law.

Or it may be the other way. The decree is Mr. Smith's. The court says some unkind things about Mrs. Smith, and the children go to the father for education and support.

Mother-Love Triumphant.

But mere legal verbiage can't destroy or root out mother-love. Despite her failings, Mrs. Smith loves the little ones she brought into the world. She is hungry for them; she wants to take them to her heart again and hear them whisper "Mother."

But the court has made its decree. She must not see them. Under the law she is not regarded as a fit person to bring them up. But she finds them somehow, and off she runs with them—she has learned from the court to be a kidnaper.

She knows her lesson well.

Judges may sit and sit, and expound the law to its last letter, but fathers and mothers have a different code. They are learning to kidnap now. Railway train, automobile, horses, yachts—all have been used to kidnap children. It is anything to get the little ones out of the state where the divorce is granted, for then it means delay—more law and more court decisions. Meanwhile the kidnaper has the children.

And there has never been a conviction for this kind of kidnaping. Wrong as they be, no father or mother who has stolen back a child—and hundreds have done so—has ever gone to prison.

More children are kidnaped in the United States every year by father or mother than by all those criminals who steal children for ransoms or revenge. And the lesson is learned in the divorce court.

After a Runaway Marriage.

Mrs. Clarke is the divorced wife of Capt. Forrest C. Clarke, a civil engineer employed by the Metropolitan Steamship company. Capt. Clarke's father is a Boston millionaire, and his wife was Miss Maude Buchanan, of Dorchester, a suburb of Boston. They ran away and were married seven years ago.

A little boy, George, was born, and the mother's heart rejoiced. Then there came rumors of this thing and that, and it ended in a divorce. Capt. Clarke had known and liked Dr. Carleton C. Kremer while both were students at Harvard, and husband and wife would be just the people to take care of little George. So Dr. and Mrs. Kremer adopted little George, then a boy of four, and Surrogate Fitzgerald signed the formal order.

Dr. Kremer allowed the mother to see her little boy once a week, and for a time Mrs. Clarke obeyed strictly the orders of the court.

Meanwhile Dr. and Mrs. Kremer had become greatly attached to the boy. One day when Mrs. Clarke was with him they caught her stealing out of the house with the child.

"I can't live without him," she wept; "so please don't blame me."

Dr. Kremer explained as gently as he could that she must be more circumspect, even if she did love him, for the court had formally given the little fellow into his possession. In fact, he had been rechristened and was then—and is now—Carleton Clarke Kremer.

Regained Her Boy.

Mrs. Clarke went away, greatly agitated. The following Sunday she called again to see the boy and found that he was with the physician's sister at the home of Dr. Kremer's mother, No. 134 West One Hundred and Twelfth street. She went there in a carriage and waited outside. Then Dr. Kremer's sister came out with the boy and took a Lexington avenue car down to Sixty-fifth street, where Dr. Kremer lives. Mrs. Clarke had a carriage up the block.

As the boy got off the car with his adopted aunt Mrs. Clarke rushed forward and literally tore the child from the astonished woman. In a jiffy she had him in the carriage and away she whisked. There was a woman friend with her, who promptly seized Miss Kremer and gave Mrs. Clarke plenty of time to escape with her boy.

A few hours later and Mrs. Clarke was safe on her way to Boston aboard the steamer Harvard. oddly enough a vessel belonging to the company in which her divorced husband is employed.

Mother-love had won the victory—Mrs. Clarke had her boy despite all the forms of law. Mrs. Clarke had learned her kidnaping lesson from the divorce court.

Mrs. Hanna's Victory.

Then there was the famous case of the Hannas. Mrs. Dan R. Hanna, wife of the son of the late Senator Mark Hanna, was forbidden by the courts of Ohio to take the children out of their jurisdiction. For an answer she promptly took the three boys straight to New York, hid herself in the Holland house, escaped from a little host of deputy sheriffs and process servers, and calmly sailed for Europe, despite all the decrees of the court.

She had learned her lesson. Mother-love rose above the mandates of the law. And she has won, too. She has the three boys back in this country now and she can take them where she pleases, says a writer in the Sunday World. Mother-love proved too much for the courts and for Mr. Hanna, whom she had divorced and who has married twice since.

Both father-love and mother-love figured in the disappearance of little Freddie Krieger, of Chicago. He was kidnaped twice, once by his father and once by his mother, after two courts had made formal orders in the case.

The boy was the son of Flora and Bert Krieger. His father got the first divorce, and though his mother was supposed to see her son at stated intervals the father took him away to Germany, where he placed the lad, who was then 12, with friends in Hamburg to be educated.

Mrs. Krieger married again and became Mrs. McDonald. Then, with plenty of money at her command, she resolved to hunt for the boy to the end of the earth, despite all the orders of the American courts giving him into her former husband's custody. The trail led to Hanover, and there detectives in her employ kidnaped the boy for a second time.

Learned Lesson Well.

She hurried the lad to Hamburg, and there she disappeared—though she was divorced, she had obtained the custody of her son, no matter what the court ordered. She had learned her lesson in the divorce court, and she did business another way.

Theodore Wood, policeman, and his wife long ago agreed to disagree. They lived at No. 1717 Gates avenue, Brooklyn, and their child, Florence, who was not consulted in the matter at all, stayed on there with her father.

One day when Policeman Wood was on post Mrs. Wood stole into the house and took little Florence away. Fearful of being followed, she hurried the girl to Middletown, N. Y. Wood heard where she had gone and had a warrant issued. A detective arrested Mrs. Wood there and brought her back to Brooklyn.

The case was taken to court. Mrs. Wood was weeping, after a sleepless night in her cell. She couldn't see why a mother should be locked up for taking her own child.

"She stole her!" declared the husband.

But, as always happens, Mrs. Wood went free. There isn't a law yet that will send a parent kidnaper to prison.

Madden Defied Court.

John E. Madden, the turfman, long separated from his wife, boldly kidnaped his two boys, ten and four years old, rather than let the mother take them to Europe. They were at school in Madison, N. J. Madden learned that the mother intended taking the boys to Europe, and he made up his mind that she shouldn't.

So he went out to Madison and visited the boys. It was a snowy day and the ground was white.

"Let us take a sleigh ride," he said to the boys.

They were only too glad. A sleigh was ordered, the boys climbed in and off they hurried into the snow. But Madden drove direct to the railway station, bought tickets for New York and took the boys with him. They left that night for Lexington, Ky., where Madden has a stock farm, and before Mrs. Madden knew the truth the children were out of the jurisdiction of the courts of New York. But nobody arrested the boys' father, even though he did defy the court.

Mrs. Katherine Cadiex used an automobile to kidnap her son. There had been the usual family jars and eventually the nine-year-old boy, son of George Cadiex, was committed to the German Odd Fellows' home in Unionport, the Bronx.

One fine afternoon an automobile stopped outside the grounds of the institution and from it stepped a tall, handsomely dressed woman of 40 with prematurely gray hair. It was Mrs. Cadiex, and she had learned in advance the routine of the home. She knew that the children would be playing outside at that hour.

Off in the Automobile.

At the ring of the bell the little fellows fell in line to march to the refectory for supper. When the moment came Mrs. Cadiex jumped from the car while the chauffeur kept his hand on the wheel. She seized the child and before his astonished playmates could raise an alarm she had him in her auto and was off in a cloud of dust.

She was followed to New York and arrested at her home, No. 128 West Thirty-ninth street. But the boy was not to be found.

"I'm going to keep him," she declared, as she was taken to a cell, "no matter what you do with me. He's safe now—far away in the south. Nobody shall have him but me."

And Mrs. Cadiex went free and she kept her boy, too, thanks to the automobile.

The three Ward children have been kidnaped twice by their father and two of them rekidnaped by their mother—quite a family record!

John E. Ward and his wife have been separated for nine years. The three little girls, Marion, Vera and Cecilia, lived with their mother at No. 673 East One Hundred and Seventy-fourth street. One night Mr. Ward went there, demanded to see his children, and Mrs. Ward let him. There was a heated argument, and the upshot of it was that the father took the three little daughters away from their mother and placed them at once in the convent of the Holy Cross.

Stole Children from Convent.

After three days' search Mrs. Ward found the girls. Several times she tried to get at them but failed. For days she haunted the neighborhood of the convent until the long vigil made her desperate.

She saw two of her little ones, Vera and Cecilia, playing in the yard. In she ran and the next moment the two were in her arms. Marion wasn't there and the distracted mother was afraid to wait. So off she ran with the two, hatless and coatless.

At once the sisters notified Mr. Ward, but he couldn't find them—they were not at their mother's home. The husband got a warrant, but he couldn't find the children—and the mother has them still.

The records tell of countless other cases—of how Mrs. James Cook kidnaped her boy in a carriage from right in front of his father's hotel in Jamaica; how Anton Head Richards, grandson of Eugene L. Richards, professor of mathematics at Yale, was kidnaped in Chicago by three men whom Mrs. Richards declared were emissaries of his father; how Mrs. Montague Rolls, of Detroit, paid $10,000 to get her boy back after his father had kidnaped him—there are many more cases.

Love causes more kidnaping than money. And the lesson is learned in the divorce court first.

ONE OF THE VICTIMS.

Old Maid's Interest in the Tale Did Not Last Long.

By and by the train came along to where a cyclone had passed two days before, uprooting trees and leveling fences and sweeping houses off the face of the earth, and a young man who had passed through the tragedy got aboard. Of course, we were all anxious to hear all about it, but a woman 40 years old, who was evidently an old maid, was more anxious than any of the rest. She got the young man down beside her and began:

"Now, you must tell me just how it occurred, and what you thought and did. Where were you when the cyclone came?"

"In a farmhouse, ma'am."

"Asleep?"

"No, ma'am. I was sitting up, courting a girl."

"Hum! Sitting up at midnight, eh?"

"Yes'm. Sally was sitting on my lap, and I had my arm around her waist when we heard a great roaring and—"

"I don't care to hear any more, sir!" announced the old maid as she stiffly drew herself up and hitched along.

"Don't you want to hear how the house went?"

"No, sir!"

"And how Sally was blown right off my knees, leaving me there with nobody to hold?"

"No, sir!"

"There came an awful roaring and one of her shoes was found a mile away yesterday—how—how—"

And then we dragged him off to the smoking car to tell the rest, and the old maid looked out of the window and wouldn't speak to anyone in the car for an hour after.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Mrs. Cook Kidnaped Her Boy from in Front of His Father's Hotel in Jamaica.

River Life at Manila.

Manila's distinctive feature among the cities of the planet is the river life to be encountered on the Pasig, the sluggish stream which flows through the metropolis of the American "Indies." In this respect Manila is only eclipsed by Canton, China, where the Pearl river floats a city of unknown population running into the tens of thousands, says a writer in Leslie's Weekly. Over 15,000 Filipinos live on the Pasig, and very few of them ever come ashore—whole generations live and die on the sluggish waters of the river.

United Service Toast

Let us drink to the union of men and states,
To the flag of the red, white and blue,
To the khaki and gray and gold and black,
And the three strong "arms of the service," too:
Here's how!

Let us drink to our brothers that guard the seas,
The man on the bridge, the man at the guns,
And the gallant marines—to all of these,
Columbia's sailing and fighting sons,
Here's how!

Let us drink to the land that we love to serve,
With our best endeavor, our work, our lives;
And drink to the women we serve for love,
To our mothers, sisters, sweethearts and wives:
Here's how!

Let us drink to the honored and gallant dead,
And each foot on earth they have stamped "U. S."
Let us drain this glass in the soldier's toast
To every army and navy mess:
Here's how!

—New York Times.

For the Fairy's Sake

By F. H. Lancaster

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Clovis Calhoun was a big bony man who made his living by buying land at one price and selling it at a better one. He had a neat office at the top of a tall building; and kept at work there a neat office assistant who had been trained by long service to attend strictly and alertly to business.

So well had Miss Olive Merry been trained that it was no longer necessary for Calhoun to say "I wish to dictate." He would merely clear his throat and lean back in his office chair and Miss Merry would seize upon pencil and pad.

No wonder, then, that on that pleasant fall afternoon when he leaned back in his chair and began to speak, Miss Merry took him down in rapid dots and dashes before she realized that he had not cleared his throat. When she began to extend her notes, she realized it though, and by the time the notes were typewritten she was in a state of wonder. What she had taken down was:

"Cradled in blisses,
Yea, born of your kisses,
Oh, ye lovers that met by the moon.
She would not have cried
In the darkness and died
If ye had not forgotten so soon."

Well might Miss Merry stare in wide-open wonder at the lines! She was not familiar with Alfred Noyes—had never read his "The Flower of Old Japan;" knew nothing about the fairy's funeral. The lines seemed to her mysterious. But what was more mysterious to her than the lines themselves was that they should have come to her from the lips of Clovis Calhoun. That he ever should have read six lines of poetry seemed unbelievable. Miss Merry looked at him in covert perplexity.

Calhoun had sat forward again at his desk. There was the familiar notch over his nose where his brows nipped together in concentration; there was the stubborn set of the shaved chin; there was the steady drive of the pen. And there on her desk were the six lines of sentiment and perfect beauty—detached, mysterious. Who was it that had cried in the darkness and died?

Miss Merry could make nothing of it. Could only go on with the routine order of the day. But she could not get over it. Where had he read those lines and why had he remembered them?

"She would not have cried
In the darkness and died—"

He had seemed so unconscious that he was speaking aloud. Did he go around thinking that sort of stuff behind his dry speech and his land sales? Miss Merry could not believe it.

When, later in the day, Calhoun turned to give his assistant some instructions, she looked at his eyes—grave and gray they seemed to be forever considering assessed values; and at his hand—big, clean, bony. Imagine that hand caressing a woman's hair! And yet, there were the lines. And before another week had passed over Miss Merry's perplexed head, other lines were added unto them.

Calhoun come in from lunch, sat down at his desk, drew an abstract toward him and said:

"Cruel mortals they say,
Live forever and aye,
And they pray in the dark on their knees;
But the flowers that are fled
And the loves that are dead,
What heaven takes pity on these?"

Miss Merry's pencil slipped on the last words and went rattling to the floor. Calhoun turned in sharp arouse:

"I did not mean for you to take that down," he said. It was his usual tone, his usual manner. But the voice he had used unconsciously for the lines had vibrated to their pathos. Miss Merry stammered.

"They are very beautiful," she said.

Calhoun made no reply. His bony face bent over the abstract and his bony fingers steadily made notes in the large, accurate hand he always wrote. Miss Merry watching him, recalled what Victor Hugo had said—that devil fish fell in love. She could not recall that anybody had ever said that stone statues fell in love.

"And the loves that are dead—"

Conceive of any woman being able to call that big, cold fellow "Clovis."

This was a proposition for which Olive Merry's legal education had not prepared her. Let some other woman see to that! Her business was to draw his deeds and take down his dictation—and she was glad to be well out of it.

Calhoun reached from his desk and laid on her table the notes he had been writing:

Bear her along—singing your song—tender and sweet and low!
Fairies must die! Ask ye not why—ye that have hurt her so.
Passing away—
Flower from the spray!
Color and light from the leaf!
Soon, soon will the year
Shed its bloom on her bier
And the dust of its dreams on our grief."

Miss Merry read the thing in astonishment, perplexity and suddenly, with sympathy. Impervious as he seemed to everything but land deals, some woman had found a way to hurt him—"and it's a shame."

"Mr. Calhoun," she asked, "did you wish me to typewrite these lines?"

"No; I wished you to remember them—and to remember this:

"'But at each cruel word
Upon earth that is heard,
Each deed of unkindness or hate,
Some fairy must pass
From the games in the grass
And steal through the terrible Gate.'"

"I am going out on the three-forty train to look at that swamp land. I shall not be back before All-Hallow-Eve. When I do get in, I shall want to see you. What is your home address?"

Miss Merry remembered the lines; worried over them; took them to a book store. The dealer in books offered her for her further enlightenment "A Fairy Funeral Song." But when she had read the poem, pretty and pitiful as it was, she could not understand Clovis Calhoun.

"Unless there are two of him," she submitted. And baffled, she waited for All-Hallow-Eve.

Calhoun came with the hour and the evening, and his big, bony presence seemed to fill up her small parlor as he stood before the fire and asked her dry land questions with his dry land manner. And with the same tone and the same manner he continued his catechising with:

"You remembered the lines I left for you to remember?"

"Yes," Miss Merry told him with brevity.

"And you remember that this is All-Hallow-Eve; the night of all the year when fairies get in the most good work? You are, therefore, prepared to admit that it would be a cruel wrong to kill a fairy on this great night of her life?"

Miss Merry looked at him. He looked perfectly sane and perfectly sober. He spoke again, dryly, to her perplexity:

"You believe that when we are good and kind, we make the fairies happy; but that when we are cross and cruel, some little fairy has to die?"

And still Olive Merry could only stare at him.

"I want you to answer me," he told her.

"I could," she cried helplessly, "if you were only somebody else."

Calhoun flinched and straightened, and Miss Merry jumped up:

"Oh, I didn't mean that. I'm a business woman. I'm not such an idiot as to care for anybody—"

Calhoun put his bony hand on her shoulder:

"But I want you to be such an idiot as to care for me. We have worked together for a long time, and I love you better than I love land—be careful what you say, little girl, or you may kill a fairy!"

Olive looked into his eyes, caught her breath, and did the impossible thing:

"Clovis," she stammered.

The big fellow bent his head:

"'Ah, she was born blithe as the morn
Under an April sky—
Born of the greeting of two lovers meeting—'"

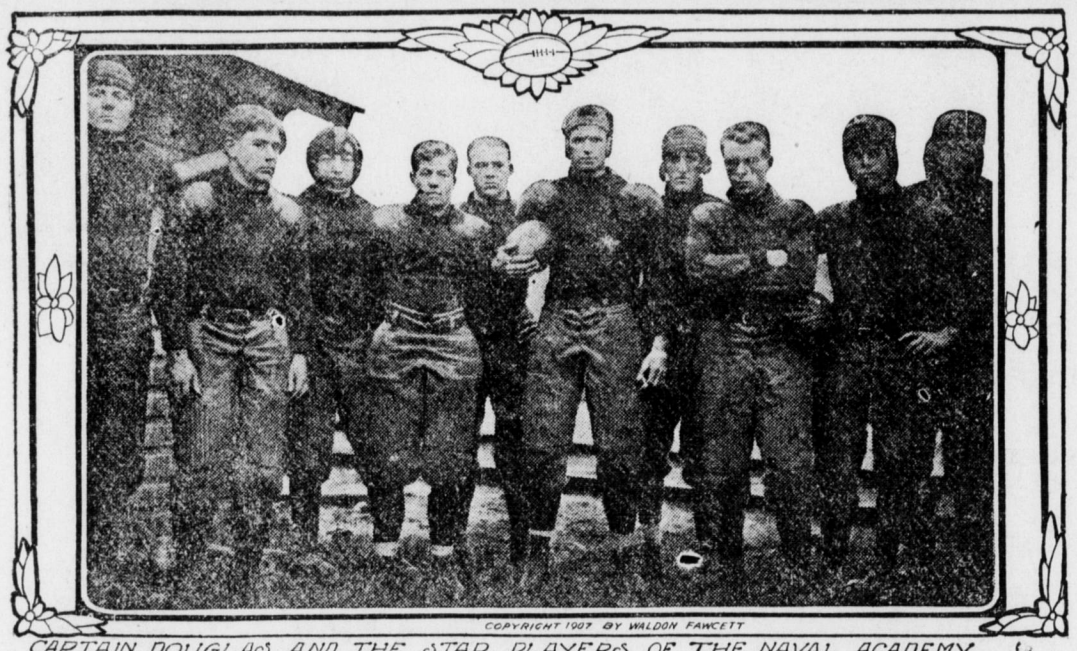
His voice died away. But the fairy, the fairy did not die.

For the Unmarried.

The recent annual marriage fair at Ecaussines, Belgium, resulted in 27 matrimonial engagements, and it is probable that about a dozen more bachelors will shortly make up their minds to enter the state of wedlock. Every year this fair is held, so that instead of emigrating the young men may settle down at home. Maidens and bachelors lunch together, and opportunities are thus afforded for forming acquaintances. The young women wear their best dresses, and the bachelors are encouraged by mottoes posted in the market place, such as "A bachelor is only half a man."

Chinese Mine Is Rich.

The Muho and Kuanying Shan gold mines in Heilungkiang, China, which have been restored to China by Russia on the repayment of the expenses incurred by the latter during the last several years, are said to be still very rich, and may be again made prosperous if sufficient funds are put into the working of them.



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CAPTAIN DOUGLAS AND THE STAR PLAYERS OF THE NAVAL ACADEMY FOOTBALL SQUAD

BILLIARDISTS PRACTICING FOR COMING TOURNAMENTS

Professionals Preparing for 14.1 Championship Contest to Be Held in New York.

The professional billiard season opened recently in Chicago, where George Sutton scored an easy victory over Jake Schaefer for the 18.2 balkline championship. The winner's delicate touch was displayed in a remarkable manner, and his run of 232 showed him to be in splendid form so early in the season. He averaged 33 1-5, running out his string in fifteen innings. Schaefer was sadly out of form and averaged exactly half of the points made by Sutton. The next big match will bring the same players together in a contest for the 18.1 title, now held by Schaefer. The game will also be played in Chicago soon.

While Schaefer and Sutton are preparing for their second match, plans are being perfected for a big tournament to be held in New York early in January. This will be at 14.1, a new

GEORGE SUTTON.

style of game, and will be essentially national, as foreign players will be barred. The 14.1 championship tournament will strike a medium between 18.1 and 18.2. The former is thought to be too tedious and long drawn out, while the latter is too speedy. Since the defeat of Vignaux and Cure there are no foreign players of note that would be of sufficient attraction to prove drawing cards, and for this reason it is proposed to confine the entries to Americans. George Slosson, Maurice Daly, Ora Morningstar and A. C. Cutler have entered the tournament, and George Sutton, Jake Schaefer and Willie Hoppe are expected to send their entries as soon as the plans are properly matured.

It was intended to hold the tournament early in December, but this plan was abandoned on account of the Sutton-Schaefer match at this time, and it is the intention of the promoters of the tournament to include every player of note, so as to make it thoroughly representative. This will be the only professional tournament of note to be played in New York, but it promises to be the most important of the year. According to the plans, matches will be arranged so that each man will play one match with every other entrant. The games are to be played at Madison Square Garden concert hall, and to be 500 points. A trophy emblematic of the championship will go to the winner, and each contestant will be required to put up an entrance fee of not less than $100, which will be added to the receipts and be divided between the four men ranking highest at the end of the tournament.

Urges New Football Reform.

Dr. James T. Lees, president of the athletic board at Nebraska university and member from the Missouri valley section of the national rules committee, is agitating another football reform. Dr. Lees is radically opposed to allowing four points on a field goal and favors reducing its value to three or two points, preferably the latter. It is his purpose to present an amendment to the playing rules at the annual meeting of the national committee in December.

COACHES NOW PROTECT PLAYERS IN PRACTICE

Work Indoors on Rainy Days Which Is Something Out of the Ordinary.

Whether this has been a wetter fall than usual is a matter on which the weather bureau is best informed, but the wetness was more prominent in football plans than ever before. Usually snow and rain are merely incidental to football campaigns, something the hardy gridiron scrapper takes as part of the day's work. No man who does more than limit his football to the clearest of skies and the most velvet turf can be looked on as a mollycoddle, but the fact that several teams were driven to cover by the rain for their practice indicates either that the players are getting tender or that the managers are getting more sensible.

Discretion is the better part of valor, and there are times when needless valor becomes foolhardiness, but it was not supposed that anything short of a cyclone, cloudburst or similar upheaval of nature would postpone a football game.

It would take an earthquake, a blizzard, a landslide or something equally violent to prevent the playing of a Yale-Princeton, Harvard-Yale, Pennsylvania - Cornell, Army - Navy game or one of that class. Several years ago one of the most active snowstorms that ever struck that neck of the woods raged while Pennsylvania and Cornell were fighting it out on Franklin field. The Quakers slipped into dry clothing between halves, but the poor Ithacans, having brought only one suit apiece, had to go on as they were. In 1898 Harvard and Yale played in a drenching rain, but even then had it on the spectators in that they were able to get into a dry place between halves. The hold football has on the public is shown by the way spectators brave rheumatism, pneumonia and kindred dangers when the weather is bad.

Columbia and Williams played a game at the polo grounds a few seasons back in which a third of the gridiron was under water. When the players were not running they were swimming. Goal kicking had to be abandoned, because there was nobody amphibious enough to kick a goal from out of the water, but though many a player was soaked to the skin, the game went on with unabated ardor. Practice under cover has its good and weak points. It keeps the men from taking unnecessary risks, but it also deprives them of just so much practice under conditions that may prevail during the big games.

COBB LEADS AMERICAN LEAGUE

Detroit Outfielder Batted at .352 Clip During Season.

"Ty" Cobb proved to be the best slugger in the American league last season, as he leads with a fine average of .352 in the batch of official batting averages just given out. Detroit's fast outfielder was at bat 605 times, and out of those chances he smashed out 212 bingles. While Kay of Washington and Orth of the New York Highlanders came next. Sam Crawford of the American league pennant winners was really the second best hitter. He managed to finish the season with a mark of .323. He took part in 144 contests, while the two men that topped him tried their hands but 25 and 43 games respectively.

Three-sackers were the leading swatters stronghold, as they have 15 and 17 to their credit. Stone of the St. Louis bunch, after making a poor start, got his stride toward the last of the season and finished fifth. Last year he led the organization, but he did exceptionally good to land as high as he did this year, for earlier in the season he was hovering around the .150 mark.

Lajoie, said to be one of the hardest men to fool in the business, missed the charmed circle of .300 hitters by the smallest margin possible—one point. Other well-known topnotchers had a hard row to hoe and failed to make good.

Detroit nosed the Athletics out of team honors in about the same style as they did the pennant. The Tigers as a whole biffed the ball at a .266 clip, while the Philadelphia lads fell short but ten points. Boston brought up the tail end, with .235.

OFFICIALS CHANGE RULES ON COLLEGE ATHLETES

A. A. U. in New York Meeting Decides They May Compete for School and Home Teams.

After a long discussion at its annual meeting in New York city the Amateur Athletic union finally decided on the status that college athletes are to hold in amateur athletics in the future.

By the resolution which was finally passed it is decreed that college athletes may only register with the union from two places, their colleges and the homes of their parents or guardians. An attempt was made to confine college athletes to their colleges, but, the delegates believing that this change was altogether too drastic, the resolution was amended to include their homes.

James E. Sullivan was unanimously re-elected president of the union and Maj. John J. Dixon was continued in the position of secretary and treasurer. John J. O'Connor, H. G. Penniman, Dr. George Orton, and Everett C. Brown were elected vice-presidents.

The annual report of the record committee, authorizing the records of the past year as follows, was approved:

Nine Hundred Yard Run—M. W. Sheppard. Time—2:01 4-5.

Four Mile Run—George V. Bonhag, Irish-American A. C. Time—20::11 1-5.

One Hundred Yard Hurdle (eight flights, first hurdle 20 yards from start)—J. S. Hill. Time—0:12 1-5.

One Hundred Yard Hurdle (eight flights, first hurdle 20 yards from start)—J. S. Hill. Time—0:12 1-5.

One Hundred Yard Hurdle (ten flights)—S. C. Northridge, I. A. A. C. Time—0:12 1-5.

Sixty Yard Hurdle (five flights, three feet six inches)—S. C. Northridge. Time—0:08 1-15.

Pole Vault for Height—W. R. Dray, Yale, 12 feet 5½ inches.

Pole Vault for Distance—M. J. Sheridan, N. Y. A. C., 28 feet.

Throwing Sixteen Pound Hammer—M. J. McGrath, N. Y. A. C., 173 feet 7 inches.

Throwing Twelve Pound Hammer—I. F. Talbott, 190 feet, 9 inches.

Throwing Fifty-Six Pound Weight—J. J. Flanagan, I. A. A. C., 38 feet 8 inches.

Shot Putting—By Ralph Rose, California: 8 pound, 67 feet 7 inches; 12 pound, 55 feet 11¾ inches; 14 pound, 51 feet, 6⅝ inches; 18 pound, 43 feet 9½ inches; 21 pounds, 40 feet 3⅝ inches; 28 pound, 34 feet 5¾ inches; 16 pound, 49 feet 7¼ inches.

C. M. Daniels, N. Y. A. C., was awarded swimming records from 25 yards to one mile, including 31 intermediate distances, his one mile record being 23:40 3-5, with 87 turns.

ALL-AMERICAN END

Wister of Princeton, last year the popular choice for All-Star end and promising candidate this season.

Favor Abolition of Football.

Dean George L. Collie of Beloit college announced the other day that at a meeting of Wisconsin college presidents football had been discussed, and it was the sense of the assembly that intercollegiate games should be abolished. He announced that he would bring the matter up for a vote at a faculty meeting of the college, and asked the professors to get the vote of the students on the point.

ALL STAR ELEVEN PICKED BY CRITIC

BRIGHT LIGHTS THAT HAVE SHOWN OUT ON WESTERN GRIDIRON DURING SEASON.

STEFFEN AND CAPRON BEST

Great Dodging of Maroon and Remarkable Drop Kicking Ability of Gopher Give Them Preference — Three Michigan, Minnesota and Chicago Men on the Team.

Now that the football season of 1907 is over, the picking of an all-star eleven to represent the west is in order. The following team, according to a Chicago sporting writer, is regarded as the best. In picking the representative band of gridiron heroes all the colleges in the middle west are included. Although Michigan met none of the conference teams there are several good men who are entitled to places on an all-star eleven.

While last year Walter Eckersall of the Maroons stood far above all other players in the west, this season the premier honors must be divideed between Walter Steffen of Chicago and George Capron of Minnesota. The Maroon quarter back is by far the more valuable man, but the sensational drop kicking of the Gopher, which practically won two games and contributed all the scoring in the third, gives him a niche in the hall of fame. He is not an all around player, but is a fair ground gainer. On the defense his game is poor, and he does not get away well in running back punts. While he did not play full back, it is the only place on the team he will fit without displacing a good man. There were no really great full backs in the west this year, and, as it is the most natural position for a star kicker, Capron is given the place.

Steffen was not such a sensation as Capron, because he was with a better team and received superior backing in all his stunts. Steff is the best man in the west—and probably in the country—in carrying the ball through a broken field.

Eckersall was thought a wonder in that line of work, but Steffen has even surpassed the brilliant work of the greatest "little man" football has ever seen. Besides, Steffen is a field general who understands every angle of the new game and a good kicker. Leaving Capron's kicking out of consideration, there is no comparison between the two men.

Good ends were scarce in the west and there is little trouble in choosing Hammond of Michigan and Page of Chicago for the first team. This was the little Maroon's first year of intercollegiate football and he made a remarkable record. His strong forte lay in handling forward passes. Hammond is a more experienced man than Page, but he can learn a lot from the little Maroon. As a tackler and breaker of plays Hammond has no superior in this section of the country. He is fairly heavy for an end, but has a world of speed—a bad combination for any prospective gainer to bump.

Two tackles, Messmer of Wisconsin and Case of Minnesota, stand out by themselves. Both were developed under the old gridiron regime and are among the few veterans left in the game since the adoption of the three-year eligibility rule and other legislation. They play the same sort of game. Both men are like rocks on defense and lightning fast in tearing holes in their enemy's line and getting the man with the ball. They can be taught nothing in the blocking or interfering line, and both are fair ground gainers.

At the guard positions Graham of Michigan and Van Hook of the Illini are young mountains. Both weigh about 230 pounds and know how to get the best results from every ounce of that tremendous bulk. Van Hook's playing was sensational against the Maroons, and many Orange and Blue rooters attribute the defeat by Iowa to the indisposition of Van Hook. Graham has developed into a fair kicker and won the Vanderbilt game with two boots from the field. Bandelin of Minnesota and Harris of Chicago showed well throughout the season.

Schultz of Michigan is a wonderful center and is seriously considered as a candidate for the position of All-American center on account of his wonderful work in the Pennsylvania game. There is no angle in the playing of the pivotal position the big German does not understand.

Capt. De Tray of Chicago is the best half back in the west, and combines great-line plunging ability with all the requisites which go to make a half back under the new rules. His absence from the game last season made him a greater player than ever this year, and he captained the fast Chicago eleven to the western championship in grand style.

Schucknecht of Minnesota is placed on the other side of full back, although he did not play up to his 1906 standard in this season's games. He is a great defensive player and end runner, which, coupled with his intimate knowledge of all branches of the game, makes him a most valuable player.

From the above it will be seen the personnel of the first team contains three representatives each from Michigan, Minnesota, and Chicago, and one each from Illinois and Wisconsin.

Clever Indian Sub.

Island, the substitute quarter at Carlisle, is said to be as fast and clever as Mt. Pleasant, the regular.

A MUSICAL COMEDY FAVORITE

DANIELS AS AN ADMIRAL.

He Was Hard on the "Crew" Who Is Now Waiting for Revenge.

Frank Daniels is as fond of fun in private life as on the stage. Anent the sea, Daniels has a houseboat called the Hardly Ever, for the reason that it hardly ever leaves its moorings in its home at Rye, N. Y., and when it does it hardly ever escapes going arock or aground. There are two small boats, which serve as tenders, named the Why and the But, and it is in them that practically all locomotion is accomplished. Incidentally there are two giant anchors said to have been intended for the Lusitania. In order that the whole affair might have a truly saline flavor, one day near the close of the season, when the guests, save one who shall be named Peters, had departed, it was decided to have an admiral and a crew. By some arrangement, arrived at after long and libationary discussion, Mr. Daniels was to be admiral one day and Peters the crew, the positions being reversed on the following day, the honors thus alternating. The first day this unique scheme was tried Mr. Daniels won the position of admiral. He arrayed himself in full uniform and proceeded to order the unfortunate Peters about with the severity of a martinet. Daniels went ashore an unnecessarily large number of times, always being rowed by the unhappy Peters, who nursed his wrath, thinking of the morrow, when his turn would come. When not engaged as a propeller the "crew" was weighing the anchors, throwing the main peak overboard or busied with other comic duties, and when night came Peters had mapped out a perfect campaign of revenge. But as morning dawned Mr. Daniels received a telegram calling him to New York for rehearsals and the crew's opportunity to "get even" was frustrated. He is waiting patiently until next summer, an in the meantime consoles himself with the knowledge that the physical exercise "did him good."

Carle and the Orchestra.

"Richard Carle is back in New York after a tour of the one night stands of Pennsylvania," writes William Etten. "The tall comedian says he is convinced that music and the trades cannot go hand in hand without more or less danger to the hand.

"In one Pennsylvania town Mr. Carle noticed that the flute player of the home talent orchestra had one of his fingers bandaged. When the comedian made sympathetic inquiry he learned that this important member was a carpenter who had planed off part of the finger the day before.

"'Too bad,' said Mr. Carle, but he didn't know how bad it really was until he tried to sing at the evening performance. Every time the flute player brought the bandaged finger into action he covered the instrument with something worse than confusion, and drove Mr. Carle off the key.

"After trying his second song, Mr. Carle stopped; and, leaning over the footlights, said: 'Never mind, boys, you may go home. I'll hum the rest of it.'"

Pertinent to the End.

The late Richard Mansfield was a patient sufferer in his last illness, and he retained his good cheer to a marked degree. One day he told his physician that he believed he would not live many weeks longer.

"Bosh!" said the physician. "You are good for a long time yet. Why, man alive, did you ever hear of anybody near death with legs and feet as warm as yours?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Mansfield, "lots of them. For instance, there was Joan of Arc and the Salem witches."

STAR PRESS AGENT FAKE.

How Anna Held Was First Brought to Public Notice.

The serious illness with pneumonia of Anna Held recalls one of the best press agent fakes ever successfully worked on the local papers. It was when Miss Held first came to this country, and while she was yet known only as the singer of "Won't You Come and Play With Me?" She needed more booming, and on broader lines. The press agent tried, by getting printed the report that Miss Held's remarkably good complexion was the result of daily milk baths. This was treated more or less as a joke, but one day a suit was regularly begun in court by a Long Island dairyman against Miss Held for an amazing amount of milk, hundreds of gallons. This looked like the real goods, so reporters were sent to the dairyman for confirmation. He confirmed all right. B'gum he meant to have his rights against the play actress, he did, b'gum. Anna was interviewed. Yes, she had refused to pay for her bath milk because it did not stand the test for percentage of cream. The papers printed columns about it. Years after the press agent confessed. He had given the dairyman $20 to let the suit be brought in his name and to "stand for" the story. That was all.

The Author's Risk.

David Belasco was being congratulated on the success of his new G. A. R. drama.

"Writing plays is perilous business," said Mr. Belasco, thoughtfully. "With every fresh play an author risks his all. Past triumphs don't count. He who has written 20 superb pieces is just as likely to be damned on his 21st piece as any tyro.

"The public is critical and just before it is kind. I remember once—"

Mr. Belasco laughed.

"There was once," he resumed, "a playwright who sat in the front row of stalls at the first night of a new piece of his. This piece failed. It failed dreadfully. In fact, in the middle of the third act the entire company was hissed off the stage.

"As the playwright sat, pale and sad, amid the uproar, a lady behind him leaned forward and said:

"'Excuse me, sir; but, knowing you to be the author of this play, I took the liberty, at the beginning of the performance, of nipping off a lock of your hair. Allow me now to return it to you.'"

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Mme. Lina Abarbanell, the former grand opera soubrette, has been engaged by Henry W. Savage to sing the role of Sonia in "The Merry Widow."

Charles Richman has returned to the role of Capt. Kearney in "The Rose of the Rancho."

Andrew Robson will succeed John Mason as Alexis Karenina in support of Miss Virginia Harned in "Anna Karenina." Mr. Robson was a member of the late Charles Coghlan's company for several years and on the road has starred in "The Royal Box" and "Richard Carvel."

Messrs. Leigh and Pether, authors of "Waiting at the Church" and "Poor John," both of which songs were phenomenally successful after their introduction by Miss Vesta Victoria, have been engaged by Charles Frohman to write a special song for Miss Hattie Williams for the "Fluffy Ruffles" production.

Mrs. Rida Johnson Young is busily engaged rewriting "The Lancers", which is taken from the old "Passing Regiment," for its production in the guise of a musical comedy at Daly's theater, New York, in December.

Do Your Christmas Shopping Early, While the Stock is Complete

Make your selection now, pay a small deposit on anything you may want and we will hold same until you are ready to get the goods.

To help you find the most suitable article for your father, mother, wife, sweetheart, sister and brother, we herewith give you a list of useful and suitable gifts:

Gifts Suitable for the Ladies

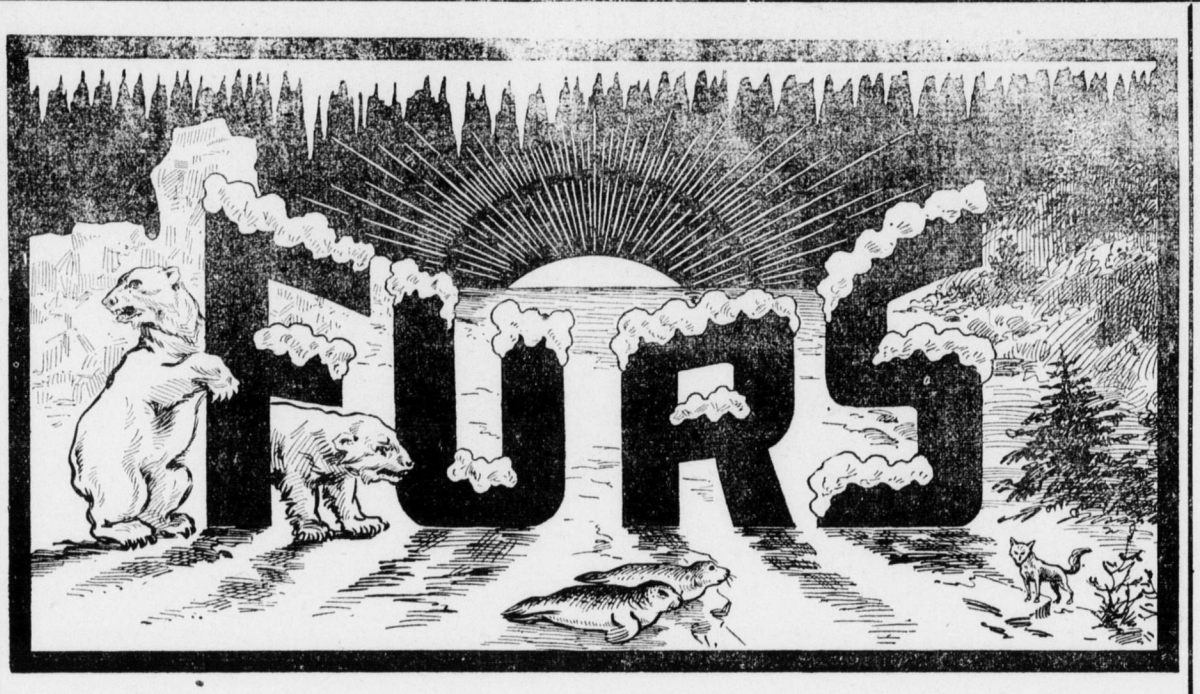
Silk Dress Patterns,
Plaid Silk Waist Patterns,
Fine Dress Goods,
"Pervius" Kid Gloves,
Boxes of Ruching,
Handsome Silk Scarfs,
Fine Lace Chemisettes,
Elegant Neckwear,
Handsome Veils,
Rich Handkerchiefs,
Real Lace Handkerchiefs,
Leather Hand Bags,
Fine Beaded Hand Bags,
Jewelry Boxes.
Colgate's Perfumes,
Colgate's Toilet Preparations,
Silk Umbrellas with Pearl Tops,
Fine Belts,
Handsome Papetrie in fancy boxes,
Sofa Pillows,
Silk Petticoats,
Heatherbloom Petticoats,
Manicure Sets,
Toilet Sets,
Brush and Comb Sets,
Fine Chocolate Sets,
Fancy Plates,
Lemonade Sets,
Water Sets in fancy baskets,
Silk Hosiery,
Fine Fancy Hosiery,
Knit Shawls and Fascinators
Knit Petticoats,
Fine Linen Table Cloths and Napkins,
Lunch and Tray Cloths,
Dresser Scarfs,
House Wrappers,
Rich Ostrich Plumes,
"Duchess" Walking Skirts,
Garters in fancy boxes,
Jewelled Combs,
Writing Desks,
Fine Lace Shirt Waists,
Rich Silk and Lawn Waists,
Powder Boxes,
American Beauty Corsets,
Magnificent Muslin Gowns,
Rich Embroidered Corset Covers,
Elegant Lace Underskirts,
Golf Jackets,
Shawls,
Trimmed Hats.

For the House

Lace Curtains,
Portiers,
Blankets and Comforters,
Couch Covers,
Fancy Crockery.

For the Infants

Beautiful Long and Short Dresses,
Hand Crochet Bonnets,
Angora Bonnets,
Bedford Cord Long Coats
Bootees,
Bear Skin Coats,
Crochet Saques,
Bibs,
Crochet Veils.



FURS are always useful and welcome as a Christmas gift. We show a full line of Scarfs, Trows, Muffs and Children's Sets at prices to suit your purse

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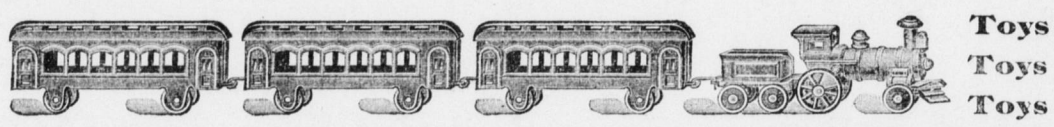
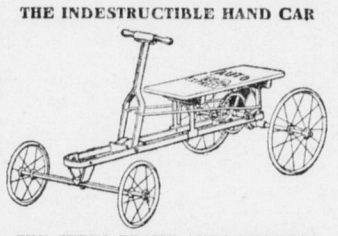


Toys Toys Toys

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE HAND CAR



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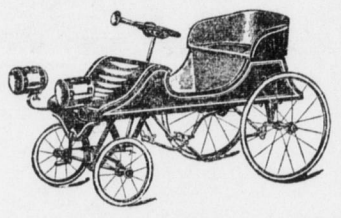
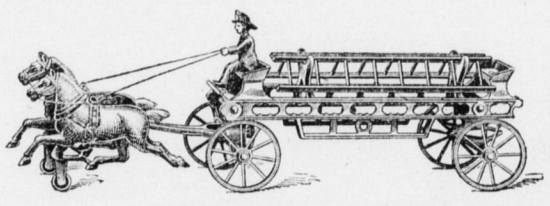
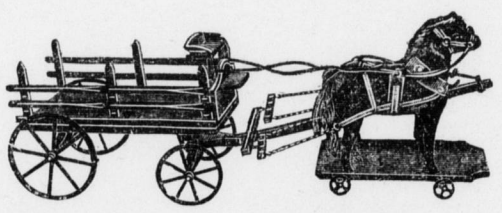


Hill Climbing Toys all Styles 50c to $1.00.





Remember we are selling all our Woman's and Children's Coats at greatly reduced prices. Every coat is marked down to cost or less, and they are all the very latest styles.

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Fine Silk Umbrellas
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Comb and Brush Sets,
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Water Sets, Handsome designs,
Silk or Linen H'dk'fs,
Silk Mufflers,
Cardigan Jackets,
Fine Hosiery.
Linen Collars and Cuffs,
Cuff and Collar Boxes.
Suspenders in Fancy Boxes,
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Dressed and Undressed Dolls
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Handkerchiefs with Colored Borders,
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Aprons,
Beaded Neck Chains,
Belts,
Knit Mittens and Gloves,
Books,
Doll Carriages,
Doll Beds,
Small Chairs,
Doll Furniture,
Balls,
Work Boxes,
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Toy Stores,
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For the Boys

Drums,
Steam and Electric Engines,
Boats,
Fur Animals,
Rocking Horses,
Horse and Wagons,
Irish Mail Carts,
Hill Climbers,
Sleds,
Tool Chests,
Magic Lanterns,
Iron Toys, all Kinds,
Harmonicas,
Games,
Whips,
Building Blocks,
Coasters,
Mechanical Toys,
Algers and Henty Books,
Paints.

I S'POSE there is a Santa Claus
That brings them pretty toys
An' candy an' mince pies an' things
To lots o' little boys.
But where we live down here, I guess,
Is sort o' off his beat.
I'm pretty certain, anyway,
He never found our street.

He goes around to all the stores
An' fills 'em full o' things
Like sleds an' skates an' railroad cars,
The kind he always brings,
An' then he seems to lose the way
To our house. Ain't it queer
That all the times he's come to town
He's never been down here?

HE GOES AROUND TO ALL THE STORES AN FILLS 'EM FULL O' THINGS.

I asked my mother if I might
Go wait for him uptown
An' tell him that the boys I know
Invites him to come down,
But she just sort o' chokes an' coughs,
An' then she looks away
An' says, "He'll find us out, I guess,
An' visit us some day."

An' yet I've been a-waitin' here
So long that I don't b'lieve
I'll ever see him come at all
On any Christmas eve.
I'm goin' to ask a p'liceman if
Santa he should meet
He'll just go up an' speak to him
An' point him out our street.

—New York American.

Christmas Cakes.

Little cakes that will please the children either at the table or on the Christmas tree are made as follows: Bake the cakes in little patty or muffin pans and frost the tops with a white icing. Dip a small new paint brush in melted chocolate and draw a face on each. Make some crying and others laughing, the different expressions being made by the curve of the mouth line. The merest outline will be sufficient. Cut a circle of tissue paper of white or any other color liked two inches larger than the cake, pink the edge with scissors and run a thread round one inch from the edge. Put a cake in the paper, draw up the thread, and a cunning little cap is formed. The pleasure of small children will well repay the trouble of making these little cake babies.—Pittsburg Press.

First Aid to Santa Claus.

A clever idea for a Christmas night party is to have the gifts come in on a sled piled high and strapped on and the sled drawn by two lads dubbed Santa Claus' assistants. The place cards at the supper which follows the distribution of the gifts should be tiny sleds made from cardboard and dipped in mucilage, then in diamond dust, the rope to be of silver cord and each sled drawn by a miniature Santa Claus about three inches high.

The Children's Festival.

"And a little child shall lead them." The entire meaning of the festival of Christmas is contained in these words. It is the festival of the children because on this day God, the Son, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, took upon him human nature in the shape of a helpless and beautiful child. —Rev. John Talbott Smith, LL. D., President Catholic Summer School of America.

No More Wanted.

"Merry Christmas, old man! And many more like it."

The man addressed turns a baleful, sleepless eye upon the speaker and replies:

"Many more like it! Say, you hadn't heard that twins came to our house last night, had you?"—Judge.

"Jessie Christmas!"

Little Jessie woke up on Christmas morning and called to her four-year-old sister Mary:

"Merry Christmas!"

"Jessie Christmas!" promptly answered the baby.

Are There Others?

Christmas is coming
And Santa Claus, too,
And, being dead broke,
Lord, what shall I do?
The children will cry,
Their mother will pout—
I'll have to go try
Put my watch up the spout.

Babes as Bait.

"Wot do ye think," said the sailor "of usin' live babies for bait? We done it in Ceylon."

"Babies for bait? Fishing for shark?"

"No. Crocodile. Baby bait is the only thing for crocodile, and everybody uses it. Ye rent a baby down there for half a dollar a day. Of course," the sailor went on, "the thing ain't as cruel as it sounds. No harm ever comes to the babies, or else, of course, their mothers wouldn't rent 'em. The kid is simply sot on the soft mud bank of a crocodile stream and the hunter lays hid near him, a sure pertection. The crocodile is lazy. He basks in the sun in midstream. Nothin' will draw him in to shore where ye can pot him. But set a little fat naked baby on the bank and the crocodile soon rouses up. In he comes, a greedy look in his dull eyes, and then ye open fire. I have got as many as four crocodiles with one baby in a morning's fishin'. Some Cingalese women wot lives near good crocodile streams make as much as $2 a week reg'lar out o' rentin' their babies for crocodile bait." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Has a Job Waiting.

"I hear you're getting to be a real sport," a veteran in that line remarked to a youthful acquaintance of the conservative sort recently married.

The young man repudiated any such intention.

"Just placed a little bet among the boys in the office, you know," he added. "Put in $1.50 and won $40 in a trifling pool."

"Well, that's a good beginning, anyhow," said the veteran. "You'll grow up after awhile. What did you do with the $40—put it on the races or open wine?"

"Bought a ton of coal and a set of false teeth for my wife," was the reply.

When the veteran revived his young friend had disappeared.

"Gee," he soliloquized, "that's a new one in sport! If I win tomorrow guess I'll buy my mother-in-law a new cork leg and some darning cotton."—New York Globe.

Soft and Light.

A lady famed for her skill in cooking was entertaining a number of her friends at tea. Everything on the table was much admired, but the excellence of the sponge cake was especially the subject of remark.

"Oh," exclaimed one of the guests, "it is so beautifully soft and light! Do tell me where you got the recipe!"

"I am very glad," replied the hostess, "that you find it so soft and light. I made it out of my own head."—Illustrated Bits.

The Little Store Around the Corner

In a quiet manner is supplying hundreds of people weekly with CHOICE GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, ALL FRUITS IN SEASON. "THE POOR MAN'S STORE." EQUAL JUSTICE TO ALL.

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Useful Xmas Gifts

Skates, the famous Winslow, all sizes,
Sleds,
Razors,
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Butcher Knives,
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Carving Sets,
Shears and Scissors,
Savory Roasters.
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Aluminum Cooking Utensils,
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NEXT TO FIRST NATIONAL BANK, EMPORIUM, PA.

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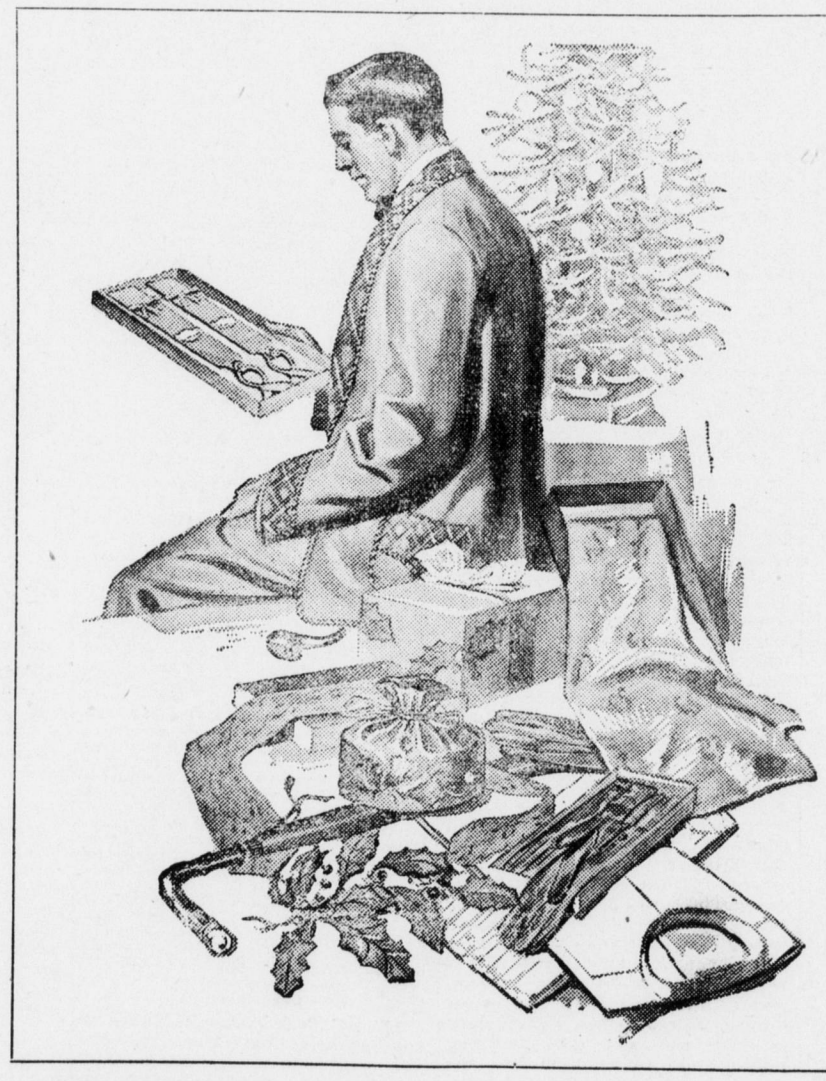
WHAT TO GET FOR XMAS.
Are you wondering what to get for Xmas? Let us give you a few suggestions.



A glance over this list may help you Decide

Gloves, kid or wool, Neckwear, Smoking Jackets, Bath Robes, Shirts, in plain ank fancy patterns, Suspenders and Garters in Xmas Boxes, Cuff Buttons, Watch Fobs, Mufflers, Traveling Bags, Suit Cases and Umbrellas.

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For Motor Suggestions, Advice, Polite Chauffeuring, Prompt and Sympathetic assistance in dilemmas of any nature send for

THE GOOGAN GIRLS,

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Studio 365 Tallest Building

PROF. ZOGG STUDIES MOTORMANIACS IN THEIR NATIVE HAUNTS.

By Helena Smith Dayton.

Pictures by Angie Breakspear.

"What mark is motormania leaving upon its victims?" demanded Prof. Ajax Zogg, specialist, of the Googan Girls. "We have had the 'golf eye,' the 'bicycle face,' 'tennis rheumatism,' 'croquet stoop' and the—"

"'Bridge pocketbook,'" prompted Tilly Googan.

"I beg pardon?" queried the scientific researcher.

"The 'bridge pocketbook,'" repeated Tilly. "Many are suffering from that just now."

"Seriously, young ladies, I have called upon you for your observations on motoring, as your opportunities for studying it in all its phases must be unlimited What do you believe to be the most obvious tendency?"

"To save money to buy a car; then to save money to buy a better car," replied Lilly.

"But I mean what marks upon the human countenance?" he asked impatiently.

"Well," mused Lilly, "a friend of ours has a piece of court plaster on his left cheek due to a car—but it was a very poor car. Maybe if the car had been better—"

Prof. Zogg's expression checked further flippancies; evidently he was not a man to be trifled with.

"Have you ever been in a car, Prof. Zogg?" she asked.

"I have not," he declared in the kind of voice that usually accompanies a "Thank heaven!"

"I imagined as much," smiled Lilly.

Prof. Zogg Would Have Motored to Glory with the Googans.

"Investigators should know as little as possible about their subjects; they have so much more to discover when they start. We'll, therefore, take you out in a motor that you may observe for yourself the affect motoring has upon the nerves, morals, disposition, complexion and natural beauty and charm of its devotees."

"I am positive I shall be able to prove motoring a menace to the human race," announced Prof. Zogg, "washing his hands with imaginary soap."

"A crank!" commented the Googans, as the studio door closed behind their eccentric client, who had departed after tossing a check representing the fancy consultation fee upon the table.

"Bite it to see if it's good," advised Lilly.

But the doubting Googans found that Prof. Ajax Zogg's financial standing was enough to entitle even his ideas to respectful attention. If he wanted to prove to his own satisfaction that mankind was motoring to glory, or elsewhere, why, the Googans would take him and show how it was done, and how pleasant the journey could be made.

* * *

"It's not an unpleasant sensation," admitted Prof. Zogg as he sat between the Googans in the tonneau of the smoothly gliding car. "But I thought you ran the car yourselves?"

"Usually," answered Tilly, "but Frank is much more of an expert and we wanted the best talent procurable at the wheel, while we point out motor deductions, tendencies and motor faces."

"And he is careful?" insisted Prof. Zogg, nervously grasping the seat as they did some fancy dodging, for in early youth Frank had been a terror to cats.

"He is so clever," assured Lilly, "that he could drive the traditional camel through the eye of the historical needle."

"But he won't try anything like that to-day?" gasped the man.

"No; all the camels in town are busy and the needle hasn't been found in the hay mow," assured Tilly.

"My chief prejudice to automobiles has been their danger to harmless pedestrians," stated Prof. Zogg, "but it is strange that once in a motor you get another view of the question. I am nothing if not broad in my views and open to both sides of an argument. Now did you observe the silly antics of the persons on that last crossing? The way of the motorist seems to be lined with walking pessimists."

Tilly and Lilly exchanged a glance behind the professor's back.

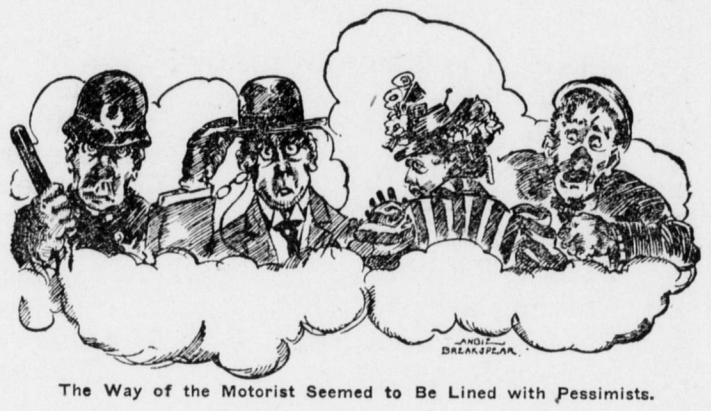
"If I hadn't been in this car and saw how carefully it was managed I might have thought they had some reason for their terror," he explained.

"If a car even passes within ten feet of some people they get on a worried 'shall-I-furnish-a-literary-treat-for-the-readers-of-accidents' expression," sniffed Lilly. "Did you see the black hatred of motors that lurked in that man's eye we just passed? He is three seasons off from buying a car."

"How do you know he will ever buy one?" questioned Prof. Zogg.

"In the first place, he could afford one. Very good. Next year someone will persuade him to take a ride; the year after his bitterest enemy or dearest friend will buy one; he will begin to be approachable—and the next year some enterprising dealer will land him."

"Ah?" asked Prof. Zogg, politely. "Very interesting, but irrelevant to that which I wish to learn. I wish to know what those who really motor fear that gives so many a worried expression. What, in short, would you call 'the motor face?'"



The Way of the Motorist Seemed to Be Lined with Pessimists.

"Cater to his whim," whispered Tilly to Lilly.

"No two people are afraid of the same thing," announced Lilly. "Each motorist has his or her pet squige. Mr. Speedwell, who has no fear of moving swiftly himself, is in constant terror of 'the other fellow.' He expects some 'reckless person' will run into him. He believes in his own driving but is pessimistic about everyone else behind the steering wheel.

"And then there's one of our women clients," went on Lilly, "who is in mortal dread of a horse jumping into her car and dashing out her brains; since reading of such an incident she has made life a burden to her chauffeur. She believes a horse is a wild beast of prey racing around seeking motorists to revenge his tribe upon.

"Some forget to enjoy a ride, fearing arrest for speeding, while another man who thinks nothing of a fine now and then refuses to leave the city streets for country roads which all, in his opinion, lead down steep mountainsides or end abruptly over yawning ravines into which unwary travelers plunge with fatal results. Every turn of the road suggests tragedy."

"Slippery pavements are the bugaboo of many," Tilly took up the strain, "while to others they merely add zest to motoring progress. To go around like Johnny's top is a nerve test in which few feminine motorists make a creditable showing."

"That man we just passed in the red car has an odd motor eccentricity," said Lilly. "He is oblivious to everything while he's in a car—listening for squeaks. 'Charles,' he'll say to his driver, 'is that a squeak I hear?' though frequently it has been a cricket

Motoring Had Left No Devastating Marks on the Googans.

or a tree toad. But Charles has to climb out and make a thorough investigation before they can go on. The owner, as a matter of fact, knows absolutely nothing about a car's mechanism. He is almost as much of a care to his chauffeur as is another man who fusses about the gasoline getting low. He should hire a big tank to follow his motor."

"Oh, we mustn't forget to include the one who strains her eyes down the road and pleads with the driver not to run over the chickens and children," put in Tilly.

Prof. Ajax Zogg kept turning from one Googan to the other in a sort of daze.

"Are we talking too fast for you to follow?" they asked.

"Why, really," he admitted, "I wasn't thinking of what you were saying."

"And all our scientific research goes for naught?" demanded Tilly indignantly. "Then we won't even tell you about the man who was even afraid of the horn."

"Oh, yes, yes," encouraged the researcher eagerly. "It is very entertaining."

"And not instructive?" queried Lilly. "We charge more for entertainment than for instruction."

"Well, young ladies, I have a confession to make," smiled Prof. Zogg. "I'm here under slightly false pretenses. I had never been in an automobile—I knew no one who even owned one—and it seemed rather foolish to just hire one and go off by myself for a ride. I wanted an excuse. It was perhaps childish to resort to subterfuge, but I am very glad I did so."

The Googans looked at the unbending man of science in surprise.

"Others have resorted to even more fancy extremes to get a ride in a motor car," said Tilly severely. "Why didn't you pretend you wanted to buy a car? Then every dealer is town would have cheerfully given you an outing."

"I should have told you frankly what I wanted in the first place," admitted Prof. Zogg humbly. The Googans were great sticklers for dignity and they considered the professor had not taken their profession seriously.

"Why shouldn't we get even by selling him a car?" whispered Lilly.

And that's the way one of the most prejudiced of the anti-motorists came to buy a car. The Googans could convert the most angry fist-shaker on the crossing into a motor enthusiast.

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UTILIZING PARIS SEWAGE.

Waste Flow from Metropolis Turned to Excellent Account.

A German contemporary, in discussing methods of utilizing sewage for agriculture, gives considerable space to Berlin's successful enterprise, already dealt with in these columns, and then speaks of the Paris venture, making a feature of the sewage farm at Acheres.

The inhabitants of Paris number over 2,500,000, and the total flow of sewage is stated to average (in our measurement) 17,660,000 cubuc feet per diem. This is collected in intercepting sewers, which convey it by gravitation down to Clichy, where it is raised 118 feet by powerful pumps and distributed by gravitation through the farm. The pumping engines are capable of indicating 3,000 horsepower. It is stated that experience shows that one acre of suitable soil can take 1,380 cubic feet of sewage daily, so that an area of about 11,200 acres would be needed to deal with the whole of the discharge of the Paris sewers.

A very high degree of purification is reached, the effluent containing fewer bacteria per cubic centimeter than most uncontaminated streams. The land also has been greatly increased in value, being now worth five times as much as it was before being made a receptacle for the sewage. As a natural consequence, neighboring land owners who originally had fiercely opposed the establishment of a sewage farm in their midst are now demanding to have the sewage applied to their own farms.

The farm at Acheres is 2,471 acres in extent and is under the control of a civil engineer, who in the main raises beet root, though his crop will admit of much less sewage being passed on to the land than certain others. The main conveying the sewage from the pumping station is 4 inches in diameter, while a secondary system of pipes ranging from 31 to 16 inches in diameter serves as feeders to the irrigation trenches, into which the sewage passes through 12-inch valves. The ground is laid out and the irrigating trenches are so arranged that the only service needed in regulating the flow is the opening and closing of the regulation valves just mentioned.

The crop which stands the most sewage is grass, a meadow, it is stated, being uninjured by a flow of 2,430,000 cubic feet per acre per year; lucerne can take 1,790,000 cubic feet per annum, artichokes 593,000; flowers, parsley, sorrel, etc., 536,000 cubic feet; leeks, cabbages and celery, 325,000, while beet roots, carrots and beets will take only 197,000, and potatoes, asparagus and peas but 141,000 cubic feet per acre per year.

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Astronomy.

Did you ever study Venus by the glory of the moon,
While the silver-laden voices of the night were all in tune?
Did you ever seek Orion and the Little Dipper, too,
In the brown eyes of a woman you have striven long to woo?

Have you sought to read her answer in the glimmer of the stars?
Have you stared your eyes to aching at the Pleiades and Mars?
Have you found the meadows studded with forget-me-nots of love
As you gaze into the grandeur of the firmament above?

Have you striven, man, to girdle "all the earth" within your arm
As you note the constellations dart and shimmer with alarm?
Have you seen the misty vistas of affright within her die
As you win her faintest answer to be yours for aye and aye?

Have you felt the rocking motion of the universe that dips
As you press her closer, closer, sipping honey from her lips?
If you have, O happy lover, you have seen the system right—
For the way to heaven opened to astronomy that night!

Eddies.

In some editorial sanctums poetry is not recognized as a gift.

The trouble with a good many fellows who would share their last crust with a friend is that they never have the crust.

Impressionism is what you feel when you see the girl you thought you loved, chewing gum.

A Wisconsin woman told her neighbor that her husband had a new cat down at the office. The night before in his sleep he had told her "to keep out something for the kitty."

A Milwaukee humorist said: "One nice thing about balloon racing is that pedestrians don't have to dodge." And the next day a bag of ballast hit him on the "coco" and made him sorry that he didn't.

A neighbor of mine planted a lot of string beans this spring and has been wondering all summer why they didn't sprout. Recent developments show that the man forgot to open the tops of the cans before planting.

Some one wants to know how hot the hereafter is? I don't know. Ask that fellow down in Georgia who has been married seven times.

If there is anything in the transmigration of souls, I hope mine won't pass through the medium of a Chicago horse.

The difference between a vat and some men is that the vat isn't a tank.

The married man always can have buttons on his nice overcoat—but the trouble is he hasn't the overcoat.

A friend of mine, in looking through my new house, spied a barrel stave in the cellar. "Ah, how that reminds me of mother's biscuits," he said sadly, brushing away a tear from his eye. P. S.—He was watching me fix the furnace.

One nice way to make lemonade is to let your best girl ho'd the lemon while you squeeze 'er.

Pie.

The editor of the Farmland (Ind.) Enterprise does not desire to earn the title of "yellow journalist," though he is free to confess that he fairly deserved that title on a certain afternoon not long past. He says:

After purchasing from Miss Lizzie Hill, at the church market, one of the most toothsome cream pies that mortal ever tasted, made by one of Farmland's most accomplished cooks, the editor strode up the street like a drum major, looking neither to the right nor left, and most unfortunately, not below. John Mendenhall, who stood in front of Bashia's restaurant, spied the newspaper man and began waving his arms frantically, while he yelled something about a "spillin." The editor had always entertained the idea that John was a humorist and thought the latter had "something up his sleeve" in displaying such remarkable interest in the editorial movements. He was convinced to the contrary, however, on coming up to John, who scornfully pointed to the pie being carried so tenderly, from which a yellow stream had been steadily flowing over the waistcoat and pantaloons of the unhappy newspaper man, who looked like a walking advertisement for the "Square Deal" tobacco, but who felt as though he had received a very "raw" deal.

Been Busy.

Editor C. O. Robertson, publisher of The Benjamin (Tex.) Post, has his own ideas about newspaper editorials, as expressed in the following from his newspaper of recent date:

We haven't much to say editorially this week. The editorial column is but a place for the editor to express his views, anyway, and he might as well express them at the corner grocery. Besides, we haven't had much time to think this week, which is a sign that we have been pretty busy, for we had much rather sit down in an easy chair and exercise our thought manufactory than to roll up our sleeves and go to work. Next week we will try to think some.

Byron Williams

DOUGH.

Dough is made of wheat, real estate, oil, literature and magazine articles. But dough made of wheat is no stickier than any other.

Dough is the prior fact to bread, motor cars, steam yachts and collections of old books. Is the staff of high life. It embitters matrimony and purveys the lovely scandals we read about. It gets girls sent off to college and fitted to be something more spectacular than mere wives and mothers. It curseth them that go in for it, but not unto the third and fourth generation. We are too good spenders for that.

It is from dough that the dowdy, the dull and the dotty derive distinction otherwise denied.—Puck.

Matter of Knowledge.

Lawyer—Are you acquainted with any of the men on the jury?

Witness—Yes, sir—more than half of them.

Lawyer—Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them?

Witness—Say, if it comes to that, I'm willing to swear that I know more than all of them put together.—Chicago Daily News.

NO ALTERNATIVE.

"No, I'm not going to church. I've been obliged to give up my pew."

"Why, I thought you liked Dr. Love?"

"Oh, I adored him, but they redecorated the church and the color won't go with my new fall suit."—Chicago Journal.

Trimmed.

The ostrich plumes,
That trims her hat,
Have trimmed me, too—
I tell you that.
—Detroit Free Press.

Early Breakfast Assured.

"Say, Bilkins, how do you manage to get your cook up so early?"

"Great scheme. I talked astronomy to her until she became interested."

"That so?"

"You bet! Now she gets up every morning before four to see the comet, and after she has seen it, why, it is too late to go back to bed, so she starts the fire and cooks breakfast."—Chicago Daily News.

THE FOOTBALL SCRIMMAGE.

Gladys—I thought you said Horace was very popular.

Evelyn—So he is—one of the most popular men in college.

Gladys—That's funny. Everybody seems to be down on him now.

Balking Car..

Redd—Does your automobile ever balk?

Greene—Well, I should say it did! Why, only yesterday we came to a sign by the roadside, which said: 'Slow down. Do not go over eight miles an hour.' And, do you know, the pesky machine balked and wouldn't go another yard!—Yonkers Statesman.

The Latest Program.

"How do you expect to get people to vote for you if you don't hustle?"

"My friend," answered Senator Sorghum, "the time has come when hustling is fraught with danger. The way to do now is to act modest, and let the opposition keep talking until it queers itself by saying something clumsy."—Washington Star.

No Cause for Worry.

Mrs. DeStyle—Oh, doctor, you must do something to get me on my feet. This is my "at home" day.

Dr. Cubebs—Don't worry, madam. You'll be at home all right.—Chicago Daily News.

Pat May's Slates.

Little Girl—I want another slate just like my last one. It was made by Pat May. He's only 16 years old, too. He made my slate last year.

Dealer—I never heard of any such manufacturer. Won't one of this sort do?

"Why, yes, that's the very kind. See? Here's his name. 'Pat. May 16.'"—N. Y. Weekly.

TWO ON JONES.

"What are you looking so happy over, old man?"

"I am rejoicing over the birth of twins."

"Great Scot! I congratulate you!"

"Don't congratulate me, go and congratulate Jones, he's the lucky man. I never did like him!"

Business in Short Meter.

"Blest be the ties that bind,"
Thus spake the merchant wise;
"The ties that bind the customer
Are known as 'advertise.'"
—Chicago Tribune.

A Man of Mark.

"Prisoner," said the judge, taking a part in the examination himself, "the imprint left by the thief on the stolen jewel case corresponds exactly with the markings of your thumb. Now, as a matter of fact, isn't it yours? Didn't you make that imprint?"

"Why, your honor," stammered the prisoner, "I—I think—that is, I believe—well—er—that's my impression."—Chicago Tribune.

FORGIVENESS.

Wife—The new cook spoiled the bacon—she is so young and inexperienced. Won't you be satisfied with a kiss instead?

Husband—All right—call her in.

He Got a Lemon.

There was a young fellow named Root,
Who thought a fair maid he would soot;
But his hopes failed to soar
For his wobing it boar
Nothing but most acidulous froot.
—Baltimore American.

A Terrible Shock.

Great Editor's Wife—I regret to say, sir, that my husband is sick, and cannot see anyone.

Caller (sympathetically) — What seems to be the matter?

"I don't know; he has not uttered a word since he came in; he has received some terrible shock."

"Ah, I see. He probably ran across some man who never heard of his paper."—N. Y. Weekly.

What?

Yeast—I see houses in Berlin are numbered in luminous paint.

Crimsonbeak—Bright idea.—Yonkers Statesman.

FOLLOWING PRESCRIPTION.

Jinks—Lightbrain tells me he is writing a popular novel.

Winks—His doctor insisted on his resting his mind for awhile.—Philadelphia Press.

Useful Things

for the Christmas Buyer

BEAUTIFUL SILKS in plain and plaid patterns.

Plain and fancy nets for Waists and Dresses.

Scarfs in Silk and Lace.

Pretty Neckwear.

Fancy Hosiery.

Drawn-Work, Lunch Cloths, Bureau Scarfs, Centrepiece and Doylies. The finest line of Handkerchiefs ever shown in Emporium. Prices from five cents to two and one-half dollars a piece.

A large assortment of fancy ribbons.

Ludlams

SANTA HAS ARRIVED LOADED

As usual at our store, as he has done for years to meet the thousands of children and patrons of

H. A. ZARPS & CO'S

POPULAR FAIR STORE.

The largest and handsomest stock of Holiday Goods, Ladies Coats, Wraps, Furs, etc., ever yet seen in Emporium. A full line of Fascinators, Shawls, Belts, Fancy Stocks, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Sacques and Toques, Fancy Lamps, Gold Clocks, Gold Picture Frames, Gold Framed Mirrors and small Gold Novelties. Fine line of Cut Glass, Silverware, Jewelry, Pocket Books, Wrist Bags, Toilet Articles, Fancy Goods of all descriptions in Baskets, Birch Bark, Celluloid and Stag Articles, Vases, Picture Books, Jardineres and Umbrella Stands. Umbrellas, all styles, from 48c to $12.

THE LARGEST DISPLAY OF CHINA EVER SHOWN IN THE COUNTY.

Our Branch, Corner 4th and Broad Streets.

$2.50 and $3.00 Skirts, now ..... $1.00 $3.00 and $4.00 Skirts, now $1.50

ONE-HALF PRICE ON LADIES AND CHILDREN'S COATS. DISCOUNT ON ANYTHING YOU BUY FROM THE BRANCH STORE.

Hanging as a Sport.

We would not deny the gravity of death. It is a quite serious matter even to those of us who, while conscious of, or at least admitting, no really sinful performances in the past, would nevertheless, if pressed, confess to certain minor indiscretions which we would be only too willing to join with the Lord in forgetting. Nevertheless, if form or ceremony or general interest be considered the criterion, dying is one of the most popular things one can do. Nobody goes to see a man born, but the entire community turns out to see him buried. Indeed it is well known that many people, perhaps a majority, derive actual enjoyment from beholding with their own eyes life flicker out of a person's body. The almost universal satisfaction found from time immemorial in witnessing a hanging we can understand. The event is more spectacular and less expensive than a circus, possesses grisly human interest to a distinctive degree, is presumably grimly just and, in any case, is unpreventable. If the hanging is to take place anyway, why shouldn't we see it? That is the reasoning, and it seems good enough if one cares for that variety of sport. — George Harvey in North American Review.

The White Line.

The late David Christie Murray on one occasion told the story of the champion printer's error of his experience to this effect:

"I wrote at the close of the story of 'Grace Forbeach': 'Are there no troubles now?' the lover asks. 'Not one, dear Frank, not one.' And then, in brackets, thus [ ] I set the words [White line]. This was a technical instruction to the printer and meant that one line of space should be left clear. The genius who had the copy in hand put the lover's speech in type correctly and then, setting it out as if it were a line of verse, he gave me:

"Not one, dear Frank, not one white line!"

"It was a custom in the printing office to suspend a leather medal by a leather boot lace round the neck of the man who had achieved the prize betise of the year. It was somewhere about midsummer at this time, but it was instantly unanimously resolved that nothing better than this would or could be done by anybody, and the medal was presented at once."—Westminster Gazette.

The Quicker Way.

"There goes a man," observed a steamship agent as he directed attention to a surly looking individual who had just engaged passage for Europe, "whose efforts are devoted to constructing short cuts in business methods and in eliminating all time consuming men and their propositions from his busy existence. He is a man of very few words.

"Some years ago this gentleman crossed the ocean and had a very unpleasant trip. One morning a sympathetic passenger offered him a lemon, expressing a sincere wish that it would give relief.

"The pale traveler seized the lemon, hurled it viciously into the ocean and growled:

"'This is a quicker way than the other.'"

A Curious Tree.

In the village of Clynnog, Wales, there is an old cottage, formerly a country tavern, upon the roof of which there is a full grown sycamore tree. About fifty years ago a seedling from a neighboring churchyard, where other sycamores are growing, found a resting place in the corner of the wall above a slab of stone over the entrance to the building. The young tree thrived for a time on the small quantity of soil collected in the corner of the walls and finally forced its roots downward through the walls into the earth below. From the outside no trace of the roots can be seen.

Cutting Big Diamonds.

Big diamonds lose a great deal in the cutting. The Kohinoor was reduced by an unskillful stonecutter from 793⅝ carats to 280 carats, a second cutting brought it down to 186 1-16 carats and a third to 106 1-16 carats, or less than a seventh of its original size. The original weight of the Pitt or Regent diamond was 410 carats, but in the hands of the cutter two-thirds disappeared, while the Star of the South, which was picked up in a river by a negress, lost a little over half its weight by cutting.

German Sportsmen.

Half a million sportsmen in Germany kill annually 40,000 head of red and fallow deer, 200,000 roebuck, 4,000,000 hares, 4,000,000 partridges and 400,000 wild duck, in all some 25,000,000 kilograms of wild game of a value of 25,000,000 marks, or $5,000,000, forming nearly 1 per cent of the total meat supply of Germany.—C. G. Schillings' "In Darkest Africa."

Breaking Her In.

Geraldine—I want you to understand before I marry you that I believe in the equality of the sexes. Gerald—All right. I was intending to give the minister two guineas, so you'd better hand over one.—Illustrated Bits.

No Room.

Scribbler—My new novel is entitled "What I Told My Wife." Ruyter—Why don't you call it, "What I Didn't Tell My Wife?" Scribbler—Publishers limited me to one volume.—Exchange.

Inflated.

Artist (indicating an exquisite marine view)—This picture is valued at $50,000. Stockbroker—Well, well! There's a lot of water in it, isn't there?—Spokane Sportsman-Review.

EMPORIUM

Harness Shop

The only one in Cameron County Is replete with a complete assortment of clothing for the horse, including Overcoats and Blankets, for the rider, as well as merry Sleigh Bells, Whips, Collars, etc.

Light and Heavy Harness Constantly on Hand

and made to order if desired. We have had forty years experience at the business and will give you good, honest work.

Repairing Promptly Attended to

HENRY JAEGER.

The Sensible Thing to do is to

Give a Sensible Gift

Anything useful is always appreciated by the recipient, and it is a well known fact that we do not have an article in our store that is not useful, also of the highest quality. It has always been our hobby to

Give the Best for the Money.

Our Line of Handkerchiefs

For the Christmas trade has always attracted the attention of all, and there is no doubt but that we sell more handkerchiefs than all the stores in town during the Holiday season.

It is Now Time to Make Holiday Purchses

And our stock of fancy China and Glassware, Crockeay, etc., Ladies and Gents' Furnishings, Umbrellas etc., will undoubtedly please you this year as in the past.

BALCOM & LLOYD.

OWN SCARECROW FRIGHTENS WIDOW

MRS. HART, OF HOLDEN, ME., FALLS UNDER SPELL OF FRANKENSTEIN.

WOMAN FEARS OWN CREATION

Had Often Threatened to Dismantle Figure Which Gradually Assumed Nature of a Ghost—Hopes He Will Freeze.

Holden, Me.—Copeland hill, in the western part of Holden, is the highest point of land in southern Penobscot county, and, owing to its commanding position, residents of Bangor drive to the top of the eminence on clear days for the purpose of seeing Mt. Katahdin, 90 miles to the north; Camden hills, 60 miles south, and the mountains back of Bar Harbor, 70 miles to the southeast.

The farm of Charles Hart occupies the very top of the hill, and Frankenstein is the most important personage on the entire farm.

Members of the Hart family say that Frankenstein has been photographed more than 500 times since last May, when he was dressed up and placed out to keep watch over a patch of early peas on a rocky knoll. By the time the peas were big enough to sell in the pod, Frankenstein was moved to the family strawberry field, and from there he went to another part of the field to stand guard over a potato field, coming back later to perform police duty among some early green corn. By this time the second crop of green peas was coming on and Frankenstein was moved again, shifting from the pea patch to act as guardian for a field of stocked corn, and ending up his season's work as custodian over a field of third-crop peas.

He has been on duty day and night from the middle of May to the middle of October. He has worked without sleep and without food and without pay. The English sparrows have come and built nests in his pockets. The summer visitors have come and called him "cunning," and photographed him from many sides and in many conditions of weather, and Frankenstein has not minded his notoriety in the least.

Mrs. Charles Hart, the widow of the man who owned the farm where

It Grew Into the Nature of a Ghost.

Frankenstein abodes, is responsible for the origin of Frankenstein and his name. She constructed him from some brilliant and threadbare garments that were about the house and then placed a mask over his face to prevent him from "tanning," as she declared.

Having created the image for the purpose of scaring the crows away, the creation looked so uncanny and stupid that Mrs. Hart grew afraid of him, and though she often threatened to dismantle her creation, she gradually fell under the spell of the obsession and permitted the object of her fear to remain on earth until it grew into the nature of a ghost. Being an intelligent woman who had read many books, Mrs. Hart named the image Frankenstein.

She proposes to let Frankenstein remain out in the cold field all winter, hoping thereby to freeze the "scare" out of him.

Cow Gets on a Jag.

South Norwalk, Conn.—Joseph Ball's cow, usually a kindly and docile creature, got into his orchard and gorged on cider apples, which strewed the autumn dying grass.

The apple juice must have fermented in the cow's midst, for when Ball tried to drive her from the orchard she pursued him and butted his back so hard that she injured his spinal cord. Ball was taken to the Norwalk hospital suffering from paralysis of the lower limbs.

After cavorting around for an hour, the cow recovered her accustomed sobriety.

How They Know.

Labels in hats and tags on overcoats, showing the sellers of these articles are of some value. Waiters in New York restaurants always glance at these indices so as to fix the social standing and probable liberality of their customers. The service is according to their conclusion.

DUEL WITH SWORDS FOR WIDOW'S SMILES

PARLOR OF INDIANA HOME SCENE OF DESPERATE COMBAT BETWEEN JEALOUS SWAINS.

Lawrenceburg, Ind.—For the love of a "ladye fayre" Charles W. Bennett and Otis H. Gooden fought a duel with swords. It was not a prearranged affair, however, and the only second rushed into the battle with a chair, floored one of the combatants and ended hostilities.

The duel took place at the house of George W. Guard, where Mrs. Minnie Hess Cooper, a comely grass widow, is a boarder. Bennett called to spend the evening with her. Gooden, another admirer, arrived shortly afterward, and a quarrel soon arose. Hanging on the wall in the parlor of the

Bennett Was Proving a Poor Fencer.

house were two sabers, that had been used during the civil war by Mr. Guard's grandfather.

Just how they came into use is not known, but the commotion in the parlor and the screams of Mrs. Cooper attracted the attention of Guard, who had retired. He dressed and rushed into the room and found the two men dueling with the sabers. Bennett was proving a poor fencer and was getting by far the worst of the fight. He was bleeding profusely from cuts and slashes, and just as Guard entered he fell on the floor, covered with blood.

Gooden was in the act of running the saber through his fallen opponent when Guard interfered and felled him to the floor with a heavy chair. The widow rushed into the street crying for help, and a policeman arrived, and after a struggle with Gooden, compelled him to surrender at the muzzle of a revolver. He was taken to jail and a charge of cutting with intent to kill placed opposite his name.

Dr. George F. Smith was summoned and dressed the injuries of Bennett. There was one serious stab in his abdomen, which required eight stitches to close. Bennett is in a serious condition, but will recover unless blood poison develops. Mrs. Cooper states that she will not countenance either man in the future.

CHINAMAN KIDNAPS TEACHER.

Pupil in Sunday School Class Drugs Wealthy Married Woman.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Under the influence of some powerful drug, Mrs. W. L. Reese, wife of a wealthy boiler manufacturer of Altoona, was picked up by the police the other morning in company with Al Sing Dean, a Chinaman, who had been a member of her Sunday school class and who had kidnaped her.

Mrs. Reese and her mother were at luncheon at their home the day before when Dean called. While Mrs. Reese's mother was answering the telephone Dean turned the conversation to the subject of opium and told her that the reports that the Chinese were opium fiends was outrageously false. He said that the Americans mistook for opium some little crystals which the Chinese frequently took as an appetizer. He offered Mrs. Reese one of the crystals. At first she hesitated, but when she saw the Chinaman apparently swallow one she did likewise. Mrs. Reese remembers but little of what happened after that.

It is believed that Dean wanted to hold her for ransom.

Girls Wore Trousers.

Collinsville, Conn.—The Skidoo Young Ladies' club was broken up by several envious boys. The girls have an annual meeting which they attend in male attire, their trousers covered by long wraps.

One night the boys invaded their dressing room in their absence and carried off all their wraps, leaving the girls to walk home in men's clothing, while dark lanterns were flashed on them and a crowd cheered as they passed.

Corpse's Pipe Saves Widow.

Pottsville, Pa.—That the body of John Yacht was exhumed in order that his wife might be sure she was a widow was testified before Judge Bechtel in a case in which Mr. Yacht prosecuted Simon Prolt for his failure to keep his promise to wed her. The identification was established by a pipe found in the corpse's pocket.

On the strength of this identification the widow won her suit, as she would have had no case unless she could prove her husband was dead.

WOMAN LIVED 60 YEARS AS A MAN

DOUBLE LIFE OF OCTOGENARIAN IS BARED AT HER DEATH IN COLORADO.

MARRIED ONE OF HER OWN SEX

Bears Burden of "Father" to Shield Girl Who Had Been Wronged—Worked as a Cook on a Ranch for Several Years.

Trinidad, Colo.—Katherine Vosbaugh, an eccentric Frenchwoman of brilliant attainments, died here the other day at the age of 83, after masquerading for 60 years as a man. The woman donned trousers when a girl and had a horror of skirts up to the time of her death. She filled a score of responsible positions, and her true sex was never suspected.

Just twice during her entire life was the fact that Katherine Vosbaugh was a woman made known. The first time was when, at 30 years of age, she revealed it to the young woman she married in St. Joseph, Mo. The next and last time when she was convinced she was dying, and was compelled to inform the hospital physician.

During her long life she had been a bank clerk, a sheep herder, a bookkeeper, a restaurant-keeper and a mining camp cook. Although she spoke several languages and had been brought up in refinement, she seemed never so happy as when she was clad in rough overalls and heavy shoes, doing the most laborious work.

She wandered all over the world, and although often compelled to associate with the roughest men, she was never suspected of being a woman, and on more than one occasion proved herself more of a manly man than her associates. She came to America in 1842 at the age of 18, shortly after her father's death. She decided that she could make her way as a man, but not as a woman. She donned trousers and settled in Joplin, Mo., as a bookkeeper.

For nine years she remained in Joplin and was esteemed a fine young

Miss Vosbaugh as Camp Cook.

man and one whom more than one young woman considered a most eligible partner. Her excellent record, education and steadiness procured her a position as clerk at a St. Joseph bank. It was shortly after she accepted this position that she learned of the trouble of the young woman whom she afterward married.

When Miss Vosbaugh's "wife's" baby was born the oddly attached people removed to Trinidad and opened up a French restaurant. The town people thought them a model couple. The baby died a few months later. Shortly after the mother disappeared, and the "husband" refused to make a search for her. The people of Trinidad were profuse in their expressions of sympathy for the deserted "man."

Forty years ago Miss Vosbaugh obtained employment at the Sam Brown ranch, near Trinchera, as a sheep herder. Later when she saw that her sex could not be discovered except through unusual accident, she accepted work as a camp cook, and remained in that capacity up to two years ago. Some of the roughest characters known to the west associated with her without ever suspecting her sex. In many stirring scenes when men revealed fear and nervousness she kept her poise.

Two years ago her infirmities compelled her removal to San Raphael hospital. Even then the men of the camp bade her good-bye affectionately as "Grandpa" and "Old Man Frenchy." For many weeks she refused to bathe unless she could do so without attendants being present, to the great amusement of the sisters, who joked about the old man's overmodesty. Shortly after she was seized with a severe cold, which led to the physician's examination laying bare her life secret.

When her sex was revealed the hospital authorities at first insisted that she wear the proper garb of her sex. The garments proved so irksome to her, however, that she was finally permitted to return to overalls. She pottered around the hospital working for the sisters up to the time of her death.

BROTHERS ROB AND KILL AT SET PRICE

SAID TO BE HEAD OF PARIS "SYNDICATE" MAKING MURDER ITS FAVORITE LINE.

Paris.—A crime syndicate, organized for theft and murder, is the absorbing story of the day that startles France and all Europe.

New details are coming to notice of the criminal operations of the brothers Antony and Francois Thomas. These two men seem to have combined the minds of Borgias, the leader of the inquisition, and the robber barons. They poisoned, tortured and stole for years, undetected, until, becoming bold beyond fear of detection, apparently, their carelessness ended in arrest.

For years continental churches have lost priceless treasures mysteriously.

Many Unknown Poisons Found.

Jeweled crosses, chalices, statues, pictures and tapestries from the hands of the greatest masters have disappeared in a night.

So widely separated were the thefts that they were laid to local criminals. No one dreamed of a crime syndicate.

The Thomases comprised its working part, stealing hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of plunder and finding a ready market among dealers or private collectors.

When apprehended the Thomas home was searched and evidence tending to prove that the brothers conducted a private assassination and criminal operation bureau as a side line was unearthed. Apparently some of the foremost men of their home town and neighboring district were among their customers.

The list of poisons found in the home contained many unknown to French chemists. Instruments, the character of which indicated the nefarious business for which they were intended, were discovered by the police.

It is believed the brothers made it a business to "remove" undesirable persons from the path of those who were willing to pay liberally. When arrested they refused to discuss this, saying many of Europe's greatest families were implicated with them. Letters compromising many throughout France were turned up. These showed that they received large sums for assassinations.

The Thomases are known to have stolen the magnificent gem-studded reliquary of Ambazac, valued at $40,000, and many other gems of middle-age art, including the crown of St. Michael. It is also charged that they engineered the unsuccessful plot to rifle the abby of Conques, the treasures of which are valued at $200,000.

MOTHER FONDLES DEAD CHILD.

Keeps Corpse in House a Week Till She Herself Dies.

Paris.—An astounding example of country ignorance and stupidity has just come to light in the department of the Eure. In a commune called Calleville, Georgette Yon, the daughter of a farmer, died as the result of childbirth and a week later the father came to the mayor to make the customary declaration. The mayor was surprised that the announcement of the birth of the child had not been made. With perfect nonchalance the farmer replied that the child was born dead, and that to give pleasure to the mother he had kept the little corpse and it was going to be put in the mother's coffin.

When the mayor said that the body must be in a state of putrefaction the farmer replied: "Oh, not very; during the day its mother kept it and at night we put it in the fresh air." He went on to explain that at night the body was put on the window ledge and was returned to the mother in the morning.

Chinaman's Poor Defense.

Sue Moon, a Chinese, was brought before the Melbourne magistrate the other day charged with having worked after two o'clock on a Saturday afternoon, contrary to the provisions of the local factories act. He pleaded that he had washed only one collar after the statutory closing time. "What! Only one collar from two to eight o'clock?" exclaimed the chairman. "Him welly dirty collar," rejoined Sue Moon. This defense was deemed too thin and Sue was fined $2.50. After paying, he remarked: "Fackly act make Chinaman welly lazy fellow."

OFF FOR CHURCH WITH FEET BARE

ITALIAN, FREED OF MURDER CHARGE, ATTEMPTS TO KEEP PECULIAR VOW.

CHEERED BY HIS COUNTRYMEN

Passed 33 Months in Sing Sing Death House—Woman Upon Knees Removes His Shoes Under Bridge of Sighs.

New York.—Raffaele Cascone, an Italian, and Harry Thaw's friend in the Tombs, was released the other day upon his own recognizance by Judge Whitman, before whom he had been acquitted of the charge of murder in the first degree.

The first trial of Cascone had resulted in his conviction and sentence to death. When the court of appeals granted him a new trial a year ago last August a reporter met Cascone at the entrance to the deathhouse in Sing Sing and in company with a deputy sheriff came with the accused man to this city.

"If I am given my freedom, and I know that I will be acquitted because I am innocent," Cascone said to the reporter at the death house gate, "the first thing I shall do is to walk barefooted to my church in East One Hundred and Sixteenth street, and there I will go on my knees and thank God for answering my prayer. I will burn the biggest candle I can get. My first visit will be to the church. My own home will not know me until after I have been to the church."

Cascone had been confined four years and four months when he was given his liberty by Judge Whitman. During 33 months of that time he had been in the death house and had seen 17 men taken from their cells to be put to death in the electric chair.

Cascone went to the entrance to the criminal courthouse and stood for a few moments in silence under the Bridge of Sighs. A moment later he was surrounded by many of his countrymen. They came in great numbers, and by the time Cascone was ready to start for the church there were nearly a thousand men and women on hand to cheer the released man.

Cascone sent a friend to a store, and ten minutes later he returned carrying a candle nine inches tall. Then Cascone started to take off his shoes. Just then a middle-aged woman el-

Cascone Started His Walk.

bowed her way through the throng and went on her knees before him. She untied his shoestrings and aided him in taking off his shoes and stockings.

Col. Bryant, of the office of James W. Osborne, counsel for Cascone, happened along. He pleaded with Cascone not to walk to One Hundred and Sixteenth street. Policemen arrived and they had their trouble in keeping the mob in check. It was feared that some of Cascone's old enemies might step up and attempt violence. But Cascone was determined to walk to the church in East One Hundred and Sixteenth street.

"I told you," he said, "when I got out of Sing Sing that if I was acquitted I would walk to Harlem bareheaded and barefooted. I am going to do that."

Finally a policeman said that if he (Cascone) attempted to do as he suggested he would arrest him for causing a crowd to assemble. It was after a good deal of persuasion that Cascone finally entered a carriage and started for the church in Harlem.

Burr Drops Into Boy's Mouth.

Philadelphia.—Harold Boyer, 14 years old, held his mouth open and a chestnut burr dropped into it. The burr stuck so tightly there that a physician had much work in removing it. Harold and several other small boys went chestnuting along the Wissahickon. Young Boyer tossed a club among the branches. Fearing that it might, in falling, strike one of his friends, he spread wide his jaws to yell a warning and the burr dropped in.

Killed by Bee Sting.

Canton, S. D.—Stung on the temple by a common honey bee, Michael Oakleaf died 15 minutes afterward in convulsions. Physicians gave it as their opinion that the sting penetrated the brain through the knitted part of the skull.

SUICIDE BLOWS SELF TO PIECES WITH DYNAMITE

PLACES EXPLOSIVE UNDER BED THEN LIES DOWN AND LIGHTS THE FUSE.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Calmly lying down on a bed at his home, John Lectak, aged 50, of Eno station, near Imperial, the other evening drew a comfort over him after lighting a fuse to a stick of dynamite, which he placed under the bed. Fifteen minutes later neighbors gathered up the fragments of Lectak and the furniture. The building was completely wrecked.

Lectak was employed at a brick yard at Imperial, but it is said he had been despondent recently after recovering from a lengthy spree. The man waited until other occupants of the house left and placed the dynamite under

Placed the Dynamite Under the Bed and Lit the Fuse.

the bed. Then he lay down to await certain death.

It is said the man had told a number of companions earlier in the day that he would kill himself, but owing to his nervous condition nothing was thought of his threat until the explosion was heard. Neighbors hurried to the scene and found bits of human flesh scattered a hundred feet away with broken furniture, pieces of weather boarding and torn bedding.

Lectak was familiar with the use of dynamite, having been employed at various times where it was used, before going to work at the brick yard. It is believed he secured the explosive from coal miners, and had fully made up his mind to die when he secured it. Not wanting to injure anyone but himself he waited until every one had left the house before lighting the fuse.

BAT RUINS GIRL'S HAIR.

She Gets the Worst of a Fight with "Winged Rodents" in Attic.

San Rafael, Cal.—This city is suffering from an invasion of bats, and, despite the strenuous efforts of the citizens, the winged pests have gained a strong foothold in various parts of the town. Because of their activity Miss Lillian Steadman, a pretty young housemaid employed at the Hotel Rafael, is mourning the loss of her golden tresses, and incidentally suffering from a shock to her nervous system.

Miss Steadman climbed to the attic in the hotel determined to drive out some of the bats. She was surrounded soon by a drove of the winged rodents, and proceeded gamely to give battle to them.

One of the bats lodged in the young woman's hair and refused to budge. Miss Steadman, thoroughly frightened, ran screaming from the attic, and the bat still clung to her, keeping busy with his saw-like wings till he had succeeded in cutting her beautiful tresses so badly that it was necessary to shear them off, much to the sorrow of the girl and her admirers.

OLD EGGS FOR DOG CATCHER.

Storm of Decayed Hen Fruit Makes Man Quit the Job.

Bay City, Mich.—Robbed, beaten, thrown from his wagon, "rotten egged," mobbed by men and women, upset into ditches, forced into collisions with street cars, choked, held up with shotguns, gagged, sued, arrested and fined, Lemoine B. Truesdale, a grizzled old veteran of stagecoach days, has thrown down his three months' job as city dog catcher.

In that short experience he has undergone more punishment than most men can stand. Truesdale took the job at 50 cents per unlicensed dog caught by him. While dog owners were loud in their demands for protection for their dogs through enforcement of the dog ordinance, the moment Truesdale began work he was mobbed by about 200 men, women and youngsters. The police rescued him, somewhat dilapidated. That was the first of four mobbings, one time about 500 people in the Polish end of the city taking part.

Chinese Educational Movement.

The growth of the educational movement has been so rapid throughout the Chinese empire that the demand for instructors has far exceeded the suppiy of competent men available for the position, with the result that in the province of Shengking, while there are undoubtedly a number of excellent men engaged in school work, the majority are remarkable for their energy rather than their erudition.

HOW HORACE WAS CURED

By BEN HAINS

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He sat in a softly padded armchair by the window. He was rather small for a boy of 13, his figure too slight, and his face a shade too pale, but otherwise a son of whom any parents might have been proud. There was a gentle winsomeness in the soft, dark eyes, with that indefinable look that betrays at once an impulsively affectionate nature, whose very life, almost, depends upon a reciprocation of its gift. Several times he lifted his glance toward a lady of scarcely middle age, who, rather over-dressed for so early in the morning, was busily engaged with her pen. At last he spoke.

"Mamma, won't you please help me with this example?" he said. "I've got all the rest, but I can't see how to start this one."

"Don't bother me now, Horace!" the busy mother replied. "Ask your tutor when he comes. Don't you know that I have this paper to write for the Emerson club this afternoon?"

The boy subsided into a heap in the soft cushions.

The day wore away slowly to the boy—they usually did; but evening came at last. Mr. Gilmore took his lunch, perforce, at a restaurant, and as business was heavy now, did not usually reach home until dark, just in time for dinner. That meal over, the family of four were settled in the cozy library. Mr. Gilmore deep behind his paper, as usual After some time the boy ventured diffidently to his father's chair, and silently stood with his hand upon his back, and his eyes fixed earnestly upon the strong, manly face beside him There was an intense wistfulness in his gaze, while he stood patiently, as if waiting for something. His father looked up with a frown.

"Get out of my light, Horace," he said; "I can't see through you!" The boy retreated as though disappointed sat down on a sofa, and began to read. Pretty soon he said:

"Papa, what does 'vertebrate' mean?"

"Got a back-bone," Mr. Gilmore replied, shortly. After a few moments of silence Horace spoke up again.

"Papa, what is a 'carnivora?'"

"A flesh-eater."

"And what does—"

"Oh, Horace, do keep still!" Mr. Gilmore said, in an irritated tone. "You know how little time I get to read anything." The boy made no answer, excepting to say to himself: "I wish there wasn't any old newspaper!"

The boy settled down in the sofa corner. Then he shut his eyes wearily, and went to sleep on the cushion, and if anyone had seen it, there were two bright drops that trickled down from beneath the closed eyelids on the blue silk.

The next morning Horace sat at the window, watching the boys on their way to school, with longing eyes. There were no private schools near, and the boys at the public schools had no manners, his mother said, so that she could not think of allowing him to go there; hence he must have a tutor. The dwellers in the neighborhood were such common people, too, that she did not care to have her boy mix with them, and no wonder that he felt very much alone.

It was a dreary winter day. Presently a large moving van came along the street, and stopped at the house across the way—a rather small house, with a bay-window.

Horace watched the house closely, and saw a lady with a little girl enter presently, and a little after noon a boy of 11 or 12 years came along the street. He was not so tall as Horace, but he was a sturdily-built, jolly little fellow. He looked at the numbers on the houses until he came to the one of the bay-windows, when he darted up the steps and was lost to sight. Horace was much attracted to him, and not only managed to see him when he left again for school an hour later, but also when he returned, about four.

Horace had brought his book to the window, and so it was that he was still there when, perhaps half an hour later, the new boy appeared within the bay-window, which commanded somewhat of a view down the street. After watching for a time, he suddenly disappeared, and quickly emerging from the door, ran hatless down the street to meet a man who was approaching. He joyfully reached his hand up on the high shoulder, when the tall man, putting one arm about him, stooped down and—yes—he did!

Horace's face beamed as he watched the happy comrades walk along together, and then a look of bitter sadness overwhelmed it. But in spite of the latter emotion, never a day passed but that hour found him watching from behind the curtains, and always came the hungry look over his face as he turned away.

One day, instead of leaving the window Horace continued to look down the street minute after minute. He seemed to be in a fever of excitement. At last the electric light on the corner began to glow, and an instant later he ran for the door and started down the steps with a glad smile. His father reached their foot almost as soon as the boy.

"Why, Horace!" said Mr. Gilmore, sternly. "What are you doing out in this wind with your hat off? Go straight in the house, and don't let me see you do that again—it will be the doctor to pay next!" Horace turned and followed his father in with shamefaced manner and drooping head. His heart felt like lead, and there was a burning spot in each cheek—it had all been so different from what he had meant it should!

So Horace could only longingly look on, from a distance, at the happiness of another. But one day he saw something that gave him an idea. It was quite early in the morning, and the tall man with the kind face had just descended the steps and started down the street when a voice stopped him.

"Oh, papa, wait a minute!" the boy called, as he ran after him, and reaching up, he pinned a red carnation on the lapel of the tall man's coat. Both looked very happy.

Mrs. Gilmore was preparing to go out that afternoon, when Horace spied four red carnations in a vase on her table.

"Mamma," he said eagerly, "can't I have one of those?"

"What for, dear?"

"Oh, I just wanted it."

"There are only four now," she answered, "and I will want all of those to wear. You do not need any to-day." Horace said nothing, but happening in the room an hour later, he saw one of the red carnations in the waste basket in the corner. The stem had broken off so short that Mrs. Gilmore did not think of wearing it.

"But men always wear them shorter," said the delighted boy to himself, as he picked it up tenderly, placed it in water, and hid it away safely.

And so it was that another boy ran after his father the next morning, with a "Wait a minute, papa!" He, too, reached up to pin the flower on.

"Did your mother say you might have it?" his father asked.

"No."

"You ought to have asked her." It was said more from force of habit than anything else, but what difference did that make in its effect? The boy was embarrassed, and consequently clumsy and slow. Just as he had at last gotten it fast a car whirled past the corner on the cross street below.

"There, now!" Mr. Gilmore exclaimed impatiently, "you have made me lose my car!" He did not see the crushed look on the small face as the words sank in, and a moment after he wished that he had left them unsaid, but he did not say so, and of what good was the wish? The sore-hearted boy rushed into the house, threw himself on the hall settee and hid his head in his arms so that no one could see him. He did not mean to, but tears would come. He had meant to please his father, so that—and he had only vexed him by causing him to miss his car!

"I don't believe Horace is well," said Mrs. Gilman to her husband one day several weeks after this had occurred. "He mopes around so."

"I'll send Dr. Kenzie up this morning," Mr. Gilmore said, a little uneasily. There was no physician in the city excepting Dr. Kenzie, Mr. Gilmore thought, and so thought many others. To be sure, his bills were apt to be startling, but what was that when it was a rich man's only boy! Besides, Dr. Kenzie was an old college classmate of Mr. Gilmore's, and a great personal friend.

Dr. Kenzie came, and came and came again, but the boy seemed no better. He was puzzled, and began to mistrust that dread foe, consumption, had marked the slight form as an intended victim.

Spring had gone, and June, in her rich beauty, beckoned those who were so fortunate as to afford a life beneath her leafy bowers. The doctor dropped in unexpectedly one evening when he knew he might probably find Mr. Gilmore at home.

"I don't want to see Horace tonight," he explained, when both parents had met him in the parlor, each secretly anxious to know why he had come at such a time from his downtown home. He came to the point promptly.

"I'm going for my regular month's outing in the Adirondacks next week," he said, "and I want to take your boy along with me. I have tried every remedy that I can think of, and if a change, and out-of-door life, with its fresh air and exercise, will not bring him out, I do not know what will."

"Why, doctor!" exclaimed Mrs. Gilmore, "I could not think of letting Horace go away off there, in the woods, among wild beasts and things. I could not feel easy a moment while he was gone." The smile left the doctor's face, and a look took its place so grave that it startled the mother, as he said slowly:

"Well, you can either let the boy go to the Adirondacks with me—or you may let him go to Greenwood alone, while you follow in the first hack."

"Greenwood!" she gasped. "Oh, doctor, you do not really mean that!"

"That is just about what it looks like now," he replied, seriously. Mrs. Gilmore had opened her lips, with a half smile to speak again, whe she lifted her glance to her husband. The ashy look upon his face took away her voice.

"When did you say you were going, doctor?" he asked, in strained accents.

"A week from Monday."

"He will be ready." And there was something in his tone that made Mrs. Gilmore shudder.

The journey was a great treat to the shut-up city boy, from its beginning on the eelctric car to its last stage in the long wagon ride that took them far into the solitude of the hills and forest. He was delighted with the doctor's one-room cabin, on the shore of an exquisite bit of tree-enclosed water, and the doctor, who had chosen to come alone for several years, found it more than pleasant to have his company.

He soon noticed, however, a repressed manner about the boy that puzzled him. He would start, often, to say something, and let it die away on his lips before the first word had well gotten out. But he was a winsome little fellow, and there was something about his face that, to the doctor, was very attractive, even beautiful. In fact, confirmed old bachelor though he was, his heart warmed toward the boy wonderfully.

It was the second evening after their arrival, and the two were seated upon a large rock at the very edge of the tiny lake, when the boy, who had been sitting long in deep thought, suddenly spoke.

"Do you live all alone?" he asked.

"Yes, except for the servants in the house," was the reply.

"Do you ever feel lonely?"

"Sometimes. Do you?"

"Yes, often," and there was a great sadness in the tone.

"You!" said the doctor in surprise. "Why, there's your father and mother!"

"Yes, but papa is so busy and tired, and he has no other time to read the newspaper—and it's so long, you know." He did not mention the absorbing baby.

"But your mother?"

"Oh, mamma has so much to do. She belongs to three clubs, and she has to write papers and read up for them—read lots, and she is on the orphanage board, and—lots more things, beside ever so many calls to make, and then she has the headache so much, and I mustn't disturb her then."

"And you get lonesome—sometimes?"

"Yes."

"Pretty often?"

"Yes."

The deep pathos in that one little word was irresistible. The too small, too white hand lay upon the boy's knee, half open, half closed, as his companion could just see in the dusk, and he placed his own in it and drew his fingers gently shut. He was startled at the result. The small hand closed upon his with a sudden convulsive grip that sent a thrill through the man such as he had not felt for many years. He looked down, and saw an upturned face so full of gratitude and pure content that he smiled back—as, also, he had not done for years—while the boy nestled close beside him. The great doctor had at last found the medicine that the heart hungry little fellow needed, and its effect was instantaneous.

The days that followed were times of unbounded happiness to the boy in more ways than one, and of surprising enjoyment to the doctor, but before half the month was up he wrote, from a sense of duty, a letter to Mr. Gilmore, ending with these words: "Horace seems much better, but it is imperative for his recovery that you come here at once."

The busy man declared most emphatically that it was an utter impossibility, but nevertheless three days later found him, an hour before sundown, at the little cabin, where he waited in the shade of the small porch for its inmates to return. It was not very long until he heard the sound of animated voices, and they both soon came within sight, skirting the edge of the water. The boy bounded along joyously at Dr. Kenzie's side, and as they came near the cabin, threw his small arm around him and looked up into his face with a countenance radiant in its happiness. The father's heart beat in an unaccustomed manner at the sight. How happy the doctor seemed, with his boy beside him! What business had he—and why had Horace never treated him, his own father, in that affectionate manner, when he did everything for him? Then he blushed red as a thought smote him like a dagger. What encouragement had he ever given him! And, as new light fell upon the past actions of his boy, "Why did I drive him away when he tried to!"

"Well, I have at last found the medicine your boy needs," said the doctor that night, after Horace was fast asleep—"companionship — your companionship. He was grieving his heart away for want of it, while you gave yourself to business, and the newspaper! If you don't care for the boy, I'll give you $50,000 for him—give you my 30-day note till I can realize." His eyes twinkled, but Mr. Gilmore's shone as he answered:

"No, sir! not now. The boy market has gone up recently, and I'll hold on to my stock."

It was the father's turn to lay awake that night—until long past one o'clock—but as a result he arose in the morning a different man. The boy scarcely knew him, but it was all delightful, and it was hard to tell which one of the three enjoyed the next two weeks the most, though the doctor declared that he was getting really jealous since Mr. Gilmore had come. That gentleman, however, replied ungratefully that he did not care for that—he had not so enjoyed living since he was a boy himself; and as for Horace, the cure was permanent; but the newspaper suffered.

NEAR TO DISASTER

RAILROAD MAN TELLS OF NARROW ESCAPES.

Forward Truck Lost from Under Box Car While Train Was Moving Rapidly—Train Flagged in Nick of Time.

"There are actual happenings in railroading every year which are far more sensational than the wildest dreams of any writer of fiction," said a railroad man, and he proceeded to tell stories to demonstrate his theory.

The first story related to a freight train on the New Haven railroad. William Dellert, now traveling engineer on the New York division of the road, was the engineer. When the train reached Stamford the car inspectors examined the cars and in the middle of the train saw a sight that caused them to start back in amazement. The forward truck of one of the box cars was missing and the only thing holding that end of the car up was the coupling.

A hurry call was sent out for every available man to start in search of the missing truck, for an object of that kind loose on a four-track road was likely to cause a lot of trouble. The truck was located down a bank on an out curve at Cos Cob, six miles west of Stamford.

It seems that as the car started around the curve the pin connecting the car and the truck broke and the truck shot out from under the car and then ran down the bank, leaving the forward end of the car suspended only by the coupling. When it is considered that the train was running at a speed of 35 miles an hour when it rounded the curve, and that this gait was kept up into Stamford, the escape from a bad wreck was surprising.

Engineer Charles M. Clark, formerly on the Connellsville division of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, had an experience somewhat similar. He was firing an engine with three large driving wheels on each side, the middle wheel being without a flange. They had passed Glencoe and were mounting the grade to the long Sand Patch tunnel when they were flagged and stopped.

The engineer utilized the delay to get down and oil up a little. A moment later Clark heard him gasp:

"Clark, for the love of heaven, come down here and see this engine!"

The middle driver on the engineer's side had twisted off its axle flush with the outside of the journal box, but the massive wheel was still in an upright position leaning at a slight angle on the side rod, which was the only support holding it on the rail. It was evident that in this condition the loose driver had been running along the rail for at least two miles of straight track at the end of which they were.

It was thought that the wheel was twisted from its axle as the engine rounded a sharp curve about two miles below, and it was pretty certain that it would have jumped the track and fallen in the way of the hind driving wheel as soon as the engine started to go around the very next curve. That this did not happen was due to the accident of the train being flagged. The engine ran along all right until the train was flagged, but once stopped, the engine was completely dead and had to be hauled to the end of the division.

OWN RAILROADS IN BRAZIL.

American and Canadian Capitalists Securing Control.

American and Canadian capitalists have secured a more or less perfect control over the system of rail and water transportation forming a "belt line" around the most productive portion of Brazil, says the New York Sun. In a report to the bureau of manufactures Consul-General C. E. Anderson at Rio Janeiro says that this "belt line," with the help of the government railroads and subsidized steamship line, practically reaches every important commercial center in the whole republic.

The "belt line" system of railroads is distributed over the republic in three main lines, as follows: The Sao Paulo-Rio Grande railroad lines, which cover the southeastern part of Brazil, reaching into the coffee districts; the Amazon-Bolivian line, which connects the republic of Bolivia and the great rivers of the northwestern part of Brazil, which is principally grazing country.

American interests are now organizing a syndicate for the further development of the Paraguayan and Bolivian connections. The amount of money at present invested and which will soon be invested in several enterprises now being begun, including the Bolivian development, will probably exceed $150,000,000. The movement of American railway and other material to Brazil, he says, represents the most active and the principal element in the export trade of the United States to Brazil and Bolivia.

Cars Run by Man Power.

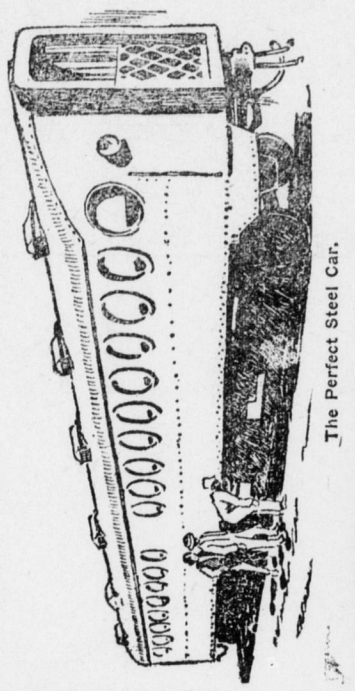
Street railways with cars operated by manual power are in use at Mambasa, in East Africa. The light, narrow gauge tracks are laid through the street, and the cars are for hire, like cabs, or are the private property of officials and wealthy residents. They are little four-wheeled cars, with one or two cross seats, and each is propelled by two natives. Spur tracks are run into private grounds, so that persons can take the cars to their doors.—Philadelphia Record.

NEWEST IN STEEL CARS.

Union Pacific Man's Invention May Have Solved Railway Problem.

Representing the highest form of passenger coach construction, the new Union Pacific steel car, which was on exhibition in front of the headquarters recently, attracted a large crowd of spectators and many scientific men who were interested in the possibilities it holds out for the future.

It is built on the very latest model, with round windows—which offer far greater resistance in case of accident, and side entrances, which also lessen the danger of telescoping. It has ventilators on the roofing which carry an air stream around underneath the car and distribute it evenly over the entire surface. There is scarcely a stick of wood in the whole car and



The Perfect Steel Car.

conflagration in case of a wreck will be practically impossible.

The car is the work of Superintendent of Motive Power McKeen of the Union Pacific and is greatly admired by those who make a specialty of railroad construction. It has a large seating capacity. The car will soon be placed in active service and others will be immediately turned out of the shops in case it proves successful.

Growth of Canadian Town.

As an example of the increasing railroad facilities for the west, comes the report of the marvelous growth of Nokomis, Canada, as a center, caused by the increase of the wheat industry of that section of the country. Two lines have already been established in the town and the rich country lying between the Quill Plains and the famous Regina district is to be tapped with a line running direct from Regina, crossing the main line at this point, and running in a northeasterly direction to the fertile Swan river valley.

Government support has been given to the part of the new transcontinental lines that connect Winnipeg with the great lakes, and the Grand Trunk Pacific company, which builds the section to run from Winnipeg, is doing its utmost to get the rails down as far west as Edmonton before the ground freezes.

Already the line has been completed and is opened for freight as far as Minnesota, 186 miles west of Winnipeg.

The increased railroad facilities have made Nokomis the junction point with the Canadian Pacific and have also made it the most promising and the liveliest town in that part of the dominion.

Despite the fact the town is but six months old, it has 30 buildings, two banks and three hotels. Two great trans-continental lines run through the town, the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Pacific.

Eating on the Train in Spain.

As even express trains seldom attain a higher rate of speed than twenty-five miles per hour, travel is slow and tedious though fairly comfortable, and to enjoy Spain one must assume the leisurely indifference of the Spaniard to whom manana is always the chosen time. He is wise who carries his own luncheons and never are dainty tea baskets more indispensable than on these long journeys. Spanish etiquette demands that the traveler before partaking of his food must politely offer it to those who share the compartment with him. It may either be graciously accepted or declined. In no country is it so difficult to travel and to secure information, as but little English is spoken even by important officials.—Travel Magazine.

The World's Railroads.

A year and a half ago, according to a German statistician, the railroad mileage of the world was 563,771 miles, or 13,036 miles more than in the preceding year. Of the world's mileage the United States had 215,713 miles and Europe 192,247 miles. The world's capital in railways is estimated at over $43,000,000,000, and the average cost per mile, with equipment, etc., is $76,850. In the United States the average cost per mile was $68,038; in England, $305,000 per mile. If the reflective person considers what facilities for transportation the various countries have in their rivers and canals, the cost of their railways will appear to mark the extent of the deficiency of water transportation.

BRINGING GEORGE TO TIME

Some fellows have no idea of the value of a girl's time—that is, a girl who is somewhere between 25 and 30. They just fall into the habit of dropping in to eat fudge or bits of cold chicken. It is nice to do so.

Meanwhile, Maude is wondering how much longer she must keep her hair curled and pinch her cheeks to get the proper glow.

"If he doesn't mean business," she wonders, "why doesn't he move on and let Joe Smith have a chance?"

Joe isn't as good a prospect as George; still, he will do in case George can't be made to speak. But George continues to hold down the claim.

Maude tried many ways of inducing the backward one to toe the mark. Simple as the dear girl looked in her pretty white frock, she was deep and knowing. You couldn't blame her. It was necessary to do a little pulling. George really needed a derrick to hoist him. He had been coming there off and on for several years.

Maude was first in hot water, then cold. It seemed a century since the

"Denver Is So Far."

thought had first come to her that she would marry him. Maude was perfectly willing to settle down if George would only speak.

But he wouldn't speak.

Several times she got matters where where she thought the cards would be mailed to their friends the following week. Then George would get off the trolley. So everything had to be done over again.

Now George was going away.

The evening he came to say goodby they strolled into Jackson park. Maude gently led him to just the right seat, in the shadows, with other people not too near.

Maude had made a resolution.

George was ignorant of his danger.

The lake was glistening. The moon was shining. The girl was nice.

"Oh, Maude, isn't it lovely here?" he murmured. He was happy to find her hand in his. "I wish this evening could last."

Maude meant it to last—until she had accomplished her object.

"I suppose it can't," she sighed.

"No, I suppose not. Shall you miss me when I am away?"

Maude knew he was going away.

"You are going away?" Maude's voice trembled just enough.

"I suppose you won't miss me?" questioned George.

"You don't think that," she said, just as if she felt hurt because he had doubted her. "I wonder if you'll ever think of—me."

"Every day—dear." The danger signal was flying, but George didn't observe it. How could he when Maude's eyes were shining in tears? A man adores a woman's eyes floating in tears—for him.

"Denver is so far," she sighed. Somehow the length of the seat had increased—at the other end. Maude hadn't noticed it.

"I don't suppose I'll ever see Denver," she continued. "They say it is a beautiful city. And you are going to live there!"

"Oh, Denver's all right. It won't be Chicago to me, though, for—"

"Have you never dreamed of a place where you could be happy—oh, so happy! Where there were views of mountains and balmy air to soothe you?" Maude was going some.

"Gee, Maude, you don't mean to say—Would you like to live in Denver?"

"Oh, George!" And her head dropped to his shoulder. "Perhaps you better speak to papa before you—you get the ring. This will take him so by surprise. He didn't think to lose his little girl so soon."

George was surprised, too. But what could he do? What could he say?

Squirming would not avail him. Not that he was unhappy; oh, dear, no! Not until then had he realized how dear she was to him.

As he brushed a little electric curl from her brow and whispered in her ear, he could only murmur: "How did I ever get up courage to ask such a pearl to be mine? I am so unworthy!" Chicago Daily News.

C. B. HOWARD & COMPANY,

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

EMPORIUM, PA.

Christmas Eve Prayer

Merry Christmas
to all our Friends

Happy and
Prosperous year to
Patrons and Public

WE ARE STILL IN THE SWIM AT THE OLD STAND ON THE RIALTO.

Rosemary

A charming Christmas story of a litttle girl and her beautiful mother whom she called "Angel"

By C. N. and A. M. Williamson

Illustrated by Will Jones

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IN SEARCH OF A FATHER

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She was the most beautiful girl in the world, or he believed her so, which is exactly the same thing, and he had imagined the joy of walking with her on just such a terrace as this Casino terrace where he was walking now, alone. She would be in white, with one of those long ermine things that women call stoles, an ermine muff (the big, "granny" kind that swallows girlish arms up to the dimples in their elbows) and a hat which they would have bought together in Paris.

They would have bought jewels, too, in the same street where they found the hat, the Rue de la Paix, which she had told him she longed to see. And she would be wearing some of the jewels with the white dress—just a few, not many, of course. A string of pearls (she loved pearls), a swallow brooch (he had heard her say she admired those swallow brooches, and he never forgot anything she said), with perhaps a sapphire studded buckle on her white suede belt. Yes, that would be all, except the rings, which would lie hidden under her gloves on the dear little hands whose nails were like enameled rose leaves.

When she moved, walking beside him on the terrace, there would be a mysterious silky whisper and rustle, something like that you hear in the woods in the spring, when the leaves are crisp with their pale green youth, and you shut your eyes, listening to the breeze telling them the secrets of life.

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Continued on Page 10.

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of any kind, this is the place to come to.

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Thanking you for past favors we respectfully invite you to call again.

JOHN EDELMAN & SON,
EAST EMPORIUM, PA.

Buffalo & Susquehanna Railroad Co

Passenger Train Schedule, effective daily except Sunday.

	SOUTHBOUND.	a. m.	a. m.	
Leave	Addison	7 15	11 20 p. m.	
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"	Ansonia	9 45		
"	Wellsville	8 40	3 25	
"	Galeton	10 25	5 05	
"	Cross Fork	6 10	4 25	
"	Wharton	11 55	6 30	7 20
"	Costello	12 07	6 42	7 38
"	Austin	1 00	6 52	7 50
Arrive	Keating Summit	2 10	7 22	

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EMBALMING AND FUNERAL DIRECTING

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BERNARD EGAN, Manager.

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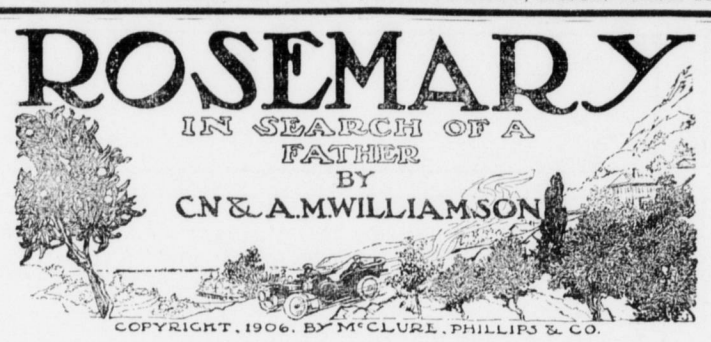

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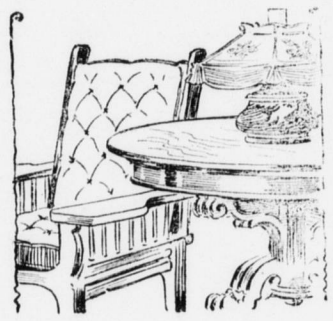

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